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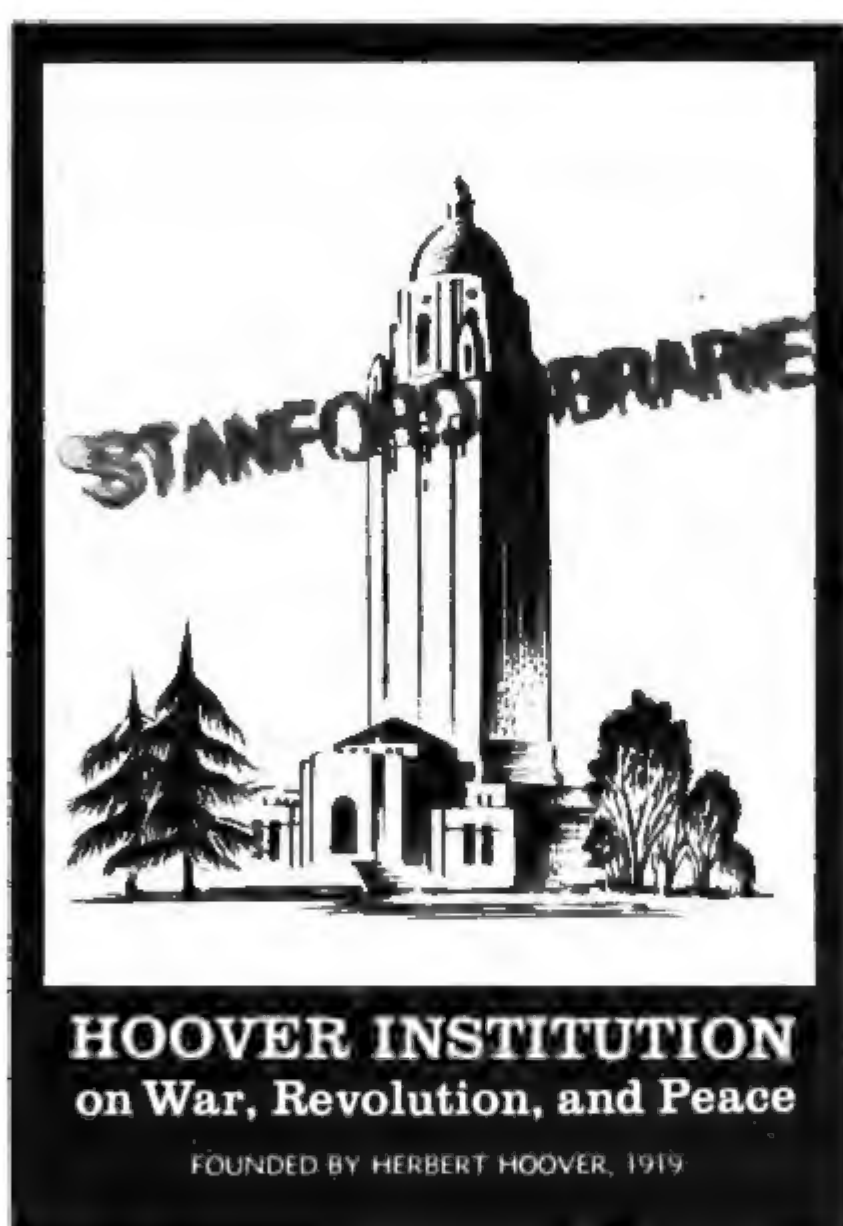
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A YANKEE IN PIGMY LAND

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Sincerely
W. Edgar Lail

A YANKEE IN PIGMY LAND

BY

WILLIAM EDGAR GEIL

*Author of "A Yankee on the Yangtze;" "The Isle that is called Patmos;"
"Ocean and Isle;" "Laodicea, or the Story of a Marble Foot"*

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CHAPTER I

BOMBAY TO MOMBASA

MEDITATIONS ON THE DARK CONTINENT.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all but thee—
Assyria, Egypt, Carthage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts. Not so thou,
Time writes no wrinkles on thine azure brow.

Byron & Co.

ALL the edges of Africa are wet. The hottest continent has no dry boundary line. Ancient Libya could be reached on camel, donkey or a-foot. As Herodotus says, "As for Libya, we know it to be washed on all sides by the sea, except where it is attached to Asia." But now the Dark Continent is accessible only by flying machine or a ship. The aërial conveyance, while not prohibited in my Life Insurance policies, appeared the more likely to make them due, so at Bombay I elected to take the good ship Palitana, sailing straight for Mombasa across some twenty-four hundred miles of the Indian Ocean.

At first it was my intention to visit the Persian Gulf and march in Xenophon's track over what remains of the ruins of Nineveh and Babylon; but I recollected that in the region of the Euphrates is the

hottest spot on this planet, and that the hottest spot is hottest this season of the year, while no ice trust is in evidence there, even at four cents a pound. And as Mombasa is south of the equator, so that winter prevails in July, I finally decided to visit Bagdad, Babylon and Busreh overland from Old Damascus after crossing the Leg-o'-Mutton Continent of Africa.

Bombay is interesting, from the Towers of Silence on Malabar Hill to the houses of jabber, full of gesticulating natives; but I had decided to leave, and took a "garry" from the hotel to the steamer landing. After the vacillating garryman had driven me a long way around, he finally discovered Prince's Dock, Shed "P," and the ship destined to take me across the warm ocean to British East Africa. The officers and crew were being carefully examined by the Health Authorities. When my turn came, the smiling surgeon felt my pulse and said, "Have you plague, or recently fever?" My quick answer lay in a few words: "I would not be starting on a long journey across Africa if I had either." I went aboard and tossed the hack-Hindu a tip of four annas, but the silver disc rolled into a mud puddle. For a full twenty minutes, in a deluge of tropical rain, the poor fellow searched for it, and I presume that ultimately that was the cleanest mud puddle in Asia. A good large cabin on the port side was assigned to me. When travelling across China a wire was sent from Wusung saying that I had "seen the Viceroy face to face," which insured unusual courtesy. In this instance I had seen Manager Monteith.

Before leaving Bombay I purchased some hundreds of small circular mirrors with wide tin rims painted in bright colours; for I thought that the Pigmies of the Inland Forest might be inclined therewith to

study themselves rather than make an anatomical examination of me. To encourage vanity may be bad; to encourage indigestion certainly is. And for a Pigmy to see himself in such a mirror would hardly make him vain.

The looking-glasses never turned up, but the "big stack" of books I purchased did. They represented a clean sweep from two big Bombay bookstores and from second-hand native shops of all the volumes touching on my line of march; but no books had been written covering my journey. I attacked this heap of information, more or less recent and reliable, reading first well-bound books by mighty and adventurous Nimrods, full of drawings and photographs of dreadful hairbreadth, if not narrower, escapes. If there was not much of

"Cannibals that each other eat,
Of anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders,"

at least my mind was soon full of huge angry elephants, massive hippopotami, streaked tigers, and live lions like those I had seen decorating the bridge across the Nile at Cairo. So much of this class of literature was devoured that I could almost hear the growl and howl of the wild beasts of the Pigmy Woodlands, and feel them munching me. This, connected with a dinner unsuitable for a south-west monsoon and a ship with three motions—fore and aft, starboard and port, and wiggle—inclined me to overhaul my cartridges and firearms and to deeply regret that I had not purchased a terrible, new style Winchester, which can shoot a bullet through armour-plate half an inch thick, as the clerk showed me in Bombay. He had a square of the armour-plate with an ugly hole in it, and he said, "It took the piece right out as clean

as a whistle." So I meditated until the conclusion was reached that if I ever got through Darkest Africa I would have no trouble in finding friends ; as the Swan of Avon says, " She loved me for the dangers I had passed."

Some authors, quite unable to bend the bow of Ulysses, have been content with drawing the long bow, and tell me of leopards, gorillas, or pythons whose size is according to the amount of alcohol consumed by the writer previous to the observations. Others are real giants, with the rights and might of giants ; they tell of more insidious foes, microscopic antagonists, and still others not seen even with the aid of a powerful glass ; first, jiggers and other infinitesimal insects, and second, fevers.

As to jiggers. Paul Du Chaillu did not know these gentry forty years ago, but now they are only too familiar right across the hot continent. They are surplus manufactures of Brazil, dumped at San Paul de Loanda by a slave ship, and given free transport up the Congo by Stanley's expedition. Whether Emin Pasha wanted relieving or not, the Africans certainly do now. This member of the flea family burrows in the flesh, having a preference for that under the toe-nails. The female is the hustler and penetrates under the skin, leaving only its black head protruding. At first there is a " hot spot," but after a few days the creature has enlarged to the size of a small pea with power to lay five hundred eggs, and must be cut out ; an ulcer then remains to be painfully dealt with. So it is not a particularly cheering prospect when a sober traveller relates he saw two hundred jiggers removed from one ; and many person succumb to the pernicious attacks of these insignificant but highly animated gimlets. Second, fevers. There appears

to be as great a variety of fevers as of fish, but the Blackwater and Malarial have the right of way.

I shall not further specialise. My aim is simply to show the immediate and healthful effect of such reading. The lion and tiger stories made me overhaul my firearms. These pest tales were a plague, and gave me other work, for I assorted my medicine, and longed for a sharp knife. Behold, there is a third warning! I am told to beware of missionaries and their converts, who seem also to have followed in Stanley's wake. As to what course should be pursued to escape this last infection or contagion is only hinted at. These learned (?) scribblers who have by some astonishing good luck or clever device thus far escaped hanging, jingle along their self-appointed task of warning the public to beware of beasts, reptiles, insects, microbes and missionaries. While suggesting smokeless powder and white powder for the first four, they offer no remedy for the last one! What localities do they infest? Are they as numerous as jiggers? What course of treatment will make me immune from them? I have registered an unqualified determination to take my chances.

Bacon says we should read to weigh and consider. For some a feather's weight will be over heavy. So I have read, during these days at sea, with the liveliest interest, because a knowledge of literature "builds up a solid backing of precedent and experience. It teaches us where we are. It protects us against imposture and surprise." The ship's library has been drawn on to supplement my own. It is located far aft where the Goanese table boy holds a candle while I fumble for the books even at noon time. Although running to Africa, the shelves carry but two volumes on that country, and both by the same

author. Evidently the librarian believes in a good dose of experience; *experientia docet*. But what is quite astonishing, the book equipment contains two volumes of sermons, other religious books, and a powerful defence of Christian missions which, with poetry and fiction, sum up the ship's strictly moderate supply of literature.

So we will turn from the printed page to the present people; for John Morley writes while meditating on Schopenhauer's shrewd sayings—"Reading is thinking with a strange head instead of one's own. People who get their wisdom out of books are like those who have got their knowledge of a country from the descriptions of travellers. Truth that has been picked up from books only sticks to us like an artificial limb, or a false tooth, or a rhinoplastic nose." As I have no desire to adopt any of these appendages, I will look up from the sheet and look down on the ship. The contents of a large ship are always interesting and instructive. The Palitana carries four saloon passengers, one of whom is Mr. Eucalyptus Whatisit, a very thin youth who has been eighteen months in India, sleeps on the damp poop deck, tells me how he treats servants, refers to his "dress boy," shows me pictures of his beautiful mother and equally fair sister. At times he is downcast, at other times he is casting down. He is going to do signalling and police duty in South Africa, and has a keen sense of his responsibility for the dual movements of this planet—on the plane of the ecliptic and upon its local axis. His superiority to the rest of the human race is *self-evident*. And yet I like him, largely because he likes his mother.

Saloon passenger number two is my good secretary, about whom I shall say little now, but much later,

There is still another besides myself to be mentioned among the saloon travellers, Mr. Byron Burns Bacon, a clerk on a steamer of this line which he joins at Durban. He has finished a poem that bears the profound and stupendous title "Men, Women and Society," forty-six pages in length. This remarkable genius has also occupied some of his spare time writing a novel, in the first chapter of which the hero gets liver complaint !

It has seemed to me wise to make these happy remarks concerning my fellow-voyagers that the learned readers of the remaining chapters may trace, if they will, how my outlook has been modified, mortified, or intensified by the mental environment in which I approached Mombasa. But to continue the material environment. On the main deck we carry a curious cargo, composed of Boers, sheep, deck passengers and seven hundred and eighty thousand onions, which are conveyed, as Chief Officer Moxon says, solely at the shipper's risk. There are sundry ducks, chickens, rats and divers other creatures whose presence, although unseen, is smelt and felt.

The Boers have been military prisoners, and have finally in India taken the oath of allegiance to the British King, and are now being returned by the Government, with meat three times a day, to their homes in the Transvaal. They have many thrilling stories to tell concerning the recent unfortunate war, and never tire of describing De Wet's famous tactics for eluding the able British generals. Each evening at sunset a score of them get together on a heap of onions, remove their hats, and sing a plaintive evening hymn. The onions and the song almost moved me to tears. At times they mix their music with the twilight and worship God as the stars come out.

On Sunday, although very much the worse because of the antics of the ship, they held a morning service. I have been impressed by their good behaviour, their strong bodies, and an unexpressed assertion of Protestant Dutch stubbornness.

But I have not given all my time to reading hunting stories or to surveying the freight, animate and inanimate, of this craft. I have also studied the *Map of Africa*. Even a careless student of geography must notice the regular coast line of Africa, which has practically no bays or peninsulas, not even "the little sea-girt satellites that add so much to the beauty of a country." And as most of the great rivers are broken by cataracts, it is natural that while the boundaries of the continent have been known, especially on north and east, from the far ages, yet as for the interior, only two centuries ago Dean Swift could write :—

" Geographers in Afric maps
With savage pictures fill their gaps,
And o'er inhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of towns."

To-day the gaps are filled, largely by the labours of explorers, though very few years have passed since a popular novelist could romance and invent "King Solomon's Mines" in a spot where none could say him nay, for none knew better.

If "three" is a Scriptural number, it is also African. Africa is bounded by three large bodies of water: the long, narrow Mediterranean on the north, the warm Indian Ocean on the east, and the broad Atlantic on the west. Into these three empty the three largest rivers of Africa; the Nile, the Zambesi, and the Congo; which together, however, do not carry as much water to the sea as the Amazon. This is oceanic drainage, and there are areas of continental drainage from

which no water escapes. But I am not writing a treatise on African hydrography ; it would be like Africa, too dry. Geographically Africa, like all Gaul, may be divided into three parts ; the sunken plains and low-lying tablelands of the north, including that vast arid tract, the Sahara Desert ; the elevated plains of Central Africa, and the hill country to the south. These three districts are the homes of three great races ; the whites, or more correctly Pale-Pinks, the Bantu Negroes, the reddish-yellow Bushmen. These last are perhaps the relics of original inhabitants of the continent, pushed mainly southwards by the invaders, yet leaving behind a few kindred such as the Pigmies, in their impenetrable Congo Forest. The Bushmen of South Africa are well in the running for the booby prize in the race of civilization, though the black fellows of Australia and Tasmania are at least good runners up. It is a pity that no Baldwin Spencer is investigating them scientifically before they die out. Their Pigmy cousins at least are now attracting attention. They support themselves by hunting with poisoned arrows. Next above in the scale of civilization, of history, and of geography, come the Bantu of Central Africa, and the Negroes of the Sudan ; these devote themselves mostly to a sort of agriculture, though in the south they have got so far as to breed cattle. The white race of the Mediterranean coast is highest on the map, in intelligence and in occupation, being chiefly pastoral and mercantile. Bushmen and Pigmies have little religion except magic ; Bantus have got as far as witchcraft, totems and nature-worship ; those on the north coast were Christians till Islam conquered, and converted nearly all.

Strange is the history of the continent ; Egypt, with its Pharaohs, Saladins and Napoleons ; Carthage

with its Dido, Hannibal, Jugurtha and Augustine. If Cairo is the home of the Arabian Nights, Algiers had French Knights and an Arab Dey. All races have exploited this quarter of the world; Hiram of Tyre is succeeded by Hiram of Syracuse, New York; Solomon of Jerusalem has his representatives in Solomons of Johannesburg. In between have come Portuguese and Dutch and many another. In these latter days all the European nations have fallen to work on the map of Africa, and have chalked out for themselves "spheres of influence." It is no longer a monochrome, Dark Africa; nor will a tertiary scheme of colour avail to mark the three indigenous races; a perfect solar spectrum is now needed to show the seven dominant powers who are sharing the white man's burden of civilizing the natives. So unselfish are they at this that Great Britain has just invested £250,000,000 in the south, and though the local population was ready to share the profits with imported Chinese, insists on reserving the blessings of the district for the natives. The Congo Free State is philanthropic enough to conduct operations almost at a loss, leaving the exploiting of the country to chartered companies. It is a pity that when well-intentioned people upset the balance of nature, they often are driven to violent remedies, Malthusian and others, to correct the errors; owing to the discouragement of witch-ordeals and cannibalism, the population would be increasing were it not for the counter-balancing efforts of some officials, who heroically expose themselves to possible misconstruction of their humane methods in collecting rubber.

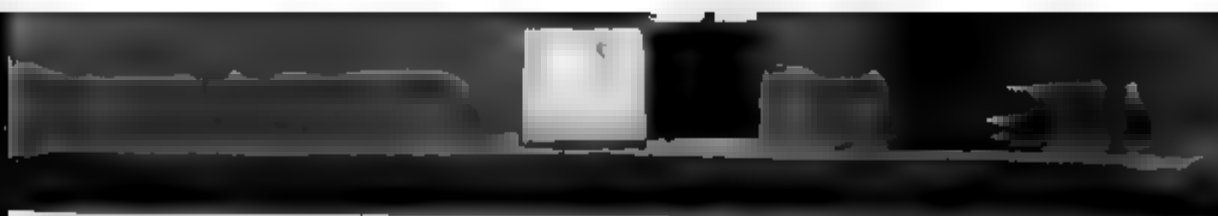
Europeans have for the last four centuries added an interest to the monotony of African life by granting free passages and assisting emigration to more civilized



A WARTHOG, EAST AFRICA THE UGLIEST BEAST ON EARTH



PAPYRUS SWAMP ON THE BAGATHI RIVER BRITISH EAST AFRICA



WAKAMBA RESIDENCE OF A WAKAMBA AT RABAI BRITISH EAST AFRICA



DEAD RHINOCEROS. BRITISH EAST AFRICA

countries. Domestic slavery is a most ancient and world-wide institution, it would have satisfied even that orthodox old Vincent of Lerins, being "believed in everywhere, at all times, by all people." The invention of the international slave trade may be credited, or discredited, to the Assyrians, who deported whole populations; but the invention was not copyrighted, and it spread fast. When the Spaniards discovered the new world, and the natives there wilted up under their sunny influence, other peoples had to be imported to slave for them. Some "labourers of the soil" gave their name to Labrador, whence they were exported; but Africa proved the handiest source of supply. Portuguese, Dutch, English and French competed for the traffic, till the "nation of shopkeepers" secured the monopoly in 1713. Denmark led the way in boycotting this beneficent system of popular excursions; America forbade it soon after, Britain renounced it in 1807, and in 1842 the two English-speaking races united to blockade the export on the west coast. But while Christians have abolished this traffic, Islam protects it. The raw material from the Sudan is sent *via* Tripoli to Turkey, from the Nile basin slaves are taken to Mecca, from East Africa to the Persian Gulf. Zanzibar used to be one great outlet for this market, but since its Sultan passed under a British protectorate it has been made illegal. A cynic might say that Europe has stopped the business because Europeans could not work it to profit, and would not let others try; also that they compensate themselves by the profits of the drink traffic. Burton declared that Africa would have been better off with the slave trade, but without gunpowder and rum—Burton never did go in for rum, only beer. In view of this, a sort of Mason and

Dixon's line has been run round Central Africa, and the inflow of foreign liquors has been somewhat dammed. Even the native industry of brewing and distilling is not protected, but heavy duties are levied. The use, but not the traffic in intoxicating liquors is forbidden to Mohammedans, but they have never tried seriously to discourage it here.

Yet for a thousand years they have been in force all down the east coast ; it seems as if even a millenium occasionally leaves something to be desired. Mombasa, the port for which we are heading, was founded more than seven hundred years ago. A century later a traveller described it as "inhabited by a chaste, honest and religious race." A modern commentator subjoins that it may be assumed from his narrative that the Wa Nyika had not yet arrived ! Portuguese turned up about 1500, and made Mombasa the capital of East Africa within a century. Its history has been bound up with that of India ever since, so when Britain became suzerain in the East Indies, it was natural that her power spread all round the adjoining seas, and that forty years ago her grasp tightened on Mombasa. A regular service of steamers connects this port with Bombay, and at either end the same currency is used, penny annas and sixteen-penny rupees. Captain Mahan can take another illustration here of the influence of sea-power : no charge made.

Southward of British East Africa lies the cantle of territory exploited by Germany. Rebmann and Krapf were followed by others, exploring in the interests of commerce and politics ; but it is remarkable that the earliest of these continental travellers were explorers second and missionaries first. So,

too, with the next southerly section, which was opened up to the modern world by a great Scot, who for more than thirty years was wandering in south-eastern Africa. Scotchmen are great travellers. As a malicious Welshman said, Scotland is a fine country—to come from. Anyhow, they are seldom to the rear when hard work and adventure are to be found, and more than a dozen have made reputations in Africa, of whom Bruce, Moffat, Cameron and Mackay are good specimens. But of them all, David Livingstone stands out chief, and well deserves to have his name attached to some falls on the Congo and to a town on Nyassa, while his birthplace is commemorated by a new Blantyre. On Bartholomew's fine map of Central Africa, south of Lake Bangueolo, you may read, "Chitambo, Livingstone died May 1, 1873." A generation has passed, but nothing more pathetic has happened there than *The lonely death of Livingstone*, an account of which I quote. For two days he had been too weak even to enter up his diary, much less to travel.

"It must have been four A.M. when Susi heard Majwara's step once more. 'Come to Beama; I am afraid; I don't know if he is alive.' The lad's evident alarm made Susi run to arouse Chuma, Chowpere, Matthew and Muanyasere, and the six men went immediately to the hut.

"Passing inside they looked towards the bed. Dr. Livingstone was not lying on it, but appeared to be engaged in prayer, and they instinctively drew backwards for the instant. Pointing to him Majwara said, 'When I lay down he was just as he is now, and it is because I find that he does not move that I fear he is dead.' They asked the lad how long he had slept. Majwara said he could not tell, but he

was sure that it was some considerable time : the men drew nearer.

“ A candle stuck by its own wax to the box shed a light sufficient to see his form. Dr. Livingstone was kneeling by the side of his bed, his body stretched forward, his head buried in his hands upon the pillow. For a minute they watched him ; he did not stir ; there was no sign of breathing ; then one of them, Matthew, advanced softly to him and placed his hands to his cheeks. It was sufficient ; life had been extinct some time, and the body was almost cold ; Livingstone was dead.”

So died that noblest hero. In like manner as David Livingstone went out of Africa, praying, so should all men enter.



CHAPTER II

THE ISLE OF WAR

THE AUTHOR LANDS IN MOMBASA AND PREPARES
FOR THE GREAT AFRICAN TRANS-CONTINENTAL
JOURNEY

Gongwi na nwina wa kiza—Mombasa
is a hole of darkness.
Ancient Swahili Saw.

"In his brain
After a voyage, he hath strange places crammed
With observations, the which he vents
In mangled forms."
As You Like it.

THE fragrant Bombay onions, piled on the battened hatches of the Palitana were shifted by Hindu sailors to the port side of the main deck, so as to flavour the port, which we were fast approaching. The Boers had taken up new and strategic positions, and on the vessel, from the captain to the cat, there was a spirit of unrest and expectancy. At last, after long watching and when not above two cables from the ragged coast, the officer on the bridge descried through the hazy atmosphere, three cones lying to the north of the island of Mombasa ; important marks anxiously searched for by the mariner

approaching these shores. We had been sailing due west.

The courteous skipper invited me to the bridge for a better view of the coral island. We steered head-on to the land, and when close in and opposite Government House, set the helm hard down and swung to starboard under the old Portuguese fortress, into a deep, narrow channel leading into the harbour of Mombasa. The landscape on approaching is fair enough, but the seascape is enough to delight the heart of the greatest of marine artists. We had left the deep blue for the shallow sea-green, through which the ship glided, flanked on either side by a row of pure white breakers, converging almost to a point at the beginning, a thousand feet beyond our prow. From each of these two banks of milk-white surf there swept a line of whiteness, one far away to the north and another southward, only lost in the hazy horizon.

Let me expressly state that Mombasa is an island, though at low water you can wade to the mainland. The name of the island is the name of the city on the island, and for that matter, it is the name of the mother-city away in Arabia; "but that is another story." The first view of the island suggests that the ancient Swahili saying, "Mombasa is a hole of darkness" is at least geographically false. In fact, the ancient saw refers to the character which Mombasa formerly bore as a hotbed of sedition and slander. Now that white men have come, all this is, of course, at an end! So beautiful was the scene after our long voyage, it might have been Tom Moore's—

Fair islet, small and bright,
With its green shore, reflected there,
Like to a Peri isle of light
Hanging by spell work in the air.

Strange that so peaceful a spot has so inappropriate a name. For the Swahili call it the Isle of War, not to be behind the Greeks with their Hill of War, the French with their Camp of War and the Germans with their Game of War. The Wanyika call it the Isle of Eminence, for it has cliffs some forty to sixty feet high. The Wasambara have an eye to architecture, and denominate it "There where the castle is." The water around it is the best harbour on the east coast, and is marked out into four ports, the inmost being Port Tudor and Port Reitz. Nine British war-vessels had cast their black shanks in twenty fathoms of water and were lazily riding at anchor in the beautiful Port Kilindini. We patronised Port Mombasa and tied up to the red buoy which is almost directly opposite the line of demarcation between the foreign and native settlements of the city. All along the shore on the island are the reed-covered huts of the natives. Beyond are European houses with utilitarian corrugated iron or picturesque red tiles. Connected with the foreshore, many large fish traps with reed fences stretch out from the beach.

On the opposite shore the arm which the mainland has thrown out into the sea is covered with cocoanut trees, and in the midst of them stands a small, iron-roofed building in which lies slowly dying a victim of that strange and uncanny disease called Sleeping Sickness. This is probably a more serious epidemic than the Plague, although it creates less general alarm. This terrible and mysterious malady of African origin was long supposed to affect only natives, but recently two or three Europeans have suffered. It runs its course with some in a few days ; with others in several months. Thus far no cure has been discovered, although a vigilant committee is occupied in studying

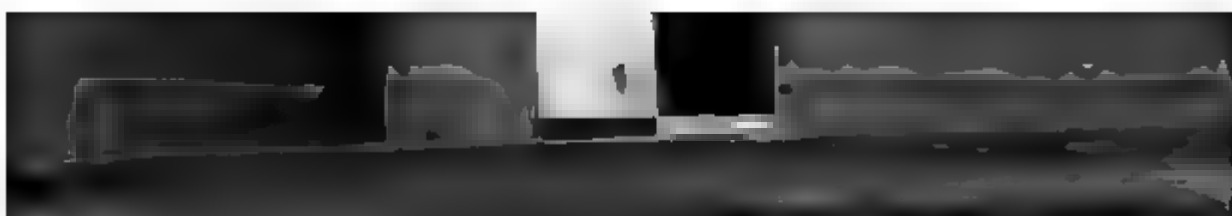
the fatal disease. The form it usually takes is that of an irresistible drowsiness, to which the victim ultimately succumbs. Some medical authorities are of the opinion that it is infectious and that the only efficacious method of preventing its spread is that of isolation of the patient.

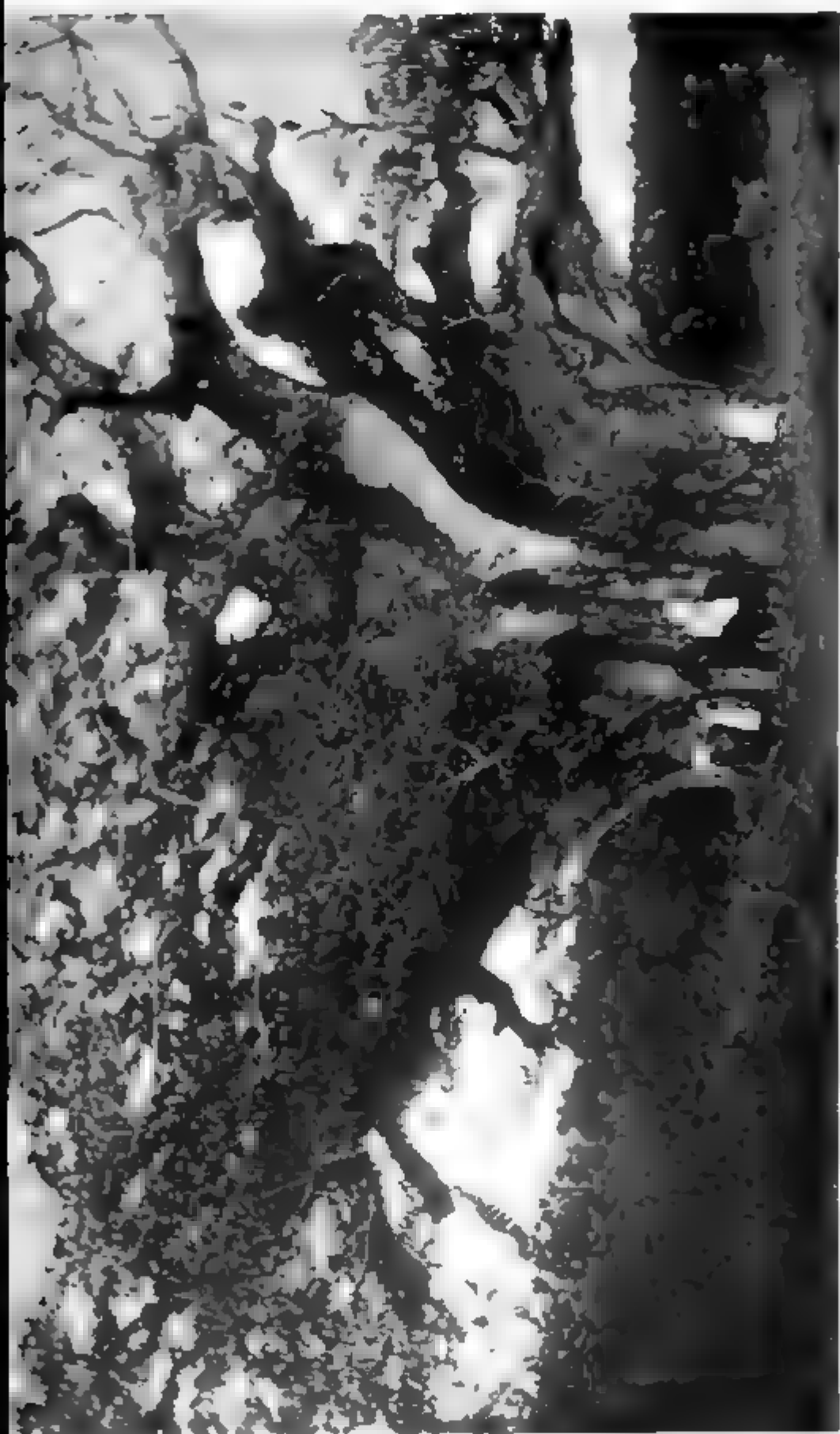
In yonder cocoanut grove, too, lie buried the wife and child of Krapf. After being expelled from Abyssinia, he made his way here sixty years ago, to begin a chain of mission stations across the continent. The death of his wife within two months seemed to him to give a claim on the land, as if he took seisin of it ; and though he did not live to carry out his ideal, the wealth and plans of Arthington enabled two societies to push inwards till now Krapf's hope is nearly realized. Meantime, hard by the grave sprang up in 1873, as a result of the interest excited by Livingstone, an industrial mission named after its promoter, Sir Bartle Frere. It serves as a feeder for inland stations.

Cocoanut trees are supposed by some people not to grow more than twenty miles beyond the smell of the sea ; but they do, for quite one hundred and fifty miles inland, though I do not know how well they mature. From the cocoanut tree the natives brew tembo. There is a tax on the sale of it, but it is profitable enough even with the tax. Where the natives cannot get an intoxicant from the cocoanut tree, they make it out of bananas or sugar-cane. There is probably not a section of Africa where the aborigines do not make something of the sort, applying

“ Hot and rebellious liquors in their blood.”

Soon after the ship was made fast to the red buoy, an officer, who in colour and girth might have been





LARGE BAOBAB TREE PROF PARKER SAYS IT IS 101 FEET IN CIRCUMFERENCE, MOMBASA

its twin brother, came aboard to cast his critical eye over the ship and cast the skipper's grog against his critical palate. As old Reynolds said, "He was a copious subject." He is also a representative man. In his drinking proclivities, I afterwards learned that he represented the native population, even more so than the foreign, and I am inclined to believe the statement of Editor Tiller that "much of the African fever in Mombasa is caused by whiskey." It is just possible that the ancient saying, "Mombasa is a hole of darkness," still suits altered conditions.

The chequered history of Mombasa runs back hundreds of years, but the history that can be checked may be said to begin with 1498. On the seventh of April of that year, Vasco da Gama, after nearly suffering shipwreck while attempting to enter Mombasa harbour, finally cast anchor. Now Mombasa is noted for having no politics. This makes it difficult to conduct a newspaper. However, two newspapers are published, and daily telegraphic despatches are printed and have more or less of a circulation. One of the editors has accumulated considerable fame by writing a small pamphlet of a hundred and thirteen pages, with green covers, on *The Rise of a Rat*, and strange to say, the picture just above the title name is that of a zebra, three cocoanut trees and five birds. It is also announced that all rights are reserved. This may be taken as a fair sample of the literary ability of a certain school of writers living on the Isle of War. It tells of the rise and fall of one, Mr. Artful Muskrat, an immoral, unrighteous, vigorous and temporarily successful member of a club called "The Rats," who, by various schemes and trickeries finally became an official through the influence of the Rat Fraternity. It is a scathing and useful arraignment of bad officialdom

in the East as it existed some years back. The story closes in the reign of a very honourable commissioner, Mr. Act Straight, who came out from England and gave Artful Humbug Muskrat his dues.

Directly the innocent visitor arrives at the water end of the slimy stone stairs leading to the white custom-house, he is convinced of the truthfulness of at least the Mombasa end of the famous Swahili sentence: "At Mombasa, things must be sought with difficulty, whereas at Zanzibar all things are ready." Not only is it difficult to locate many things, but after making a few purchases, it is difficult to locate the remaining cash. Future travellers are warned to make some of their purchases in other lands. The recent progress commercially and otherwise, about which foreigners here are always glad to speak, has been remarkable, while the contrast between the present condition of the coral island and that of fifty years ago is phenomenal. The live population of the island is variously estimated at from twenty to thirty thousand, about three-fourths of whom live in the metropolis, which, by a curious man-power trolley, is divided into two parts. The one is an Oriental town, partly of some antiquity, and the other the modern European quarter, where is located the Government House of British East Africa surrounded by a row of pillars and flying the Union Jack, the old whitewashed Portuguese fort with its thrilling stories of siege, adventure and heroism, and the three-storied house of the Arab Governor of the city. This part of the place, which suggests the enlightening power of eighteen centuries of Christianity, lies south of the narrow iron rails, while to the northward there is a lengthy suggestion of many centuries of steamy stagnation, due largely to the dense darkness which has pervaded the

minds and morals of the people as a result of a false but convenient religion. In this latter quarter, the land lies low and hot and is covered with a network of narrow alleys; on the other side of the track are luxuriant gardens, wide streets, and pleasant walks. Both sections suffer from indifferent water and no drains; these defects, which threaten the health of the citizens, are about to be remedied.

Despite the missions, the town is still chiefly Mohammedan. There are Banyans, there are Parsees and a certain number of heathen. But it is very easy for a heathen to slip into Mohammedanism, inasmuch as he finds himself here a stranger and the man who takes him in is a Mohammedan and he is fed a little and perhaps given a few clothes or a loin cloth, and taught about the book a little. He may be taken down to the sea and bathed and his finger-nails cut, and, presto! he is a Mohammedan, though he does not know how to read the book or anything! According to Mohammedan law, he can have four wives at a time and as many concubines as he wants. Nor, though he marries in haste, need he repent at leisure. Divorce is very easy; he only has to go before the Cadi and complain of his wife, and he can get a divorce from her and marry another. Although the natives here are very bigoted Mohammedans, they go in for wearing charms, believe in evil spirits, and convene devil dances similar to the pure heathen themselves. The greater part of the town is heathen, inoculated with Mohammedanism, but this slight attack makes them almost immune from the more serious religion of the Christian missionary.

Opposite the island is Freretown. Here an institution was established originally for the purpose of receiving and educating rescued slaves and their

children. It was at Freretown that I first landed in Central Africa. Word had reached me that the Bishop of Mombasa would that afternoon lay the corner-stone of St. Paul's Divinity School, for which he had collected seventeen hundred pounds sterling. I was rowed over by some natives, and on walking up from the beach, came upon the manager of the new Industrial Aids Mission, which is affiliated with the C.M.S. He showed me picture frames made of imported teak wood, rope made from the fibre of the cocoanut, and bricks, all the handiwork of African children. The Bishop laid the corner-stone, that is, in true white-man fashion, he stood by and saw it done. It was dropped into place by one of the missionaries with the words, "I declare this stone well and truly laid, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." The Bishop then addressed the gathering.

While the Bishop laid the stone right and true, some Autolycus snapped up the unconsidered trifle of his shawl and got off with it. His Lordship is constantly reminded that the work of the missionaries is not yet finished. Twice in one week was his residence entered and things stolen. Just as in Fiji, the fifteen thousand Indians commit more crimes than the whole native race, and help to give the Fijians a bad reputation, so the Indians here are noted for their enthusiasm and ability in making appropriations, at which they could give points to American Senators.

Having passed the custom-house, the courteous Financial Secretary Bailey, of the Protestant Mission, took me along Vasco da Gama Street, with a great string of porters, each bearing a box or a bag on his coal-black head, up to his residence, which has a cheerful and suggestive location ; on the east side is an old Arab graveyard, considerably out of repair ; in



THE ISLE OF WAR

23

front the prison and law courts ; to the west a new hotel building, the front of which the day before fell down and buried a half dozen men in the debris. One is dead and the others seem likely to die. Mombasa being a coral island, the stones used are a coral formation and are rough, and if first-class mortar is applied, they form into a solid piece of masonry. But clay is cheaper than lime, and the mortar was weak, and the people were buried alive. Total saving not obvious.

The first night in Central Africa, after delightful dining at Bishop's Court, Bailey and myself tramped through the narrow streets of the native city. I was surprised to find how these people, at one time turbulent and difficult to control, are now observing the most perfect order. Among the singular sights of Mombasa are the old fort built by the early Portuguese, and the statue of William Mackinnon, founder of the British East Africa Company. The statue is of bronze, and when it was unveiled, the natives could not understand why a white man should be made into a black man, and they expected that at night he would fall off because he would be so sleepy. The idea of an image of a living being was new to them. It was probably the first time they had ever seen one. This would lead us to a discussion of the ancient religions of the natives, likewise of their art, if a man knew either.

Here is the seat of the government of British East Africa, which is, of course, ruled over by a British commissioner. But the city is ruled by an Arab governor, who told me that forty-odd years ago when he came to the island, there were not above one thousand huts all told, but that now, including residences of the foreigners, the stores, warehouses, law courts, and in fact all buildings for human occupation,

there are probably over five thousand. In the early days lions were killed where the little trolley line now runs, and elephants wandered at leisure over the ground just ripped up for the foundations of the new Protestant cathedral and edible game was in abundance. And yet for more than three hundred years this island, or a part of it, had been occupied by Portuguese or other foreigners. Indeed, I myself saw an inscription on a slab above the gateway into the old fort dated sixteen hundred and thirty-nine. When the Arab chieftain came two score years ago, there was jungle where there is a park ; then there was savagery, now there is civilization.

Mombasa is metropolitan, and cosmopolitan too. There are Arabs, Indians, many Africans from the interior, Somalis, others from as far south as Zanzibar. Their diets are varied, but they agree that hunger is the best sauce. If this is the only one they have, they at least have five religions in evidence with buildings. First in numbers are the Mohammedans. Mombasa is a Moslem city, and has' been for more than seven centuries. The religion, however, is debased, the higher class of Arabs having left the island. Fourteen white mosques have been erected, each with a curious projection above the roof running up some twenty feet, tapering to the top, where are three windows. The Arabs in this region, save only for their garments, lack the picturesque. They have almost no artistic sense, as these minarets, which have no grace whatever, prove. The largest mosque was built by Jivanji, who remarked on one occasion, "When I was a straight man, God never blessed me, but the moment I turned crooked, God showered blessings on me." They have not done much for East Africa, and the civilization of the coast towns here-

abouts is largely Arabic, the power of which depends on slavery. When there are no slaves to be had or when a greater power forbids the continuation of slavery, the Arabs fail politically and commercially. The Mohammedans do not work hard at their religion, save only in the line of persecuting those who show any inclination to leave the faith of Islam for that of Christ.

From India have come a few Parsees, who have a small temple near the centre of the island ; while not numerous, they are vigorous and intelligent. In visiting the Church Missionary Society's high-school, I observed two Parsee boys, and upon inquiry found that they are intellectually alert to an unusual degree. This, however, does not diminish the Moslem hatred of

That impious race,
Those Slaves of fire who, morn and even
Hail their Creator's dwelling-place
Among the living lights of heaven.

The Parsees on Mombasa, not being allowed to have Towers of Silence with their ghastly birds and bodies, bury their dead.

There is an unfinished Hindu temple, also patronised by a few immigrants from India. When this was begun, the intention was to erect it from the proceeds of a theatre which they established, with actors from among their own number. All went well for a time, and the building was brought to the present stage with the money gathered in this way ; but unfortunately for the success of the project, the people of the city got tired of the theatre, and the Hindus wouldn't go on without funds, so the temple is still incomplete. As in other parts of the world, the Hindus here burn the dead bodies of their co-religionists. I did not

learn that they are in any way aggressive, or troublesome because of their religion.

The Roman Catholics are represented by the Brothers of the Society of the Holy Ghost and an agency of the so-called White Fathers. It can hardly be said that they are doing any missionary work among the natives, but they have a few hundred followers, chiefly Goanese, who are said to be remarkably honest, especially by opponents of missions. These critics, indeed, while themselves of Protestant extraction, often send sharp shafts into Protestant missions, but manage always to make kindly reference to the work of the Romans and to minimize the faults of their converts into microscopic infirmities. Priest Schmidt says : " There is nothing to be done for the Swahilis as far as religion is concerned. They are nominal Mohammedans, but not in reality. In the second place they are all corrupt in their morals, and there is no possible means of getting them out of this. The principal question is marriage ; there are very few who stay with the wife they marry first, and all of them have others. The Bishop has bought a piece of ground for a school, but I think that for religious purposes it is useless to establish a school. If you want to teach them reading and writing, it is all right, but for our purpose it is no use." I think there is no question but that the Roman missionaries are a hard-working band of men, faithful to the dictates of their superiors, doing good educational work within the limits of a narrow curriculum.

The Protestants have a little white church, with a bell at one end and a cross at the preacher's end. A fine Saracenic cathedral is in the course of construction adjoining the park of Mombasa. It will cost four thousand pounds, and the money has all been raised



MOSQUE AND WELL ON VASCO DE GAMA ST, MOMBASA



THE MOMBASA CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY'S HIGH SCHOOL



THE ENTRANCE TO MOMBASA HARBOUR, CUSTOM-HOUSE AND PIER.

by the capable, cultured and conscientious Anglican Bishop of East Africa. This cathedral is to be a memorial building erected to the memory of that remarkable trio, Bishops Hannington and Parker and Henry Wright. Bishop Peel seems to have the building fever at the present time, and it is not a bad complaint. If you should feed a cold but starve a fever, the best way to cure him would be to discontinue the gold dollars, but you could not call this an heroic remedy. The Church Missionary Society carry on a vigorous evangelistic, educational and medical work on the island. Meetings are held both in the open air and in the chapels, for natives and foreigners. Schools are conducted, and the hospital treats about six thousand patients a year.

Dr. Edwards, who, excepting Johnson, is far and away the ablest physician on the island and is in charge of the hospital, said when asked if the natives show gratitude :—"Talk about gratitude, man ! Why the Africans are just like other people. I have worked among them so much that I know it is so. Every single African you can match with a European. I have worked with them roughing it in the jungle. They are jolly good fellows. Well, well, gratitude, my dear fellow, where do you find it ?—go and work among the slums of London.

"Yes, they wear spectacles sometimes. I test them by holding up a young blade of maize. When they can distinguish the small blade from grass, they can hoe without cutting down the corn. Even when a man has been practically blind, he can go out and cultivate after an operation. Gratitude ! I have had a man who has been blind for years. I took his cataract out and gave him his sight and told him to pull the weeds out around my door, and he absolutely

CHAPTER III

UP THE COUNTRY

LEAVING MOMBASA FOR LAKE VICTORIA NYANZA— A VISIT TO MAZERAS AND RABAI

Sukuni lwa munyonge lwavundzwa ni peho—

The fire-wood of the weak is broken by the wind.

—*Rabai Proverb.*—

NOON ! Noon ! High noon ! Noon by the Kimberley clock, noon by the Yambuya clock, noon by the Athens clock ; but thirteen by the Mombasa clock when the passenger train should leave the lonely island. I spent my last morning on the sunny East Coast of Africa in the peaceful occupation of purchasing quick-firing rifles, three-nought-three ammunition, and white registration papers. The laws, game and other, are usually not perfect in a new country. The savage lions of this Protectorate are indirectly protected by law. While there is free trade so far as killing lions is concerned, yet a licence is required to shoot the provender of the lions. However, it is a wise provision, that of restricting the sale and use of firearms. I brought with me from Bombay a bird rifle made by my friend Quackenbush ; and a hammerless revolver, to which I now added two rifles and two hunting knives. These, with fewer than

eight hundred rounds of fresh ammunition, I proposed should take me safely across the great continent of Africa to Banana on the Western Sea.

I had said good-bye to my friends, Bishop Peel and Messrs. Burt, Bailey and McGaskill, and on boarding the train to begin the great African Trans-continental journey, I entered the private saloon of Sir Charles Eliot, the best on the Uganda Railroad. His invitation I was happy to accept. As on other occasions I found my host exceedingly courteous and full of useful and accurate information. He pointed out the chief features of the landscape of the island, enthusiastically calling my attention to the glimpses of exquisite marine views as Port Kilindini the Beautiful came into the range of vision. In more suspicious moments I have asked whether the Government wishes to attract white settlers, sends out an enthusiastic advertiser, pays him a commission on each recruit, and therefore styles him Commissioner? But no, his words ring true, and facts match. Kilindini, which means "place of deep water," is said to be the finest land-locked and sheltered harbour on the East coast of Africa, and is three miles in length by a half-mile in width. The depth varies, according to the Admiralty chart, from twenty-five to thirty fathoms. I did not verify it. As the train approached the large steel cylinder screw-pile railway bridge named after Lord Salisbury, I noticed that the north-west section of the island is very sparsely inhabited. Speculators, observe that this part will in future become valuable! Remember what was lost by the people who did not buy up the whole of Manhattan island cheap, and to-day do not own the whole of New York City. Go and do better.

Upon reaching the mainland the train ran through

a rolling country resembling portions of New Guinea, back of Kapakapa, except that the open forest there is composed of eucalyptus trees, while here the native African thorn prevails. The landscape suggested a desirable grazing stretch, but more than the appearance of grass and ground is required to settle a matter of that sort. We had started ten minutes late, owing to a mixing of the mail bags, but reached Changamwe almost on time. This station is in the midst of a rich fruit district. Here are forests of plantains and mangoes, with a large supply of orange, lemon and lime trees. The only Baldwins available, however, are not apples, but the excellent locomotives that haul the trains. Six miles farther, over one of the steepest grades on the line, from one hundred and eighty feet above the tide to five hundred and thirty, brought us to Mazeras, my halting-place for the day. What a contrast from the days when Joseph Thomson, only a score of years ago, laboriously mapped out this country. To-day a train carries you six hundred miles inland in fifty-four hours at prices from twenty-five shillings to seven pounds ten, crossing a ridge a mile and a half high and stopping every few hours for set meals.

This was a most delightful beginning to the great journey. The rest of Africa does not abound in saloons, English pattern or American; the lions are not imported, but native, and their social instincts are even too highly developed.

Mazeras is named after the chief of the tribe in the midst of whose territory it stands. Not above two hundred yards from the station the village of Ganjoni, *i.e.*, "On the Ruins," is situated on a hill covered with lovely trees. When I arrived the United Free Methodist Mission school was holding a session in the

church building, and a class of thirty were singing the English alphabet vigorously, even vociferously. Later, I visited the school and saw half of the pupils on their knees studying arithmetic. I had met with this posture for Bible study, but had to come to Central Africa to find it in use for mathematics. There are six native teachers, two of them girls. The whole school sang a selection for me which proved them good singers, equipped with true Methodist volume and enthusiasm. If eighty-five, which was the attendance, can make such a volume of sound, what would be the result if the house were full? Though they had studied the rule of three, they could not answer this. Who can measure the lifting power of music? The iron roof has raised its brow and is corrugated, besides having holes in it!

There are no strangers among the pupils so far as the naked eye can see, not even any whites. They all belong to the Wadurma tribe. This tribe totals five thousand clansmen, and the local church numbers ninety-six members, holds class meetings and puts all candidates on probation for nine months. A striking feature of the weekly worship is the roll-call of the entire membership, when every person is expected to step out to the front and deposit a financial contribution. This plan has proved successful; for during the last quarter three hundred and forty-nine rupees were contributed. There is not a pencil used in the school but has been paid for by the pupil; there are no beggars; the mission does not give anything to anybody. Methodists are always good at getting money out of other people; this roll-call levy turns out to be a plan imported by the missionary from his native Wales. If ever I hear of a Welsh Methodist Jew, I shall behave like the Levite, and

pass by on the other side ! Chief Mazeras is a local preacher ; a fine-looking man probably three score years of age, who disposed of three-fourths of his wives at conversion—not cannibalistically. It is the plan of the missionary to consult with certain prominent native Christians about any schemes to be proposed. This proves that he believes in the local proverb, “ Kidole kimoja hikivundu tawi—One finger cannot kill a louse ;” which being further interpreted is understood to say that “ Two heads are better than one.”

On the hill Mgandini a school building is being erected entirely at the expense of the immediate population for the mission, and a day’s journey from there, at the village of Mtsangatifu, *i.e.*, “ The Woodlands,” the people are asking the missionaries to send them a teacher, offering to erect a building and support the person sent.

In sad contrast to this uplifting influence of the missionaries and the self-reliance of the natives, is the blighting presence of the imported East Indians, who are constantly met throughout British East Africa. On a recent Sunday some of these people stole the missionary’s medicine chest. It contained poison, and it is almost with regret we hear that they brought it back the next Sunday. Soon after, they went off with an iron safe which required sixteen men to carry it back. These East Indian coolies are being transported to many lands ; Mauritius, East Africa, South Africa, West Indies, Guiana, all offer them new homes. Like the jiggers, they tend to spread quickly. If there is anything in the doctrine of environment, a heavy responsibility rests on the people who change theirs. Results morally are not encouraging.



MOUNTAINEER MAYNARD'S OPEN AIR SERVICE NINE HUNDRED PRESENT. MDALE, DABIDA MOUNTAINS





MARKSMAN MAYNARD, MISSIONARY TO THE MOUNTAINERS, RINGING THE SCHOOL BELL IN FRONT OF HIS
"PALACE" DABIDA MOUNTAINS, BRITISH EAST AFRICA.

At Mazeras Station I was met by Master of Arts Rogers, missionary to Rabai, who hastily summoned porters. How delightfully English to have porters at the station ! We strung ourselves into a line and filed away from the beautiful hill-top, past native villages, over the M'sapri Bridge, past the sub-collector's residence flying the British flag, and between two long green rows of aloes to the Christian village of Rabai. Some of the distant views were entrancingly semi-tropical, having the picturesque cocoanut trees scattered about in a way to delight the heart of a Turner. Here and there natives were tapping the cocoanut trees at the top to extract the juice from which the intoxicant tembo is made. To do this each man must first procure a licence from the Government, for which he pays fifteen rupees. The natives are a black, shiny crowd, and are probably becoming more industrious now that the Government is taxing them. Great is the philanthropy of a government ! I noticed two styles of huts, the Swahilis' having a verandah covered by the roof projecting out over it, while the Nyika group of tribes build huts in the shape of a haystack, with the eaves touching the ground and a solitary opening, a low door. Oranges, mangoes, manioc, limes and papias are in abundance. The Christian natives number some hundreds, and are noticeably cleaner than the others. But all are good-natured. I have frequently wondered at the power of their smiles, which have sufficient vitality to struggle through a thick layer of dirt and oil to the surface. Here I heard a profusion of lion stories.

The East African and Uganda Diary for 1903, page 67, says :—"The Church Missionary Society was founded in 1799, A.D., for 'Africa and the East.' In 1844 Dr. Krapf, having lately been expelled from

Abyssinia, established himself at Mombasa. In the following year he was joined by the Rev. Jorn Rebmann, who opened the station at Rabai in 1846, and worked on the coast for twenty-nine years. Their remarkable journeys into the interior led to all the subsequent geographical and missionary enterprise in East Africa." The mission here is manned by three Englishmen and a native, running a dispensary and schools, and doing good work. On Sunday I went to the Swahili service in the native church. In the vestibule is a picture representing the freeing of fourteen hundred and twenty slaves in Rabai. The Government purchased them and gave them their freedom. Pastor Jones at Rabai is a freed man, and many in the audience are descended from slaves. The attendance at this service was probably four hundred. The congregation was a study in colour and fashions. A few of the women were attired in European dress, but most of them wore white saris decorated with red spots. Most of the men were dressed in a consumptive earth colour known only in the Eastern Hemisphere. The red fez is very popular, and is usually worn about four sizes too large, which gives the wearer a very comical appearance. At the close of the service the men all waited in their seats until the women and girls had passed.

Missionary Rogers was the officiating clergyman, assisted by the native preacher Jones, who belonged to Bishop Hannington's last party. Mr. Rogers has at odd times collected two hundred species of butterfly within a radius of fifteen miles, and has sent representatives of four species to the British Museum, of which they formerly had no specimen. In his corrugated iron residence is a fine collection of butterflies. Some of them have eye-spots. The *Acraea* are slow

flying. They are protected from attack by being too nasty to be eaten. Other butterflies, which have a better flavour, copy the colour of the *Acraea*. This is protective mimicry. A good many white travellers find they can turn this principle inside out and profit by it. The missionary comes first and wins the confidence of the natives, then comes the drummer or explorer, and is protected by his surface resemblance. Rabai is infested by jiggers, as many as a hundred having been removed from one person. The missionaries themselves avoid being troubled to any great extent by remembering the Chinese proverb, "Insects do not bite busy men," and also by sifting into their footgear powder which incapacitates the jigger for any fresh activities. If they would borrow that bronze statue from Mombasa, and teach the jiggers that bronze is impermeable by the most persevering of African insects, they might be protected by their mimicry of that object of art.

The Rabai-ites never tire of relating stories about Mombasa ; it is their natural port, but for centuries has been in the hands of foreigners. So even the children when they play sing,

Set fire to Mombasa ;
Set fire to Mombasa.

And the recent history of the " Isle of War " indicated that somebody takes this child play seriously and applies the match. Riddles are also in use on this hill, which the Africans on the island frequently repeat. The following two used in the Giryama tribe are most frequently employed in Rabai :—" What is it that never rises from the ground ? " Answer : " A well." " You cultivate a big patch and reap only a handful." Answer : " It is the hair when it is being shaved."

In company with Mr. Missionary and a native I

visited the spirit-house located at Rabai Mpia, *i.e.*, "The New Fort." It was here Dr. Krapf built his shanty. The hut itself is called the House of the Spirits of the Departed. It can hardly be said that the natives go to this hill-top for worship, though it is regarded as the house of their outworn god. Rather it is a sort of sacred bank, where in peace they deposit their war-drums, charms and medicine for safe keeping. Only men take any interest in the matter; the enchanted precincts are invested with awe for women and children, and whatever is lodged there none dares to touch, except the privileged quack doctor. It is a pity that want of faith compels the use of strong rooms in civilized lands. A little lower down the hill infants in former times were strangled and thrown over.

Rabai is better off than many civilized lands; it has no priests. If a man wants to sacrifice, he manages for himself. The usual plan is to offer to the dead, whom he imagines not only to exist, but to control nature. And so it happens if a man's field fails to produce good crops, he takes a sheep or a goat or even a fowl, goes down to the graves of the departed ones, and there slaughters the creatures and after placing cooked rice and toddy on the grave, says, "I find that my field does not produce anything. You are angry. What is it you want? There you are," and pours the toddy out at the head of the grave. When all is done he says, "I am going; let there be peace, and don't you be angry. Give me peace and give me plenty, and you below and God above help me." The body of the people do not believe in these things, but a few practise the heathen rites, following the teaching of their forefathers.

I am not able to give the temperature here because

of a little incident that occurred. The secretary hung the thermometer outside his window to take the temperature in the sun, and a small boy came along with a stick and, in testing the quality of the glass, smashed the tube. Our temperature rose, and we rather thought of giving the said urchin a warming, but he anticipated us and got a hiding.

Rabai is a perfectly peaceful place, and I was loth to depart. From Rabai to Mazeras I rode on a short donkey with very short legs and very long ears. It was difficult to say whether I was walking or riding, and it never occurred to me to turn the donkey upside down. I boarded the train for Voi. Beyond Mazeras the country resembles portions of the Southern States of North America. There are the Africans, the huts showing over the tops of the Indian corn, and the rolling country. Interesting features of the landscape are the ant-hills, which resemble the watch-towers along the border of Wales near Llanfyllin. Though there is poisonous grass near Mazeras, it is confined to the Mazeras knoll, where sixty oxen died when the railway was building. Cattle thrive on the other side of the Rabai bridge and above and below Mazeras ; while donkeys, mules and goats prosper on the poisonous food ! Around mile 33 ebony and mimosa grow in abundance. The mimosa is also known as the kicker tree ; it bears thorns and black pods, is very hard, and is used for native ploughs and rollers to crush sugar-cane. I noticed a soft wood with red bark, but throughout all this region there grows no real rosewood.

At four-thirty in the afternoon the train entered the uninhabited Taru Desert, on the edge of which dwell the Wariangulo, a small tribe of hunters. When the chase fails to yield them a supply of meat, they

request the surrounding tribes to furnish goats or meat of some sort, and give their word of honour to pay for it with an elephant's tusk. It is said that they are never refused meat when it is obtainable, nor do they ever fail to keep their word. If they have escaped the contaminating influence of Mombasa, it is to be hoped the whites will not spoil this fine trait.

We arrived at Mackinnon Road on time. Here one of the few attempts at artesian boring was made. But the man doing the work had a birthday, and not increasing his wisdom with his years, got drunk and smashed the machinery. From Mackinnon Road I mounted the American engine which is drawing our train, consisting of a big tank, four freight cars and six passenger. Engine-driver Pinto, who speaks four languages, tells me that the average speed from Mombasa to Mackinnon Road is twelve miles per hour. He says the engine consumes, up and down Mombasa to Nairobi, only six tons of wood for six hundred and fifty miles. This is as cheap as it is possible to run a train of similar size. The driver never tires of telling that it was his engine which brought Mr. Chamberlain up; that the whole train was white, including the carriages for the servants; and that a seat was arranged on the cow-catcher for the distinguished visitors. It has often been suggested that the best form of insuring safety is to put a director in front of each train, but Africa seems to be practical where Europeans are only theoretical. This is a lonely road, running through twenty odd miles of scrub forest, the thorn trees and others intertwined with vines making an interminable mass. The track is laid down dead straight, and the view from the engine shows the up-grade, and when reaching the top of

the ridge, a slight depression in the landscape, and then another ascent, and so on. At one point I could see plainly three narrow plateaux one above the other, suggesting huge steps in the ascent from the sea to the mountains. Pope might have been inspired by this prospect when he sang

"Th' increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps o'er Alps arise."

Strange to say, I saw no animals of any kind, nor any villages or hamlets or clusters of huts along the line. Mr. Chamberlain had a similar experience, not seeing a lion all day. But immediately he entered his carriage to dress for dinner three lions appeared! I mentioned to the driver the absence of animals, and he gave this peculiar reply:—"In the morning, sir, is the time to see them. You see the grass is wet, and they come out of the thicket and out of the wet grass on to the line to dry themselves." My imagination showed me a vision of this road in the early morning, animals sitting, lying down, stretched at full length, for miles along the track, basking in the rising sun and drying their wet coats. What a scramble there must be when the engine toots and the iron monster bears down on this assortment of the animal creation! N.B.—Mr. Chamberlain travelled by day!

CHAPTER IV

IN THE DABIDA MOUNTAINS

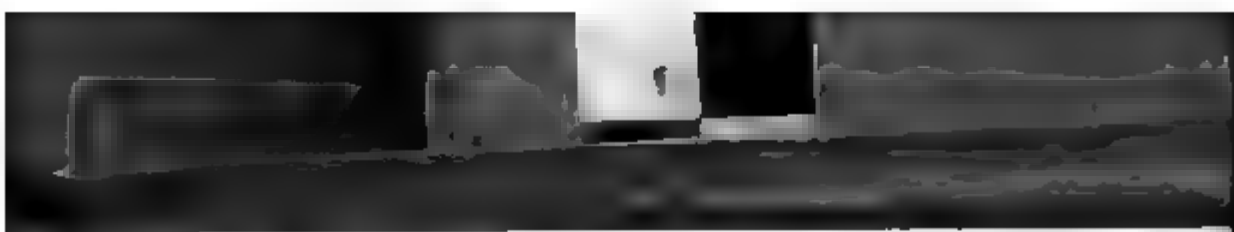
A MIDNIGHT TRAMP THROUGH THE PASTURE OF THE LIONS—MISSIONS AMONG THE MOUNTAINEERS

Mundu wabonya waka wengi udaja wasi—

A man who takes many wives eats trouble

Wataita Saying.

THE shades of night were falling fast when I reached fever-stricken Voi and was met at the rail station by Maynard the Marksman, Missionary to the Mountaineers ; he greeted me with the cheerful and quieting news that on his way down he had come upon the fresh tracks of a huge lion. We decided, however, to take the night tramp to his highland home, Mbale, in the Dabida mountain range. After an eventful evening meal in the Rest House at Voi, we three, the Missionary, the Traveller and the Secretary, marched abreast with loaded rifles, expecting at any moment to be confronted by the king of the forest. Our thirty muscular porters kept close to our heels, preferring our company to his. During the two and a quarter hours' tramp to the River Voi, the mountaineer entertained us with lion, leopard and lema stories. For five statute miles the road was wide and good ; it was a Government road laid





THE VILLAGE OF MGENDU, NEAR NAMBALE, DABIDA MOUNTAINS, BRITISH EAST AFRICA.

out with fine disregard of villages, which are off the track. The next five miles were also good, and had been cut by the Missionary and his mountaineers over limestone ridges and red levels to the black flats of the Voi. Along the way we passed down into a small, thorn-lined ravine where a hungry hyena had seized a man by the foot while he was asleep and dragged him down the hill. His comrades bolted, but his wife screamed such a terrific scream that it almost paralyzed the hyena with fright, and he ske-daddled. "It is not good that man should be alone." Then we proceeded between stabbing aloes, their thin, ghostly fingers pointing upward, keeping our cordite rifles in order for prompt business. Presently the place was reached where the monster lion this same day, in a fierce fight with an antelope, had made deep marks in the ground. From that point we walked in the lion's track, thinking he might appear at any time. I took a sight with my rifle, and finding it impossible to rightly sight in the semi-gloom of moonlight, became most thoroughly occupied in the surrounding scenery. It is the first time I went on a lion's track, and I was glad he was not on mine. Frequently wild animals started up and decamped. We were not long in reaching the place where the Missionary had shot a huge brute. Along the path were many nooks where Mr. Lion might conveniently take us in. We kept a weather eye open, to speak nautically, or a sharp eye, as the "boy" says, and on approaching the river our guide pointed out the place where he had come upon a leopard. We heard the grunt of leopards or something else moving in the near-by thicket.

Upon reaching the bank of the Voi, after two and a half of the liveliest hours this penman has passed,

the camp-fire on the opposite side came into view. Directly our caravan gave a shout, men from the opposite side waded across, and three ebony fellows transported me in a very original fashion ; to wit—my legs were placed on the two shoulders of one chap, my arms on the shoulders of the other two savages, and thus I forded the Voi dryshod. I was landed in great shape, in fact, in a variety of shapes, on the other side, where, lo and behold, I came upon two chairs and a table and some dishes and a promise of coffee, and a great deal of good-nature and kindness.

The trees seemed to be full of lemas. These are night animals which even while I wrote up my diary were interchanging their day's news. One little bunch of fur seemed to be laughing, thought it a great joke, this of these white-skins at midnight at the ford of the Voi. Another little fellow seemed to be talking through his nose and saying, "What is it, what is it?" Troops of monkeys and apes encamped along the limbs of the mgungo and other thorn trees.

After one hour's rest on the south bank of the Voi, we gave the signal to start our journey from the First to the Second Ford of the Voi. The men said their potatoes were not out yet, so they stirred up the embers and rolled roasted yams out of the fire, ready to eat. But we did not wait, and with a faithful little band, off into the dense jungle darkness we hastened. From the ford of the Voi our course lay nearly due west to Mwawingwa's village, along a winding path which constantly twisted between thorn bushes frequent and sharp. We were no sooner away from the river than roots were encountered. They were regular trippers along this route. In several places it was necessary for us to stoop to avoid damaging the thorn boughs above us. This road was emphatically

serpentine, if not serpentiferous. Out of the thick foliage animals dodged to the right and left. My time was engaged in dodging the rubber vines. Between the Voi and Mwawingwa's village were a few bleached human skulls lying about, relics of the late famine. During that dreadful time people were dying and rotting in their houses. At Mwanga's village it was customary to bury the dead bodies. The skulls we saw belonged to people who had crept off to die and had been consumed by striped hyenas either before or after death. These miserable beasts, which are protected by the game laws of the Protectorate, frequently assisted in shaking off the mortal coil. Leopards are very troublesome in this district. Not long ago they became so bold as to break into the houses of the natives and take out goats.

Having crossed the Voi, and coming into the foothills, you begin to meet the villagers. These people became mountaineers originally from fear of the Masai, of whom the Wataita have a proverb, "The lion and the Masai are one ;" but now they are spreading out into the plain again. It was in this very locality the lion was shot that killed the Anglo-Indian O'Hara. He was a man in the employ of the Protectorate, building bridges between Voi and Tavita. While camped at the Voi river one warm night, he was sleeping with the door of his tent open, and the lion just walked in and seized him. Mrs. O'Hara heard the noise and awoke in time to see the pillow fall off the bed. She saw that something was the matter, and raised the alarm. Men rushed to the scene, fired their rifles, and scared off the brute. The body was picked up quite dead fifty yards away. After having made several raids on the cattle, the lion was shot near this village.

At Mwawingwa's village we bore away a few points to the north. Our narrow track turned and twisted among the gardens of the Men-of-the-Hills. Sheridan could truly have said that its "course was an eternal deviation from rectitude." The last rains had been a failure, and as a result there was nothing growing except some poor scrub corn. But these people are better off than those higher up, because they possess more cattle and goats.

From the Second to the Third Ford of the Voi our course lay a few more points to the north. We came upon Lundi's village about midway between the two fords. This village was in a state of siege a while ago on account of a dispute over the ownership of a woman. A female from Lundi's tribe had been married many years to a man of another clan, but finally developed cancer. So her husband returned her into stock, and demanded back the cattle he had paid for her. These innocents do not seem to reckon the wear and tear of a hardworking wife, and such a demand is usual. Lundi, however, refused to give it, but the other tribe were determined to have the cattle back by hook or by crook; and though Lundi shut himself up and watched well for these people, as a matter of fact they finally succeeded.

As my midnight marchers were approaching the third ford of the Voi, there was a movement in the thicket. At first I thought it was a native, but it proved to be a large native animal. The whole appearance of things at this point was that of a lair of wild beasts. With the assistance of three natives I crossed the narrow ford, and bearing off to the northward, passed through a chain of gardens to the foot of the mountains.

The ascent of the main range began at two-thirty

A.M. The moon soon disappeared. We were following the main feeder of the Voi all the way, and as we travelled we heard constantly the rushing of the water. I did not see much of the falls in the dark, except my own, which I chiefly felt. Of course, we were constantly on the alert for savage beasts. Near the bottom is thick thorn bush, the haunt of leopards, which follow the flocks about and often take their pick in broad daylight. There were slippery places, outcroppings of the rock. The strata have a pitch of about fifty degrees. This is speaking geologically. Physiologically they gave me a pitch of two feet. Maynard the Mountaineer was ahead, and by a remarkable intuition noticeable among mountaineers of a highly developed nervous system, managed to select the road. As for myself, I asked no questions except, "Are there leopards about?" to which he coolly replied, "Just the place for them, but remember there is a bed further on." Presently we turned into the bed of a stream, and walked along a very dangerous and narrow passage with the thundering of water in the dense darkness beneath. It was a grave question where a body would go to should his sole slip.

The darkness became denser and the ascent more dangerous. Up through fields of mummy pea and among the broad leaves of the plantain we scrambled and clambered, and finally struck into a good path for the last hundred feet, and arrived at Mbale some thousands of feet above the tide. Just before reaching the top we met with another evidence of the idleness of Maynard in a winding rock stair laboriously hewn out of the precipitous side of the mountain. At Mbale lives the biggest chieftain in the mountains. Here also dwells the Missionary to the Mountaineers

in a palatial structure which, on investigation, proves to have been originally a tent ; so it is yet, though over and about it a grass hut has been constructed. Here dwell, beside the Missionary, one large cat and two small ones of Persian descent. All have mighty big tails. Pedigree uncertain but believed to be royal. Two cousins of theirs, lions, recently shed their coats by request of the missionary.

At four-fifteen A.M. I entered a flapping tent, and in a few minutes Maynard brought a bottle (!) and three glasses. Limejuice is very good at four-fifteen A.M. after a twenty-mile tramp among skulls, wild beasts, thorns, pernicious roads, and accompanied by a vigorous imagination. "The path to bliss abounds with many a snare," as Cowper remarked with less provocation. I turned in at four-thirty without having turned out of anything. I took my cap off especially to Maynard, and went to bed very thankful that I was not in pieces. Here endeth the modest account of the great midnight journey through the lion-infected lowlands and the leopard-infected highlands to the missionary-infected summit.

While falling asleep I meditated as follows :— Large quantites of Limberger cheese, ancient but agile, should be purchased by the Protectorate Government, the money being raised by a tax on dudes who come out here with one eye-glass and two guns to shoot tigers* ; and that the above-mentioned cheese should be placed in a double row one on each side of the track, one hundred feet therefrom, measurement to be from the middle, so that the traveller should not be disturbed by rats, cats, lions, leopards and other small fry jumping out of the path into the

* There are no tigers in Africa.

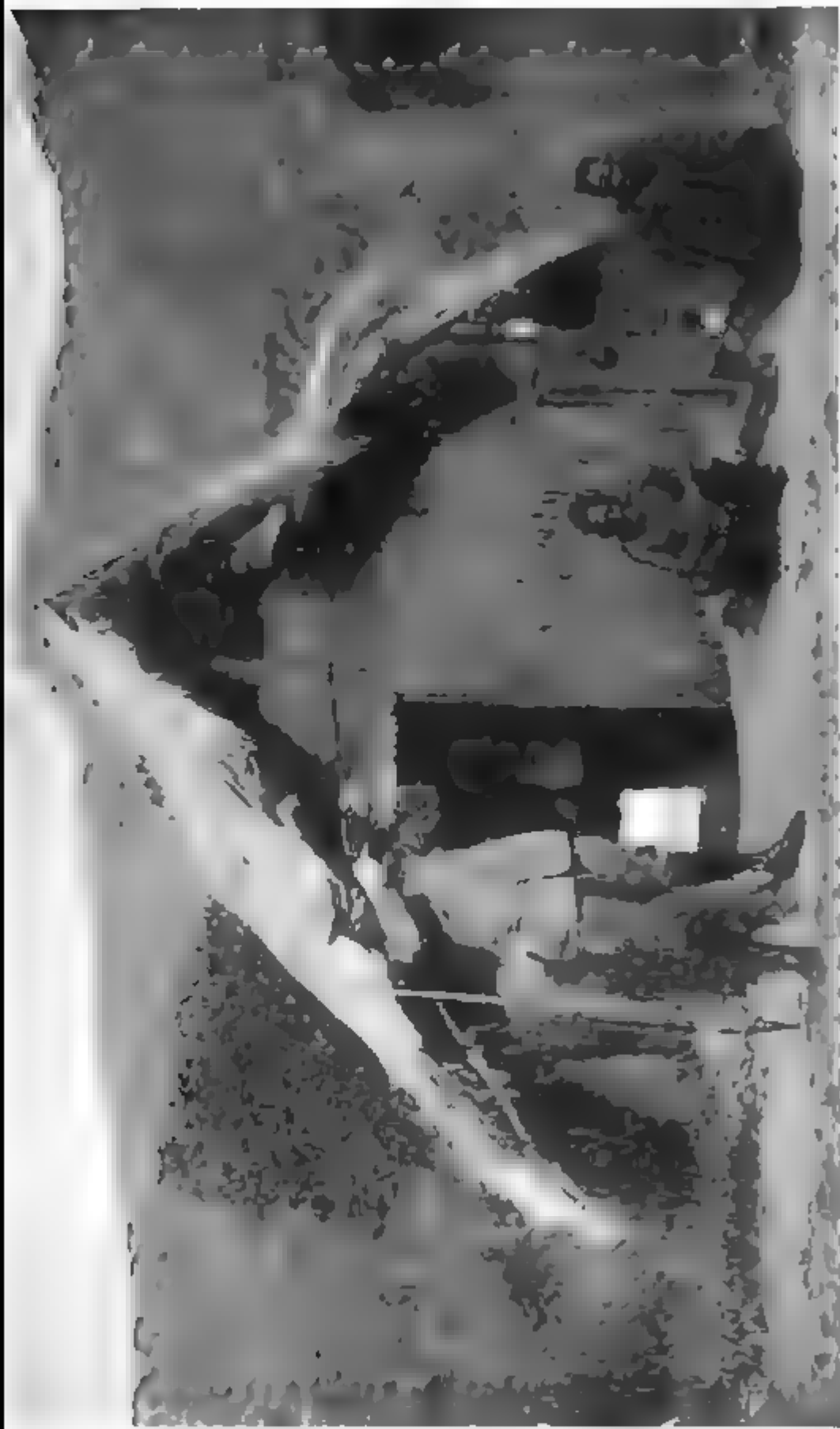
adjoining thicket, thereby necessitating more iron in the blood, or more lead into their bodies.

The Great Chief of Mbale, Master of the Mountains, came up to call on me, and his salutation was "Are you awake?" to which I subjoined, "How old are you?" "I don't know; perhaps I am ten, perhaps I am five." The chief of the mountaineers has three ear-rings, two on the port side and one on the star-board; his teeth are filed and he has slant eyes. He also has five wives, not being a Mohammedan. I made an appointment with him to photograph him and his wives. When I went to his hut, four had gone away and only his youngest and prettiest and fattest remained. "How is this?" I said. The mischievous old chap smiled and replied, "Last night in yonder village there was a death, and they have gone to mourn. Yesterday the husband died and they dug his grave by the door and buried him, and placed a stone above his head to locate it. There will be mourning for six days, on the seventh day they will drink beer, at the end of the moon the mourning will cease. When twelve moons have waxed and waned, with sharp sticks the earth will be thrown aside, and the skull will be given to boys, who will carry it off and place it in a small rock cavern in some lonely spot in a mountain fastness. The old folks will not do it, as they reckon they are nearer the grave than the lads, and wish to avoid thinking of death." "Have you been many years the great chief?" I said. "How do I know how many rains? It is many." A year is two rains.

He has a little three-legged stool strapped fast to himself Swiss fashion; on this he sits. We began our interview in front of Maynard's shanty, but the chilly wind brought a shiver, so we shifted to the

leeside. He told a wonderful story how that near here in the direction of Rami a lion stole a cow, and everybody turned out to hunt it in the scrub. It was finally shot by being killed with arrows. When the arrows had been put in, one man rushed up and got the lion by the tail, and from that time he was called "Mwishimba," *i.e.*, the Man-who-got-a-lion. The chief says that it was a big male lion, and took ten men to roll it over. The heart was taken out and used as medicine. It was cut up into small pieces and roasted, and worn on the right arm by a string put through it. There is a superstition that this will make a man clever in war-time, so that his arm will kill just as the lion kills a man. I asked him, with a recollection of our ideas as to white and chicken livers, if the liver would do as well, but he said, "O, the liver is no good at all, only the heart." "What effect would it have on me to take some lion's heart?" I asked. "It would make you a good shot, so that anything you hit you would kill." As he told me that would be the effect if I placed it on my arm, I asked him what the result would be if I placed it on the leg. He laughed and said that it was no good on the leg, it must be on the right arm or on the forehead. "Then when you fight, your enemies will run. This is true; there is no gammon about this." And he laughed. "The tongue is medicine, too; it makes you so that when you shout you make such a noise that your enemies will run at once." I asked him what effect it would have to wear four tongues, but he declared "It doesn't matter, one is sufficient." "Well, but, Chief Mgalu, suppose my enemy has a lion heart and tongue also?" "In that case," said the ex-savage, "you would fight and he would kill you, and you would kill him, and that would end the war." "Are





HUT AT KAYA, EAST AFRICA. MR GEIL AND HEADMAN MAGAFWA, DABIDA MOUNTAINS
The Author is firing his rifle to assemble the clansmen for Maynard.

you married?" I asked. He laughed at the idea—"Do you think I am a bachelor?" "Well, when were you married last?" "Within twelve moons." "How many wives do you think I ought to have?" I said to the old heathen. He laughed heartily, saying, "As many as you can get. We of Dabida marry a lot of wives. Some of us have ten. This is our custom. If you care about ten, marry them," and he roared with laughter. "Dabida people are never satisfied with the number of their wives." He wears a string about his neck with two bits of sheep's bone. This is so that he will not get pains in his neck. I noticed a little tuft of hair on his head. This he explained according to their custom, which is to shave the head when anybody dies, but they leave a little tuft on top of the head so as not to be killed by headache. The black sides of the old chap shook with laughter when he explained this, and with his left hand he felt around to see if the tuft was still there. "What effect would it have on you, Chief, if you had left two tufts of hair?" He laughed again, and said it would be just the same.

As I arose to hasten off and take some photographs, he very courteously shook hands and said, "Good-bye, go in peace, and I will return in like manner; go in peace and I will meet you again." He is a good sort of heathen, this Master of the Mountaineers. He gave a large hill-top to the Protestant missionaries, and insists that his tribesmen shall follow their teachings.

The missionary and myself left Mbale at ten-thirty Thursday morning on our Journey to Kaya. We zig-zagged up and down and suddenly turned off and made a sharp ascent to a cave, where women were engaged in making pots out of lead-coloured clay. As we continued along a rough road we came upon some mountaineers irrigating with troughs made of

the peel of the banana stem. They have been known to conduct water in this manner for over a mile. I saw some stonemasons at work. One of them got a particle of stone in his eye and went to another, who pushed the eyelids apart and blew with all his might into the eye. This was efficient and satisfactory.

After two hours' tramp through beautiful scenery, by a monster detached rock where we had a distant view of the gateway of the Voi, by small villages of brown huts situated at strategic points, we reached the village of Kaya, and made extensive inquiries concerning the whereabouts of a huge lion which had been seen drinking water near by. The beast had not been observed for over a week, so we failed to make that hit. After the evening meal the big chief came over to the hut, and the missionary conducted family worship. There were twelve present, including the four wives of the chieftain. At the close of the service Maynard gave the big chief some medicine, for which he said, "Thank you." Originally there was no word in the language expressing appreciation and gratitude.

That same night Maynard and myself, with a few trusty savages, went over to Kikoro. This village has a Christian headman by the name of *Castor-Oil*. He has built a skeleton creation with open sides and a grass roof. This he put up that he might have a place to be alone to read and meditate. In one corner is a heap of rough stones, on it a slab of wood, behind which I observed a kerosene tin containing books and three slates. On the opposite side of the room four "Y's" have been set up in the ground and ebony strips placed across, and the skins of several wild animals placed on them to form a bed. Here Castor-Oil sleeps at night. Under the bed is

another tin containing some more books. Thus his meagre library is protected from the white ants. Before his conversion to Christianity he had two wives, one of whom he gave up. This means much to a mountaineer, for by his wives his fields are cultivated and the drudgery of life done for him. He also gave up his ear-rings, the tuft of hair on the head and beer. He owns a cow and a calf, and in the midst of his hut swings a curious lantern made by knocking off the bottom of a bottle. This is tied to a board with a thong of grass and passed around the bottle to keep it from falling over, and the whole swung from a rafter. He cultivates a little patch and aside from his hut, has no belongings except two skin blankets and two pieces of clean cloth. By stupendous efforts on his own part and incidentally some help from the missionary, this poor, lone mountaineer has learned to read. As I contemplated the man with his sad face and simple surroundings, making an effort to rise in life, I was filled with unspeakable sadness. Here is evidently an honest man making an honest effort against colossal odds to improve himself and benefit his fellows, and in a very considerable degree he succeeds. Oftentimes in the evenings Castor-Oil calls the people together and slowly reads to them and offers prayer. He does it himself; he is not employed by the mission and for it he receives no pay or advantage whatsoever. I looked in on a meeting of this sort. There were seventeen present, not including the babies strapped on the backs of their mothers. These dark figures, undressed in brown, in this hut built by the Christian headman, kneeling on the earthen floor, formed a very pathetic scene, one not soon to be forgotten. The tears came to my eyes as I beheld them, and thought "of the

unlidded eye of God." They were striving slowly to climb upward. Where could they receive even so much assistance except from those who believe in the Gospel ?

I had heard it said that this missionary to the mountaineers is in the habit of going out to a mountain village and firing his rifle. At once a crowd would gather, and he would preach to them. I asked him to let me try it at Kaya. I fired a rifle shot ; I aimed at a cactus tree and missed it, but hit the point. On the whole it was well that lion kept out of the way the other night. At this signal the savages assembled from various villages and sat about in front of the hut where Maynard was staying, incidentally removing jiggers from their feet ; and behold the marvel ! One hundred and seventy-five took part in the service ! Many of the women had babies strapped on their backs, and the amount of hardware worn on their legs, arms, and ears was truly amazing. That same day at Chawia, I fired my rifle, and in fifteen minutes savages began to gather, and in half an hour nearly a hundred warriors were present to listen to the Gospel. On the way up young men and young women, nearly naked, were having an immoral dance ; but when the missionary appeared they disappeared into the banana plantations and thicket, and not a soul was left. This incident is a striking illustration of the influence the missionary exerts in the community, even among those who are not Christians. After the service, enlivened by a man taking snuff, we tramped back to Kaya, where I slept in a grass hut.

The first night I was " awfully " cold. The temperature was around forty-five, but I had been in the tropics a long time and my blood was thin. In the middle of the night I turned out and wrapped my

focussing cloth around me, tied myself up in a towel, put on all my clothes, covered up with a rubber blanket, heaped on my red and orange tent for changing negatives, placed a lighted lantern under my feet to keep them warm, and finally wrapped about twenty fathoms of trade cloth that happened to be in the hut, around me. My appearance seemed to scare off the cold, and after considerable effort I managed to get into reasonably comfortable circumstances. In the morning when disentangling myself I was thankful the hut didn't catch fire during the night!

But where was the missionary sleeping? As is his custom, with a loaded rifle at his side in a little grass shanty with no door, on a grass bed. In the morning he bathes in the mountain brook; and who would use a wash-basin with the clear water of the highlands flowing over smooth rocks? When no soap is near, he uses the native soap, fine river sand. Once right here at Kaya he could not hold the service because a huge lioness was near by, the natives told him. He went out and shot the beast, having the thicket fired on three sides to fetch it out, and then gathering the mountaineers together preached the Gospel to them. The testimony I am able to give as an eye-witness is that missionary work in this lofty district is a monumental success and worthy of liberal support.

Saturday morning, after a good breakfast, we left Kaya for Mbale. For an hour our men had been roasting sweet potatoes at a fire near the hut. On these roasted plantains they made a hearty meal. It is winter in these mountains, and the highlanders, because of the chilly air, are not seen out of their huts until after the sun is up. When departing from Kaya, the old chief came with his big spear and accompanied us as a matter of courtesy. Just as he was

saying good-bye he asked for a rat-trap, declaring that the rats are killing him. The rodents in this region are very audacious ; they come at night when the natives are asleep and eat the hard part off their feet until the blood comes. Probably it was a tribe of them that investigated Bishop Hatto in his tower on the Rhine. One Sunday Maynard was conducting service in a mountain village where a plague of rats was on. One man brought a hundred and fifty to the meeting, which had all been killed in and about one hut. He threw them down in front of the missionary one at a time saying, " Rats, rats, rats, rats, rats, rats, rats ; Master, pray that the Almighty will stop the rats ! " Other animals are just as enterprising. Dinner to-day lacked the proper amount of oily substance because the dog ate all the fat that had been brought along for cooking purposes.

The view from Chawai is one of the finest to be had from the lofty summits of this range. Away to the north-east Mbololo peak cuts the sky at over six thousand feet above the Indian Ocean. Northward is Iale, the loftiest summit in the range, seven thousand feet above the tide. Eastward is Sagalla ; and to the south Kasegao. The view across the Taita Plains bounded on the east by Sagalla and filled with Baobab, sycamore, Mbambara, Mhaguba, Mzaule, Mkombeleka, Gunjahiks, Mao, Mbutse, Mhagari and Tamarind is most entrancing ; and in the opposite direction clothing the mountain top is a thick forest of Atare, Mzigana, Mwavwa, Mnyingonyingo, Mosi, Maiza, Maruvundai, Mgogoli, Kirundurundu and Mrimo.

In order to intensify the impression of the actual situation it is necessary to mix in with the above a liberal allowance of fauna in the form of a dozen

different kinds of antelope, including the eland, kudu, buffalo, and hartebeeste, rhinos, giraffes, zebra, leopards, lions, civet cats, wild cats of all descriptions, warthogs, guinea fowl of four different species, partridges of at least three species, hornbills (greater and lesser), white-necked crows, parrots, eagles, vultures, kites of all kinds, black, brown, and white ants (three varieties of the latter), two varieties of jiggers (male and female), lizards, pythons and spitting snakes. One Sunday morning after service in Sagalla, the boys came rushing into the mission-house to say there was a large snake in one of the huts. The missionary snatched up an axe, it being the nearest weapon available, and ran to the place. He struck at the reptile with the axe, but unfortunately it glanced off, and the snake bolted. He dropped the axe and ran after it. The snake was soon cornered, and as the preacher was about to give the finishing stroke, spat straight out and landed him in the eye. The agony was intense. It is something like tobacco juice or lime. He stopped to despatch the crawling thing, and then rushed into a room and stuck his head into a basin of cold water. He could not see at all that day, and very little the next, and had a bad eye for a week. A native said that one of these snakes had spit on his leg and it raised a blister. The spitting snakes have been killed eight feet long; they ought to be killed at sight; Patrick would be welcome here.

The Wataita number about thirty thousand, and have never been conquered; they inhabit three mountains, Dabida, Sagalla, Kasegao, given in the order of their population and importance. They dwell in villages of circular grass huts. Each hamlet has a granary and often a beer hut. Frequently a family has a village of its own. The groups of windowless

huts are surrounded by enclosures of cut thorns, with a gateway of sticks stuck in the ground. The interior arrangements are very primitive. Three stones form the fireplace, and four sticks driven into the ground with a rude framework for skins form the bed. Each cluster of huts is governed by its own headman, who pays respect to the chief.

Religiously the Wataita people believe in Mlungu, a supreme being about whom they have a very vague idea. They do nothing worshipful except in seasons of distress, when a sheep or a goat is slain to propitiate Mlungu, and probably to influence their ancestors. There are certain indications that ancestral worship exists among them. They also believe in charms as granting immunity from certain dangers, and have a superstitious dread of eating or even touching the meat of various animals. There are three Protestant male missionaries working among them, as many ladies, and as many Catholic priests.

Much remains to be written and said concerning these interesting mountaineers. Once they were robbers, and even in recent years expeditions have been sent by the Government to their lofty villages to kill and destroy. Now all is peaceful, and the few white people find it unnecessary to close and fasten the doors.

On August the ninth I witnessed the massing of the mountaineers. The morning dawned on the Dabida Mountains bright and clear, still and cool, a perfect Sabbath.

" 'Twas morning ; and Afric's young sun in the east
Lay in loving repose on the green mountains' breast."

Over the deep valley to the left of the rising sun, white clouds rolled lightly and lazily as if loath to disappear



EAST AFRICAN WATERBUCK, SHOT AT MILL 459



AN MPALA THE MOST GRACEFUL ANTELOPE IN AFRICA



FOUR MASAI WOMEN



MASAI WARRIORS IN THE FIELD

into still thinner vapour. Above the milk-white mist the magnificent peak Kasegao towered in gigantic splendour. A great stillness pervaded everything, save only the sound of river water rushing over brown rocks in the valley below. As the morning advanced the sun shone warmer, a slight breeze sprang up, and the silence was broken by the missionary ringing the bell bearing the inscription, "Holiness unto the Lord." This was the first signal for the assembling of the people. I went out to look. Toward the south, beyond the deep green Mondugu Valley, I saw a string of savages filing down the colossal side of the massive Mwawada Mountain; beyond this and more than two miles distant, single figures strolled along the narrow track on lofty Ushumbu; others were moving toward the place of worship down the steep side of Mgocho; they came along brown Terini and down the Marangeni Road; groups and long lines passed quickly over the brow of Mogo across the Msungi, and others from the north-west climbed the Saga Hill. These mountaineers, ex-robbers, fierce clansmen, carrying their steel-tipped spears and arrows soaked in Giriama poison, filed along the crooked mountain tracks, down the well-worn clay ditches, and converged at Mbale. Such a sight might well recall the fierce Highlanders of Scott; but here

The bell had summoned to the glen
Ere long a full nine hundred men:
The Mountaineer cast glance of pride
Along Dabida's living side.

As they passed my tent I watched them; oily dudes with shell-shaped metal bells on their ankles and circles of wire above the calf of the leg; others with necklaces; still others wearing huge ear-rings four inches in diameter; one youth with a feather

in his hair and a few with red turbans ; women satisfied to wear skirts two feet in length and two hundred yards of beads about the neck, with babies fastened to their backs—large and small, old and young, of various shades from coal black through maroon to peanut colour. Mostly they had skin bags containing some plantains to be roasted for the day's food. One boy carried a solitary yam. On such simple diet these gathering mountaineers are satisfied. I fell in with a group and passed to the place of worship half an hour before the service. There is no church building for this great crowd ; the mustering of the men of the mountains for morning worship is under the dome of heaven. Is not such a temple better than

“ Rich windows that exclude the light
And passages that lead to nothing? ”

The great chief was there ; having fastened his huge spear in front of the crowd, he took his seat where his influence would be most pronounced. I noticed boys with stomachs expanded twice their natural size ; one man with twenty-eight rings on the fingers of his two hands ; still another wore some thirty ear-rings in his lobes. One of the congregation stopped to show me a jigger he had taken out of his foot. Indeed, this was a feature of the congregation ; between prayers jiggers were removed with clumsy knives whetted to a sharp point, *Laborare est orare*.

Thirty minutes later, still they come in long lines down the mountain paths, up from the valleys, climbing the steep, precipitous sides of the mountain on which the mission stands. Here come the wildest of the highlanders. They have descended from six thousand feet above the sea. They carry swords, bows and arrows, knives, and curious little pouches containing snuff, which they place between the lips and teeth.

These wild men hang their skin food-sacks on the limbs of trees, and one of them stops to carefully examine the preacher's three black cats. Here and there is seen a stone-mason or other skilled workman dressed in clean, white loose garments and wearing a tarbush. There comes a man with a chunk of wood an inch in diameter and four inches long in each of his ears.

The service is about to begin, and still they come in long strings up and down precipitous inclines fit only for goats and mountaineers. Many are heavily armed, but all are well behaved. Women with shaved heads and men with hair done up in five hundred little knots, and others with their hair daubed with red clay and oil. Let this crowd be actuated by revenge, and what havoc they would wreak on their unfortunate enemies, for these are unconquered tribesmen. Even the warlike Masai failed to storm and take their utmost fastnesses. In this congregation are spearmen who down lions with sharp sticks and stab a leopard with a short knife. They are attending worship with Mdomoka bows and Muyama arrows, at their sides iron-pointed spears standing upright, and knives dangling from their shoulders. Not many moons ago these valleys heard a savage yell, saw a wild rush followed by a bloody massacre; now after only two years of missionary work they gather this Sunday morning nine hundred strong. Sometimes fifteen hundred or even eighteen hundred have at one service on this mountain side heard the Gospel. The chiefs are here; the headmen have come; the young men, the warriors, the hunters, the wives, dusky maidens, and children—a real gathering of the clans. In all the region there is not a sound of work, no shouting of the chase. It is Sabbath in the mountains.

They are packed in closely, sitting on the ground as one imagines the multitudes sat on the shores of Galilee when He who gave the bread of life ministered unto the people. There is cheerful talking till the service opens, when all is quiet and attention. Old, familiar hymns are sung in the language of these mountaineers, which is rightly spoken by only three white men in all the world. Then the service of the Church of England is conducted by the missionary. The swarthy audience kneels during prayer. They may not comprehend the full meaning of all this, but who shall say there is no real worship on the Dabida range this quiet Sabbath morning ?

The Mission to the Mountaineers is a stupendous success. This massing of the mountaineers at the Mbale Mission is the most picturesque and thrilling sight this deponent has thus far witnessed in the hot continent of Africa. The changes wrought in the narrow span of twenty-four moons make a modern miracle.

CHAPTER V

THE LAST STAGE TO VICTORIA NYANZA

Okuwumula sikutuka:

To rest is not to arrive.

Uganda Proverb.

BEFORE leaving memorable Mbale in the Dabida Mountains, I visited the ridge to see Heselwood's school, which is conducted in a building to accommodate fifty for writing, but one hundred for reading. The average attendance is sixty. The cost of the school-house, including unhewn log seats and desks made of the Mukindu palm, was less than eighty rupees. A remarkable work is being done here to raise the tone of the youthful mountaineers. The schoolmaster has taken a notion also to raise some chickens, and for that purpose has put up a grass-roofed pen and a pile fence. The latter is made of sticks of Masai wood driven into the ground. These have sprouted into beautiful green tips, making a living boundary for the hens. If only they bore egg-fruit, the rivalry would be profitable. Surely Masai sticks would have delighted the heart of Robinson Crusoe.

I was loath to leave, but after a satisfying breakfast, we began the steep descent accompanied a third of

the way by Mr. England. The procession halted by an outcrop of slippery brown rock, where he said good-bye ; and a member of the party shouted back,

"Fare thee well ; and if forever,
Still forever fare thee well."

Every man then set into the march with right good heart. We tramped past many trees armed with long, white toothpick-shaped thorns known as Mzaule, yellow apples of Sodom, and a beautiful but poisonous fruit resembling a rough-skinned green orange. Thus early in this trans-continental journey I learned that it is dangerous to pluck and eat in a strange forest, unless a supply of cheap natives is available to experiment on. A weary and unwary traveller would naturally rush to these trees, and leave his body under their tempting branches to the hyenas or other wild beasts ; hence it is called Hyena Fruit. A very curious feature of the landscape is the frequent large euphorbia tree resembling a monster human hand. Indeed, my imagination served me so well that I could easily picture a battle between mysterious giants and a group of Olympian gods, in which the former, being worsted, called for quarter and held aloft their monster hands signalling for an armistice.

The Big Ford of the Voi was crossed at eleven-thirty A.M. When here before it was eleven-thirty P.M. with less light and more noise. The rain had obliterated the lion tracks ; but to the Mountaineer it seemed advisable to have some, so by a curious manipulation of his right hand in the sand, he made a fine imitation. This raises awkward questions as to whether he had arranged the striking tableau of the other night in like fashion ! When once well on the plain we met

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a black string of young black women carrying in black baskets on their black heads black earth taken from a black swamp in the neighbourhood of black Sagalla. This unlikely material yields white salt by a simple and primitive process-washing.

Here Maynard pointed out a white spot well up on the forest-clothed side of Mount Sagalla, which proved to be a Christian Church building, whose history is well worth telling. Sagalla was peopled by a savage tribe of Wataita. In their bandit days it was their custom, after their harvest was garnered, to employ their spare time drinking sugar-cane grog, and appropriating the neighbouring harvests within a hundred miles. Without chief or king, internal strife and quarrels were frequent and bloody, differences of opinion being settled by an appeal to the strong bow and the poisoned arrow.

An agent of the Church Missionary Society went to Sagalla to preach the Gospel of peace to these warlike savages, few of whom had ever seen white men. They did not take kindly either to Wray or his message, indeed, they accused the preacher of causing every misfortune that befell them. He was not even permitted to visit their villages, nor to cut wood for building purposes, nor to draw water except in certain vessels. They confined him to his own compound, shot poisoned arrows at him, and beat him with sticks. But he persevered and won them by degrees. Then came a dramatic transformation; their chief idol was an old tree, ugly as are most of the heathen gods all the world over. The missionary conceived the idea of cutting the tree into pieces, despatching it to Great Britain and selling it, the proceeds to be used to construct a fine iron meeting-house. This has been done. The building was shipped by sea

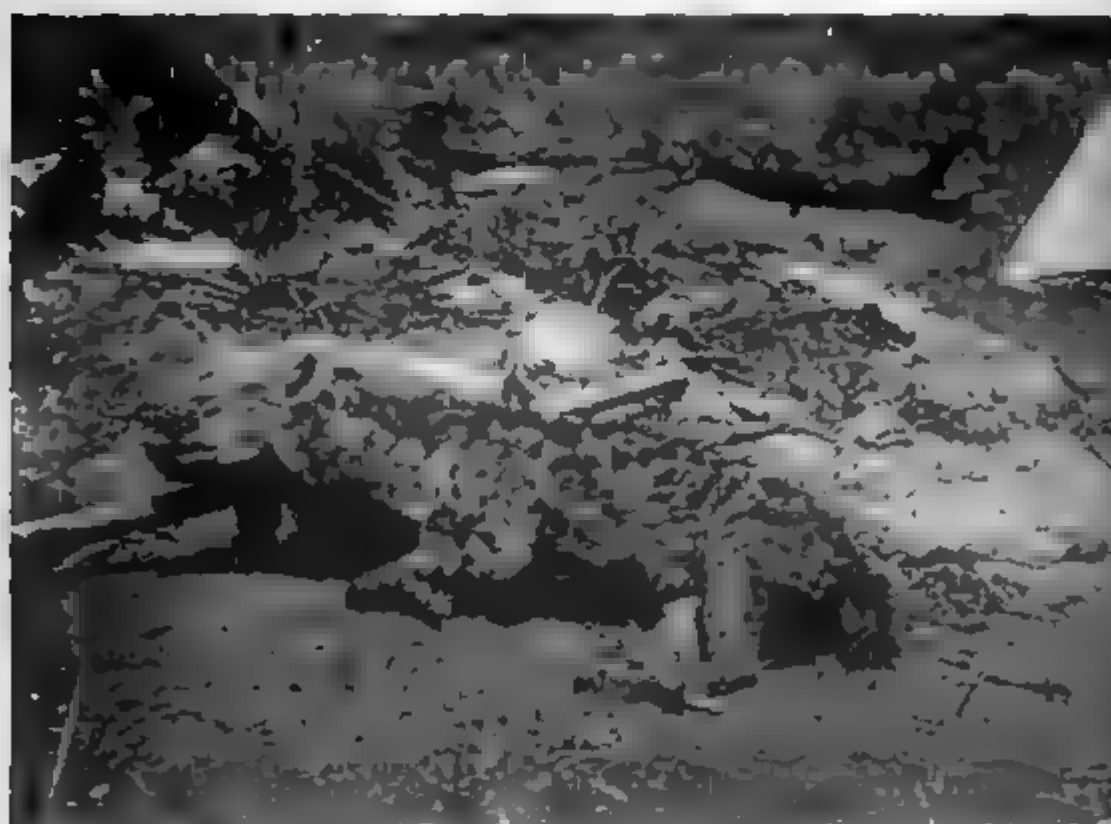
to Mombasa, then by rail to Voi, where over eight hundred men, women and children gathered and carried it free on their heads for twenty-four miles to its present beautiful site. Everything is utterly changed. The contrast of the present state of things with the past proves beyond question the masterful work of the missionaries and the power of the Gospel to transform the hearts and lives of robbers. Their parliamentary hill, where grave and uncanny councils were held, has become the home of the missionary. The things against which the hardy tribesmen fought have been adopted and are now the order of the day. Their language has been enriched by words for Forgive and Love, and their characters enriched by corresponding virtues. The habit of prayer and keeping the Sabbath is an institution of the mountain ; their tree-god, hideous and ridiculous, has become a Christian church useful and beautiful ; and the preacher, once despised, is now honoured as their benefactor and guide.

Voi is a most unhealthy station, especially for young children ; though the local cemetery contains not above ten graves, a hospital and graveyard elsewhere are nearly supported by contributions hence. The railway station should be removed from its present site alongside a malaria-breeding bog to a point some mile and a half up the line, higher, healthier and far more convenient as a station. This business is one of the several blunders of the railway men.

At Voi I went aboard a first-class carriage and turned in for the night, after closing the windows and blinds. When awaking in the morning, we were running amidst herds of antelope of different species. The air was fresh and bracing ; the highlands had been entered, and not far from the station Sultan



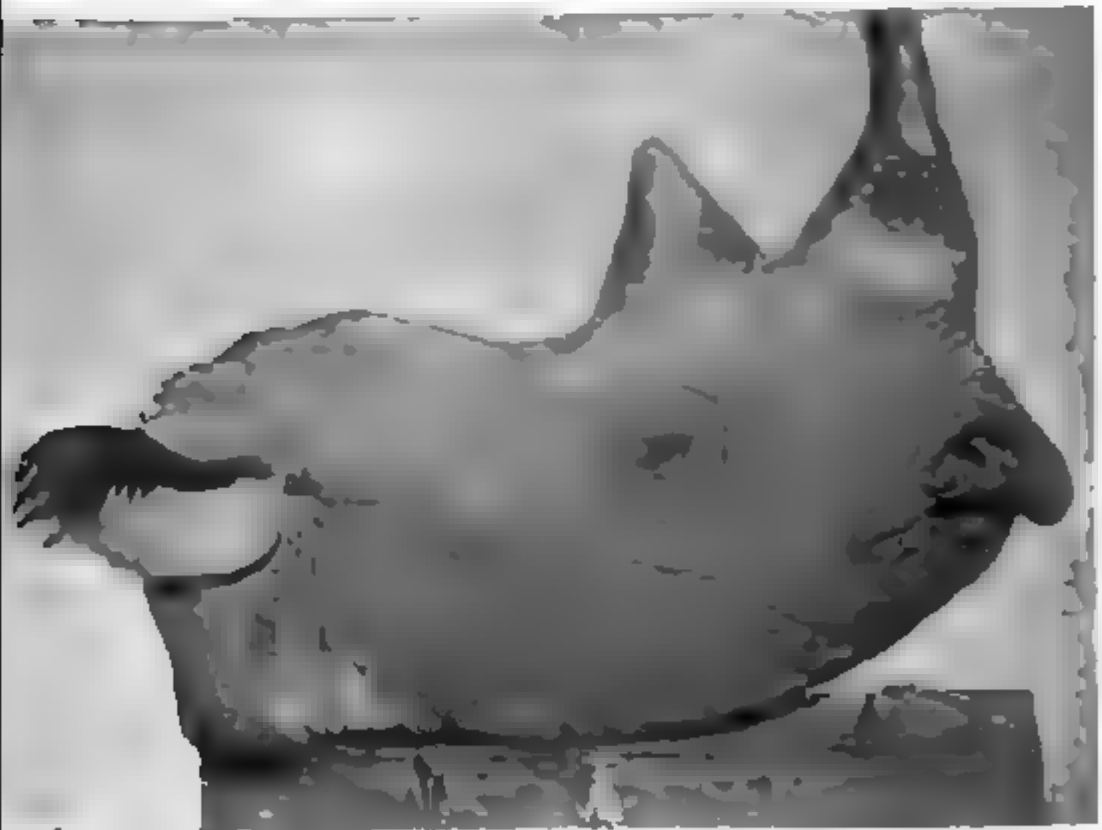
DEAD ELEPHANT



ROBERTS' HYENA.



HIPPO HEAD



RHINOCEROS HEAD FROM SNOUT TO EAR, LYING ON A CHOP BOX.

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Hamud, named after the late ruler of Zanzibar, a fair landscape presented itself to the eyes—odd-looking, treeless, isolated peaks, with intervening grass-lands pasturing herds of zebra on which in turn pastured monster vultures. Directly on leaving the Sultan station the train entered a beautiful plain containing many stately trees, with large open tracts surrounded by picturesque mountains partially covered with verdure. Presently I saw for the first time three giraffes running, trotting or galloping off—their gait is difficult to describe. At each movement of their ungainly bodies they seemed to be in imminent danger of falling forward, the long, unwieldy neck with disproportionately small head threatening to overbalance the animal at each jump. What high times the lady giraffes must have teaching their babies to walk !

We stopped to lunch at Nairobi, where, a week earlier, a hyena had killed a boy, biting him across the back. In the cemetery are a number of persons who have been killed by wild beasts. Sometimes it is the other way round ; near Stony Athi a huntress chased a rhino several miles and then shot him. At Lumuru an Englishman has taken three thousand acres of land for fibre growing. Grapes have been grown successfully in several places near. In this region the white settlers now number about one hundred, and are increasing weekly, but not so fast as the white ants. They grow potatoes, cabbage, beans, maize, and almost anything usually found in a tropical country. Mtama, from which native flour is made, and bananas are in profusion. A kind of sheep, often red and white spotted, with hair instead of wool, may be seen grazing near the town.

Money has been raised to erect a Protestant church

in Nairobi, and work will begin this year. The present average attendance at the Sunday service is about twenty-four, or one-fourth of the foreign population. This is better than London. Here, as in other sections of the world, the observant traveller is easily convinced of the undesirability of having many missions operating in one field. It not only seems to be a waste of the financial generosity of the home churches, but serves to excite questions and embarrass the natives. It perplexes a black-skin to profess conversion at one point and join a church, and then move to another village and be told that his way of worshipping God is wrong, although taught by a white missionary, and that something else is right. To the poor recent savage who has not yet learned to discriminate and who can hardly be expected to enter into the intricacies of theological discussion, this condition of things is not to be reckoned beneficial.

At least the natives are in this district spared from the proselytizing of

"Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun,
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery,
And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks,"

although further along, in a civil war, something dangerously like this took place. Here it is a good hour and a half by train from Nairobi to the next mission station, Kikuyu, in one of the finest parts of British East Africa. The Scotch Mission is erecting a church three miles from this station ; no workmen are employed except natives, who cut the granite with hammer and chisel. With these instruments they produce remarkable results, making the stones



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very smooth. This is of good augury for the success of the industrial system, so economical and so educational, in a word, so Scotch.

All along through this section the natives stand by the side of the track and wave their hands and yell with emphatic and evident delight upon beholding the passing train. They seem quite as far advanced as white children. At four o'clock in the afternoon we scaled the summit of the escarpment just before the rich Rift Valley. From here a descent of over a thousand feet was formerly made by running the cars down a steep incline by a cable, the down car helping to supply power for raising the up-going one. Our train passed along the permanent road, which makes a steep descent, being easily controlled with air brakes, down to within two or three miles of Longonot Crater, which is said to be a mile in diameter.

The train stopped at Kiabe, where resides Missionary Hurlburt, the head of the Africa Inland Mission. This society now has nineteen missionaries on the field, not including seven children or two men to arrive this month. The health of the entire body has been all that could be desired. Mr. Hurlburt pointed to his daughter, fourteen years of age, a picture of perfect health, as a proof of the substantial accuracy of his statements. There is no reason why this station, eight thousand five hundred feet above the sea, should not be as healthful as America. The Africa Inland Mission is interdenominational, supported solely by voluntary offerings without appeal, and is evidently organized on the plan of the China Inland Mission. The scheme of the mission is to extend the stations from Nujuru clear across to Lake Chad, no station to be lower than four thousand feet above the sea. This range is peculiarly adapted to whites,

and the native population totals from forty-five to one hundred to the square mile.

Lake Naivaisha contains fantastically shaped islands, on one of which is a poultry farm. An ostrich farm is also in fine feather some three miles from the station. I noticed large herds of sheep in the neighbourhood of the lake, and occasionally a Masai kraal. A short distance out from here is a Government zebra farm, seventy-nine animals having been captured to begin with. The farm is conducted with a view to producing a hybrid between a horse and a zebra, or between a zebra and a donkey. There are plenty of lions in the plain, and red buck in the mountains. We passed Eldonis Eboro, *i.e.*, Mountain of Smoke, after dark. At various points in this vicinity steam jets throw up vapour constantly. There is a spot named the Stink Hole, eighteen inches across, passed when coming down the Rift Valley, near the old roadbed. It exhales sulphuretted hydrogen from a volcanic crater. A fellow traveller found close to it the skeleton of a buffalo, the skull of a rhinoceros, some pice, and any quantity of various kinds of insects. The local legend declares that any person sleeping at the side of the Stink Hole will wake up dead. What a number of people ought to be provided with beds here !

Further along a man-eating lion was giving trouble. An assistant Superintendent of Police, travelling in his own carriage, heard about this beast. He gave orders for his car to be detached from the train and shunted on to a side track at the station. Two other passengers, Herr Lager and Signor Macaroni, he invited to sit up with him in his carriage and watch for the lion. The men smoked and drank until midnight, when they decided to keep watch by turns, the host

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taking the first spell. He sat on the lower bunk, Lager occupied the upper, and Macaroni took up his quarters on the floor. They were all armed, and the rifles were lying on the table. It has been assumed that the sentinel dozed and that the lion was watching from behind a scrub a short distance away, and being below the level of the carriage, spotted the sleeper through the open door. The car was standing on a cant, and the door jarred shut when the lion entered. The beast seized the man, he gave a scream, but the lion's teeth in his chest killed him. Macaroni woke up to find his head softly pillowed against the body of the lion, which was standing over him. He managed to get out of the window; and Lager in jumping from the berth to slip into the servants' compartment, also touched the lion. Somehow the savage beast succeeded in getting his prey out of the window, and jumped through himself; and when the next day a search party went out, they found the victim disembowelled and with one leg eaten off. Lager is reported to have said that he took hold of the lion's mane and tried to pull him off! He is a large man and demands large faith!

This is the region for lion stories. Many of them are frightful and truthful. For instance, near one of the stations lived a man-eating lion and a whiskey-drinking foreigner. Each decided to hunt the other. Now, it was the man's good fortune to have on a very heavy overcoat; and when he had gone about a mile and the lion sprang on him, instead of biting his shoulder, he only got a piece of the coat. A native policeman was walking ahead with a lantern and rifle. It is said that the lion could not endure the smell of the whiskey and dropped the foreigner, but seized the native and went off with him. It sounds

rum, but the lion may have been a teetotaller. There are excuses for the foreigner, for at certain points along the road water cannot be obtained, and I have seen the poor natives come with their gourds and cheap earthen vessels to beg water of the engine-driver of the passenger train on which I was riding. For railway purposes a water train is run once a week, and at almost every station a four-hundred gallon steel water tank has been sunk in the ground near the track. In the top of each of these tanks is a man-hole. An Indian boy who had no other place to sleep, was spending the night in one of these empty water tanks. A lion, who had not been educated by reading Kipling's story of the Tiger, the Hedgehog and the Tortoise, spotted him, bounded to the tank and tried to scoop him out. The paw of the beast could not quite reach the boy, but he succeeded in grabbing the lad's blanket. With more than ordinary juvenile thoughtfulness, he took out a box of matches and, by setting fire to the blanket, scorched the lion's paw until he skedaddled.

I spent a day at Nakuru, in a beautiful section devoid of timber and almost of shrubs, but covered with grass. A brackish and fishless lake, supposed to be an extinct crater, is about three miles from the railway station. Nakuru is a corrugated iron village with a small Indian bazaar, rest-house, engine shed and switch yard. The water supply comes some twelve miles through galvanized iron pipes from the Njoro River a thousand feet higher, into a high service tank in the railway yard. Some eight stations are supplied with water by a similar system. There are large districts where the rains are frequent and fairly regular, yet the ground is so porous that the rivers soak away, and so the land can support no population.

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A wise system of artesian boring might make it immensely productive. Meantime as a fortunate consequence, I found very few mosquitoes in this region. Whortle-berries grow plentifully, so fruit would probably prosper. Hippo are in the lake, lions on the mountain side ; hunters are in their element.

The train I was on stopped here. The only train through to the lake leaves Mombasa on Saturday and travels all Sunday, despite the protests of many residents. Similarly excursion trains were run by this remarkable administration out of Mombasa on Sunday ; when objections were formally presented, the reply was that if they did not pay, they should be withdrawn ! I asked a railroad inspector why my train did not run through instead of the other : he replied, " The power must be balanced." Righteousness does not seem to weigh in the balance against convenience. But as in all my long journeys I have never ridden in a railway train on Sunday, I did not propose to make an exception in Africa. This decision gave me a variety of experiences the rest of the week.

We resumed our journey the next day by goods train, an hour and a half late. As we passed up the steep grade from Nakuru I got a fine view of the lake, a rugged hill standing out in the foreground, and the still more imposing mountains beyond. After Elburgon the train passed into a country heavily wooded. In contrast to the previous part of the journey, the woods here were green except for the numerous dead trees. There was some good juniper or cedar timber. The forest is dense and tangled, an impenetrable mass except where it has been hewn out. In passing through cuts twenty feet in depth, there was no rock visible in the ground. After winding around numerous curves and over viaducts built by

an American bridge company, the train came into a clear space, giving an exquisite view of the magnificent grassland we had just left. I rode on the engine from Elburgon to Viaduct O through a dense forest which was probably the most difficult part of the road to survey. Several of the bridges are built on a two per cent. grade and an eight hundred radius curve. By the roadside many bell-shaped flowers, similar to the morning-glory, mingled with a profusion of wild blackberries. After leaving Molo the road lay through a large open space, and when the summit was reached there appeared a long ridge of rolling prairie which, although uninhabited, like the rest of the escarpment, seems to be suitable for agriculture or stock farming. The Mau Escarpment at a distance resembles a plateau more than a mountain range, as there are few rugged peaks or deep valleys. At high noon on Friday, August fourteenth, we stopped at Mile 490, and I photographed the sign,
SUMMIT 8320 Ft.

We put the brakes on and ran down a two per cent. grade. After a change to a third-class carriage, Tunnel station was reached about five o'clock. Mr. Church is in charge of the construction of the tunnel, which is five hundred feet long and is cut through hard clay. He has three hundred Indians at work. Three men blew themselves up a few days ago by dropping a candle into a half barrel of powder.

Probably five hundred Europeans were brought into Africa to assist in constructing the Uganda Railroad, and about thirty thousand Indians, five thousand of whom remain. They are no help to the country. They come for so many rupees a month and rations—and the rations are better than they would get at home—so they send their rupees to relatives in India,





NATIVE PRISONERS ST. FLORENCE ON VICTORIA NYANZA



KING'S SICKNESS LABORATORY AND MONKEY HOUSE, ENTebbe,
UGANDA. VICTORIA NYANZA IN THE DISTANCE.

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and go themselves at the end of a three or five years' agreement. While for skilled labour the Indian is superior to the African, for unskilled labour he is inferior. When the imported Indian works on contract he is active and efficient, but if paid by the month, is lazy. The effect on the natives of the Indians with indifferent morals has been anything but beneficial, and some of the raids by the Masai and other savage or semi-savage clans are purely the result of these imported dark fellows ill-treating native women.

At Mile 546 I saw the first of the naked savages of Africa. Civil Engineer D. O. Roberts insisted that I should have breakfast with him at Mahoroni, after which he took me a trolley ride to Kibigori. It was a beautiful landscape through which we passed at a terrific speed. The skilful engineer is equally successful as a hunter. He pointed out the place where he bowled over a monster elephant, and told of a narrow escape at Kiu. He decided to sleep in the railway carriage that night instead of his boma. In the morning the men came and related that a lion had been in the camp during the night. Upon going over to the boma he saw a number of plates lying upside down around the yard. With these the boys had covered the lion tracks, fearing that the master would not believe their story unless they could show the footprints of the beast. The huge brute had gone into the bath-room of his tent and drunk some water! On careful examination it appeared that the root of a tree extended a foot and a half above the ground. The lion in leaping the enclosure had landed on this root, which had sorely wounded him. He was found dead a few hundred yards from the camp. In this district I thought I saw some bears,

CHAPTER VI

VICTORIA NYANZA AND THE SLEEPING SICKNESS

THE LAND OF NAKEDNESS—STEAMING ACROSS LAKE VICTORIA—THE LAND OF DEATH

Enswaswa eteyanula erega engalabi—

The water lizard who stopped too long in the
sun, his skin became the top of a drum.

Uganda Proverb.

THE Land of Nakedness is a pleasing sight with its landscape completely clothed in fine grass, luxuriant herbage and flourishing crops. Men and women are, unlike the landscape, unclothed. Here one sees startling effects of nudity. The nearest approach I have seen to the Kavirondo in the lack of covering for the body was at Mount Douglas in New Guinea, but there only the men were naked, while the women wore short skirts of native grass.

Opposite Port Florence across a twopenny ferry, lies Kusumu, where are a hospital, a native bazaar, and a village of Nubians. Along the base of Maragul Mountain lie the villages of the naked Kavirondo. The highest British official, an Assistant Commissioner, is resident there, but will shortly remove to Kibuye Hill, behind the railway station.

The exports hence are hides and goat-skins, beeswax

from the German territory, ghee, rice and karconga, something like our peanut. Ivory export is lessening, as the hunters have been too skilful. It is said that one man, whose imagination seems not only elephantine, but mammoth, saw an elephant charging; he shot, but when the smoke cleared away, he still saw the elephant charging. Deciding that the animal was hardheaded and hardhearted, he once again endeavoured to quench its thirst for his blood with a further dose of lead, and retired gracefully aside. When the haze disappeared, he saw three dead elephants. They had been advancing in Indian file. The evil influence of the Indians seems spreading rapidly.

In the goods yard at Port Florence, I photographed a heap of ivory, the largest tusk weighing a hundred and thirty pounds, a hundred and sixty pounds being the utmost ever reached. Some years ago an individual tusk was sent down from the lake said to have weighed two hundred and forty-two pounds. The largest single shipment of ivory from this port was three tons, and its value in Mombasa fifty-four thousand rupees.

There is no church or mission at this lake-side terminus, although the population, native and foreign, would warrant it. But a day's journey from Port Florence, an American mission has recently established itself with a staff of five missionaries and one child. The mission is located at Kimosa on the border of the Nandi Range, five thousand feet above the sea, overlooking a valley across which Mount Elgon towers ten thousand feet higher. I sought information concerning the mission, and was recommended to see "Dad" Barnes. I found him engaged in moving a three-ton pile-driver at the end of the wharf just beyond where the "Winifred" was moored. This William Barnes,

Englishman, Man-o'-warsman, is a quaint and interesting individual. He has been twenty-five years in the Orient, but only seven in East Africa. His explanation is: "My people are all spliced or dead, gone and scattered, so I have stopped here." I will quote verbatim his account of the missionary work of the Americans and his observations on the surrounding region

"They have a thousand acres of land, two-thirds of which is arable and the rest forest. It was very cheap, but they had to pay something for it. The country is inhabited by the Kavirondo, a pastoral people, cultivating their own ground, but not for sale, simply for their own needs. In addition they have goats and cattle. They are not a bad lot of people, and they are very friendly with the mission. The Yankees seem to have gone the right way to work. The natives show a great liking for them. Mr. Hole started a school and has fifty boys and girls. They employ forty men for farming, but they have no other industrial work at present. Religious service is held for half an hour every morning, with a very good choir. Chilson has picked up Kavirondo and preaches to them. On Sunday they have a big meeting, and then the chiefs and lots of people from the outlying villages come in. I supplied them with a bell the other day. They used to have an old war drum, but it played out, so I got Civil Engineer Roberts to let me give them four feet of rail, and that fetches them right and left.

"The climate is temperate, something like the Escarpment. You need four blankets if you sleep in a tent. I always measure climate by blankets. If it is a sleeping suit, it is tropical. If you come to one or two blankets, you are rising. It is two here in Port Florence, and four up there where the Yankees are.

They are getting out a water-power saw-mill from the States and intend erecting it on a small mountain stream. Everything grows there that will grow in England or the States. I got some of their popcorn. They gave me some and I planted it up on the hill. Some of the ears are a foot long, and they have still bigger ones up at Kimosa.

"When these Quaker missionaries first came out, they got into conversation with me, just as you have to-day, and I loaned them all the help I could ; after that they always would come and stop with me. Then when I got sick, they told me I had got to scoot, and I had to scoot too. They sent down a hammock and men, and I was up there three weeks. They are good fellows, and the women seem just as good. There is a young chief up there who is rather rambucksical. He had an argument with Chilson. He didn't believe this and that, and Chilson climbed up and down him, up one side and down the other, so at last the chief confessed that Chilson was right. Chilson licked him in argument, so now he comes regularly to church. Chilson is a bit of a bull-dog chap. He goes for them and hangs on.

"They have a native chief up there whom Hopley sent up. The young chap's father was a chief and he died, so the young fellow came into his boots ; but he was too young to govern the tribe, so they sent him up there to be educated. He is a howling swell too. He wears patent leather boots and a block hat. They are educating him there. He has a retinue of four followers and they follow him, and in the afternoon when we were having a quiet yarn, he would come out with brown boots and a stiff hat. No, he is not like some of the ladies out here who wear two or three beads—full dress. They are cultivating any

amount of European and American vegetables, and growing tomatoes as big as your two fists. It is a fine soil ; you have simply to throw the seed down and wait for the rain."

His dilations on the lake, Port Florence, and Sleeping Sickness, with a few rats, mice, ants and chameleons thrown in, are sufficiently interesting to warrant occupying valuable space in this great work. Barnes turned around to see that the pile-driver was being properly swung about, scratched his head and looked at the pea-nut-coloured water of the shallow harbour and said : " There are only nine feet of water in this part of Kavirondo Gulf. Only one fish is found here good to eat, a sort of a perch about ten inches long, with a large bone. There is a little fish something like the sardine, which is very sweet, but bony. Oh, yes, there are also cat-fish and a sea-serpent. Sir Harry Johnston, I believe, had an interview with him, met him one day. There are traditions among the natives about this sea-serpent, but he has met him. That new ship which is being built here was brought up in pieces on the railway ; but the " Sir William Mackinnon " was brought up on men's heads. Parts of her are planted all over the jungle where they chucked them down. The lake has risen recently. Whether it is some obstruction in the Nile I don't know. I have always kept the register of the water since I came, and for the last eight months the lake has risen two feet. There is no tide, and a strong wind blowing into the bay will only make it rise six inches. I drove that pier over there which I showed you, and it is now under water. I was telling a greenhorn sort of fellow, and then we pulled his leg. I told him that I had a narrow strike yesterday. ' Why, what did you do ? ' he said. ' I was driving a pile, and it fell clean through



AN INDIAN STORE IN KAMPALA UGANDA PROTECTORATE



A ROYAL PRINCE OF THE BAHIMA IN HIS CHARIOT
 Photograph taken in Uganda



EDWARD KAHAYA, CHRISTIAN KING OF ANKOLE.
Herbert Clayton reports the king's weight at twenty stone



WATER CARRIER

the bottom of the lake, and the water fell six feet in two minutes.' 'How did you stop it?' 'Well, I was afraid the lake was all going to run in, so I got another pile and wrapped it with sacks and stopped the hole.' And he believed it !

"There is nothing much to say about Port Florence except that we have sociable hippos here. They don't attack us. You can go out to the bay and have twenty or thirty close to the boat. You have to pay a heavy licence to shoot them, and I believe this is the reason they are so sociable. On the Nile they will come for you and raise Cain generally ; but here they are quite sociable, as I say. There are plenty of round-nosed crocodiles about here.

"I have only seen a few cases of Sleeping Sickness. I don't believe any Europeans get it. The disease originated in West Africa and came across through the forests. It is worth seeing. They seem in a sort of haze and are limp like a bundle of rags hove down. No motion in them ; their eyes are expressionless and they don't have any movement whatever. They don't care about speaking, don't seem to care to do anything. I believe it is a living death. The first symptom is a swelling of the glands of the throat. The doctor feels the throat, and if these glands are swollen, he knows there is something wrong."

After getting up and giving a few directions concerning the pile-driver, the old salt seated himself on a huge timber and told about the zebra rats and the whistling mice found in this region. He then took another turn in biology and told of an American naturalist, who came out to collect butterflies and birds for the Rothschilds, and how in Mombasa alone he found over a hundred new species of moths and butterflies. But the specimen collector came to a sad

and untimely end. He took to drinking Painkiller and finally killed himself. "Dad" caught a chameleon and tried to tame him. He put him up a tree and fastened kerosene tins around the trunk and greased them so that the chameleon's feet would not hold. He claims that they are very useful in keeping down insects. As for lions, he testifies that they do not visit Port Florence, but there are many leopards. "When the railroad was being built through Simba, there were two man-eaters there. They were very fond of Bengalis—I suppose it was an acquired taste—and used to sample one or two each day."

The interview was terminated by a disquisition on white ants. He said "that corrugated sheeting puzzles the white ants. Some people say they eat metals. The Bombay mint was robbed of a number of ingots of silver. The natives said it was the white ants, but it was found that it was not. They are horribly destructive brutes. They are eaten by the natives. There is an ant here, a little black beast, and they are always shifting their territory from one side of the road to the other. They get the dust and shovel it out and travel between these elevations, and if you watch them you will see there are some bosses and if you go and touch them you will know all about it. They are up your trousers and everywhere."

I shall recollect Port Florence because of the thunder and lightning, mosquitoes, and lack of all religious buildings and teaching whatsoever. On Monday I went on board the "Winifred," the first time I have floated on the great Victoria Nyanza. Indeed, it is only a few years since Dad Barnes or some other ancient mariner could sing

" We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea;"

The sky was bright, the air cool, although Port Florence is only nine miles south of the equator. The "Winifred" left her moorings at high noon, nearly ten o'clock at London. Quaint old Dad Barnes watched the Indians slip the loops off the mooring posts, and the twin screws stirred up the mud, while a dozen whites stood on the jetty to see us off. The new corrugated iron residences on Kibuye Hill for the government officials, the jail and other public buildings on the highlands, and the large rectangle of the railway yard on the shore made distinct lines on our left across the fading landscape. On the opposite side as we steamed out were the Kusuku huts, bazaar, and Union Jack all blown to shreds, the most ragged British flag I have ever seen. The iron-roofed hospital building was last seen some twenty minutes after leaving the wharf, surrounded by native huts, where are a score of cases of Sleeping Sickness with their accompanying tales of sadness. The rugged, low-lying coast line, the Escarpment and the Nandi mountains making a wavy horizon, fill up the picture of the Kusumu side of the gulf.

This second largest fresh water lake on the planet is named after Queen Victoria. I left Port Florence on the steamer "Winifred," having photographed the new ship "Sybil" lying on the stocks, and headed for Entebbe, which is known to many as Port Alice. The nomenclature is rather feminine, but there is a good mail service. The dhow is a hundred and seventy-five feet in length between perpendiculars, and with a full cargo she draws six feet in fresh water. She is schooner rigged, has two pole masts, and derricks for working cargo. When loaded, she goes off at ten knots an hour. She carries an old cannon, never yet loaded, and inspiring fear lest anyone should be told off to fire it; also two huge lightning rods, which are needed

on Lake Victoria. The skipper tells me that in May and June they steam through water-spouts of flies. I have myself witnessed a storm of insects which have been drifted across the lake to the shore ; vast clouds of them swarm a few feet above the water. The "Winifred" is making her seventeenth trip. She carries four officers and twenty-eight sailors, and accommodates thirteen passengers at the saloon table. In the poop are dining-room and six state-rooms, fitted with Hoskin's patent berths. Her woodwork is teak, polished and fitted up with jalousie panels. Her engines are of the twin-screw, triple expansion surface condensing type. She uses eighty-two tons, or about twenty-seven cords of wood for a round trip *via* Jinga. The vessel cost nine thousand seven hundred and thirty-four pounds, with an additional expense for tools to rebuild her on Victoria Nyanza of eight hundred and sixty pounds. All the passengers at the first-class table take intoxicants except my secretary and myself. On Saturday, when I was getting a credit cashed, the supply agent for the "Winifred" came in a great flurry wanting whiskey, for he said he had "just received a telegram that the Commissioner is coming and a lot of big people, and I must have a case of whiskey."

At three P.M., Homa Mountain was off our port beam. It is seventeen hundred feet above the lake. I first wrote it "above the tide." Were that so, it would make a big hole. The surface of the lake is three thousand six hundred and fifty feet above the sea, its bottom rather less. It has been properly buoyed and triangulated. Sentinel Island is inhabited only by birds, which took to wing when the skipper blew the whistle. It is reported that in olden days people who were no longer wanted by their tribesmen were transported to this island, and there left to die of hunger.

THE SLEEPING SICKNESS

At five o'clock, we let go the starboard anchor and ran forty-eight feet. Distance run, forty-three miles to the romantic Rusinga, an island six miles by four. Rusinga is important for its lime, which is not found on the mainland. I went ashore in the skipper's gig and made peace with the natives by salutations. I saw very fine cattle, and some hippo tracks, and took several photographs of the Kavirondo village and its villagers. The natives were experts in decoying quail right into their villages. In one hamlet I saw a lot of live quail in individual closed baskets.

The government is making arrangements to place a few lights so that the north end of the lake may be navigated at night with safety. The captain of the "Winifred" tells me that he can make the run as it is, but that he gets no thanks for taking the risk and hence elects to cast his anchor in some convenient nook and wait for the light. On Wednesday, the nineteenth, at four A.M., the Fahrenheit thermometer registered seventy degrees, and there were variable airs with an atmosphere calm but hazy. The temperature from April to August never seems to exceed seventy-eight. We started at six.

The floating islands amidst which the ship sailed at various times were indescribably beautiful. The flowers, the papyrus, the birds, make a fair oasis in the desert of water, fit place for the garden of the light and airy beings born of the imagination of the ancient poet. One good look at these floating islands of landscape, and they remain indelibly on the memory. The lake is a beautiful deep blue when once you leave the shallow Kavirondo Gulf. This Victoria Nyasa is a bright expanse of water having, as nearly as we can make out, an average length of two hundred and thirty miles and an average width of two hundred.

north coast is beaded with islands large and small, along a string of which we threaded our way : some bare rocks covered with the guano of ages and inhabited by cormorants, others fertile and capable of supporting a teeming population. The Sesse Archipelago in the north-east is composed of one large and eight or nine smaller islands, all inhabited, save only where the fearful Sleeping Sickness has wiped out the population. In the sail across from east to west, we left to the north, Buvuma, *The Isle of Death*, a dark and gloomy patch in the ultramarine of the surrounding water. Its story is enough to give one the blues. One chieftain says that when he came to a certain village not many moons ago, it had eighteen hundred inhabitants, but now numbers a few more than one hundred and eighty ; in another place where there were three hundred and fifty heads of families, there can now be counted but fifty. An island that twelve moons ago had twenty-two thousand inhabitants, now has only eight thousand. The natives say that hyenas have appeared since Sleeping Sickness has swept over the island, they were not there before. Whether they have caught the odour of decaying bodies and swum over from the mainland is unknown. It is not probable that they have come by spontaneous generation.

After a day's trip of a hundred and ten miles, we anchored at five-thirty in the harbour of the "Chair," which is the meaning of the native word Entebbe. The "Sir William Mackinnon" was lying by the small jetty. A few houses were visible in the cleared jungle of the foreshore, while on the top of the charming hill some four hundred feet above the lake waved the Union Jack. I went ashore in the skipper's gig and landed at the custom-house wharf and took off a missionary to dinner with me on the steamer. It was dark when I

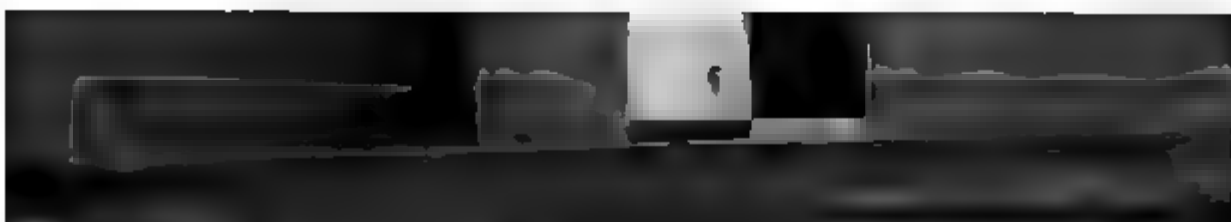
again went ashore. When approaching the native sentinel he called out, "Halt, who goes there," I replied "A friend," to which the ready answer was given, "Pass, friend, for all is well." A large Protestant church has been in course of erection here. The foundations are laid and about four feet of the wall built. This has been covered with grass, and work suspended, as the advisability of removing the entire population from the lake shore in the infected districts is under serious consideration.

It was February of 1901 when the brothers Cook, skilful physicians and surgeons in the hospital at Mengo, treated the first published case of the so-called Sleeping Sickness east of the vast Pigmy Forest. Since then there have been sixty-eight thousand deaths, of which ten thousand have been in the last four months, an average of eighty daily. In one village of forty families, only six healthy people are left. A woman came who has lost husband and two sons, two others were dying and one was still well.

The British Government sent out Colonel Bruce to study this awful scourge. The infected area has been mapped, and in East Africa it proves to be confined to the shores of the Lake, the islands and valleys of the Nile and the interior near Ensoga. It stops some short distance up the hillsides, and is checked by a fifty-mile stretch of sandy, rocky coast. It has long been known on the west coast, and apparently has travelled across up the Congo. It is spreading into new areas and becoming more virulent as it goes. By February, 1903, it reached Port Florence, and the danger is great that it will travel down the Nile to Egypt, or down the rail to Mombasa, and so to India. Hence, the hospital at the terminus segregates all cases recognised.

It is, however, difficult to detect the malady in the early stages, and though the disease is invariably fatal, it seldom kills within a month and may be two years on running its course. The temperature at first is fairly normal, then rises, especially at night ; in the last week it falls four or five degrees below normal. The lymphatic system is slightly enlarged. The gait is often weak and staggering ; there is much trembling, especially of the hands and tongue, till control over the limbs is lost. The patient becomes listless and stupid, sinks into coma, and dies. Once the disease has established itself, there is not much mental distress, but one native on receiving the fatal verdict burst out, "What can my wife cultivate now ? What is the good of her cultivating now ?"

The commission investigating the disease has established laboratories at Entebbe. Guinea-pigs, dogs, rabbits, donkeys and goats seem safe, but monkeys can be infected ; so as they are easily procured, easily fed, and not liable to other diseases, dozens of them are isolated and each is provided with a box and a post to which he is chained. In them the sickness develops slowly, and only three have yet died. By examining the blood of any infected animal, whether man or monkey, the disease has been associated with a certain microscopic protozoon. Colonel Bruce showed me some under a microscope magnifying five hundred diameters. It then appeared to be half an inch long, mostly tail, but with a nucleus and a sort of fin. Its size is small, but its power for mischief is great. A most alarming feature is that this parasite, which has been named *trypanosoma* has been found in the blood of white men as well as in natives. This fact is startling ; till lately it was supposed that whites were safe, but now there seems to be grave danger, and it



MISSIONARY MEECH, HIS SCHOOL AND SOME OF THE STUDENTS
NAMIREMBE HILL, UGANDA



A STREET ON NAMIREMBE HILL - MENGO, UGANDA



THE GREAT TOMB OF MTESA MENGU, UGANDA
The lighter line is a wide copper ribbon



NEAR VIEW OF THE GREAT TOMB OF MTESA MENGU, UGANDA
A rare photograph

may well be agreed that when this animalcule is present an early stage of the disease has already set in. Yet it is sometimes present for several months before the disease appears. On the west coast, a few whites have this trypanosoma, but they had not connected its presence with the Sleeping Sickness. Colonel Bruce did not know of any white man who had died with these symptoms, but it is to be feared that the wife of a Congo missionary has succumbed to it since. The test for the bacillus is to take ten cubic centimetres of blood and centrifuge it, then draw off the clear fluid and centrifuge again, and then repeat the process a third time.

It is evident that the presence in the blood is not necessarily fatal, and the later symptoms suggest derangement of the nerves. The cerebro-spinal fluid has therefore been examined, and in every fatal case the trypanosoma has been found in the brain.

The creature is introduced into the system by the bite of a fly. The method of verifying this was ingenious. On one map a red dot was placed wherever a case of Sleeping Sickness was known, and a yellow dot wherever a victim travelled inland. On a similar map a blue dot was placed wherever one species of biting fly was found, a red dot wherever another species was found. No connection has been established between the travelling victims and the spread of the disease, so it seems that it is not contagious. The blue dots are not related to the infected areas, so that suspected fly is honourably acquitted and leaves the court without a stain on his character. But the two series of red dots correspond exactly, and it seems to follow that the sickness breeds the tsetse fly or that the bite of the tsetse fly breeds the sickness, or that the fly and the sickness are joint effects of some other

cause. Public opinion blames the fly. It seems useless to offer a reward for each tsetse fly brought in, dead or alive, for from the waters of the lake they rise in clouds. Mosquitoes can easily be prevented breeding by draining swamps or covering them with oil ; but it is a large contract to keep all Lake Victoria coated with a film of kerosene. Yet prevention is better than cure.

And in this case it is easier, for although the source and nature of the disease are fairly understood, no remedy has yet been devised. Tonics are given, but so far have not stimulated the leucocytes in the blood up to the pitch of devouring all the intruders. The experts intend to take live trypanosoma to Europe in the blood of a monkey, and there to experiment till they discover some anti-toxin or some species of friendly bacillus that they can imbue with a deadly hatred of the parasite, so that if injected into the blood it will hunt it down and exterminate it. It is very much to be hoped that the experimental trypanosoma will be carefully watched ; if they break loose in the street of London, not even the traditional tenderness of the Englishman for " the little 'un " will avail them. Meantime we strongly advise a heavy export duty on the tsetse fly, and do not recommend protection in his case. Retaliation would be a better policy.

CHAPTER VII

THE ENGLISH CAPITAL AND THE NATIVE CAPITAL ENTEBBE, MONGO-THE-BEAUTIFUL AND A VISIT TO THE KING

Obwesigi bwingi bukabuzaho ekikere omukira—
Too much self-confidence lost the frog his tail.

Lunyoro Proverb.

ONLY three pale pink Europeans were living at Port Alice in 1893, the original Entebbe being two miles nearer the end of the porous peninsula. Two years later Commissioner Barclay fixed on it as the best place on the lake shore for the headquarters of the administration of the Uganda Protectorate. Those who care about the political aspect of the African map may remember that in 1890, Germany and England drew a line from the coast to the lake, north of which only the British might make treaties with the native chiefs. For a time a British East African Company tried to exploit the district, but retired in favour of direct Imperial control. "East Africa" is one Protectorate with capital at Mombasa; "Uganda" is another, covering one hundred and fifty thousand square miles and a population of five millions. Its nucleus was the ancient kingdom of Uganda with the

native capital at Mengo-the-Beautiful, though there are also other native kingdoms, Ankole, Toro, etc. Modern boundaries are somewhat artificial, and far-sighted officials like "The Mighty Atom," Sir Harry Johnston, would abolish them, using the splendid Nandi plateau for a white man's settlement, where should be built a new capital for all British East Africa, within three weeks of London. Meantime Entebbe remains the administrative centre of Uganda.

It was chosen because it was already of some slight importance, near the lake, a peninsula of porous rock, easily drained, and promising to be healthy. Port Alice was laid out with broad streets, English residences, lawns, stores, bazaars and a botanical garden. Unhappily the site has proved unhealthy, although there was a small jungle near which the Commissioner cut down lest mosquitoes should breed. The very convicts and warders need quinine daily, and can only work alternate days ! When the dread Sleeping Sickness made its appearance on the lake-side, that gave the finishing touch. Unfortunately, the offices were erected at Entebbe with barracks for the Ugandese, Nubians and picked Indian troops. On the other side of Flagstaff Hill, which rises four hundred feet above the lake, several native huts are clustered, and the name Entebbe is given loosely to all three settlements. As it means The Chair, it is appropriate for a capital. While dealing with vocabulary, the nature of the language may be illustrated by saying that one native is a Muganda, several are Baganda, they speak Luganda, and live in Uganda.

The native population musters nearly four thousand, and maintains a flourishing market. The provision dealers stock matoki hot steamed bananas, gonja cooked and caked bananas, mahoga native flour,

papias, sugar-cane and meats. Drapers display gaudy blankets, print goods and the favourite Americani from Pelzer, South Carolina. The European population is about sixty, including ten ladies who have done wonders in civilizing the peninsula.

The next night after my arrival in Entebbe, a brilliant function was given by Colonel Sadler, the Commissioner. The Residency was brilliantly illuminated with kerosene lamps carrying shades of yellow, pink and other colours. The reception room was beautifully decorated with plants and flowers from the Residency gardens and the Botanical Garden. Vases of roses were in great profusion. Twelve ladies were in attendance, and twice as many gentlemen, including both Anglican and Roman bishops. At supper a whole sucking pig made its appearance, and claret cup followed ham, tongue and chicken sandwiches down the throats of the jolly guests. The charming wife of the Commissioner presided over the evening's pleasures with consummate grace. Topical songs were greatly enjoyed, as was a selection by the wife of Colonel Bruce, while nine dances kept the ladies well exercised. Here in the midst of Uganda, this extraordinary display of a modern civilization, as exemplified by the pick of the foreign society of the place, was in remarkable contrast to the immediate physical and intellectual native environment.

I spent Sunday in Entebbe and found three buildings in which foreigners worship on this peninsula. The first is the Mohammedan mosque used largely by the Swahilis. Wherever the government or Indians or Arabs go, Mohammedanism goes. Then not far from the sea shore, further towards the point, the French Catholics carry on a fairly vigorous work in a large brick building constructed by natives. They reported

that in the whole Protectorate there are over sixty thousand baptized converts, and more than one hundred thousand under instruction, but not yet baptized. From June, 1901, to June, 1902, nine thousand five hundred adults and four thousand nine hundred children had been christened. Père Brescon preached a sermon in English at the eight-thirty service, which was listened to by some thirty Goanese and Europeans in one wing of the church. The priest read the story of the good Samaritan from the Gospel of Luke and then gave the following explanation, which is quoted verbatim :—

“ A certain man fell among thieves who stripped him. There was a certain lawyer who stood up and tempted Jesus and said, ‘ Who is my neighbour ? ’ Who is this wounded man, my dear brethren ? This wounded man is the pagan society which is in the hands of the devil. We must pray for them because they are all in their sins and will go to hell.

“ Who is this wounded man ? Yourself and myself. We are wounded by the sin, by false company, by bad company, by bad passions which wound our hearts. When Jesus came in this world, He saw the poor condition of the community ; all sects of the Jews, and all the Gentiles are in the hands of the devil. And then he instituted sacraments, especially the sacrament of penance, to cure the souls, and we must go to Him. There is a word from St. Augustine, ‘ Who prays well, lives well.’ I think, my dear brethren, we must also say, ‘ Who confesses well lives well.’ I go further and say, What is the reason so many men go to hell ? It is not because men have committed many sins, but because they have not made good confession. There are some men in this world to whom Jesus said, ‘ Whose sins ye shall remit shall

be remitted, and whose ye shall forgive shall be forgiven.' Who were these men, my dear brethren? These are the priests. My dear brethren, there must be someone in this world who has the same power as Jesus Christ. Let us go to His representative, the priest. Let us be forgiven our sins. If not, we will go to hell, if not we will go to hell. What bad condition for eternity!''

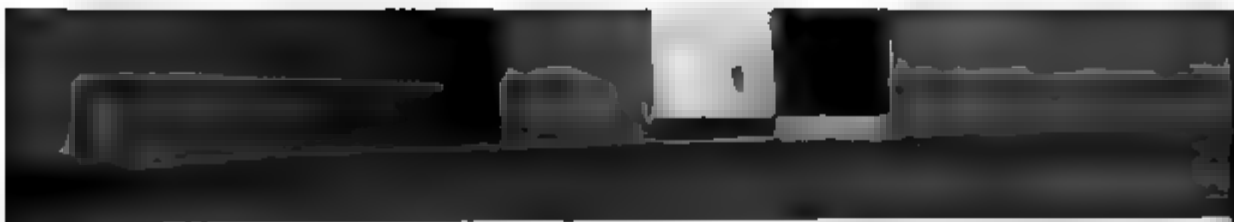
At the Church of England in the afternoon, the building was full to hear the Bishop preach. The Commissioner read the Scriptures and the Bishop delivered a powerful sermon. The last man had to bring in a chair, so large was the attendance; but it is distressingly small when the Bishop is not there.

While looking about Entebbe, I purchased two "chop" boxes and had them filled with condensed milk, rice, oatmeal, etc., and under the persuasive eloquence of Bishop Tucker proceeded to procure a tent, before starting off for Mengo-the-Beautiful, the old capital of the native kingdom. In all my travels in all parts of this world—and on this journey alone I have already gone nearly one hundred thousand miles—I have never carried a tent. Having decided to get one, I patriotically purchased Americani, the great trade goods of Uganda and British East Africa, and had one constructed nine feet in length. A broad road runs from Entebbe to Mengo which caravans traverse in six hours. On the way I spent an hour visiting the Ankole village. A chaplain to the Ankole relates how on one occasion he camped in a dirty little village of Wanyakayana and noticed a native man sweeping out a part of a hut. As the proceeding was very extraordinary, he requested an explanation. The native gave the ready reply that the cows were to sleep there. The

chaplain then asked if they would sweep out the hut for a man, to which the black-skin gave the prompt word, "No." "But is not a man of more value than a cow?" "Why, of course not; does not a cow give milk?" The people of this village are Bahima, members of one of the tribes of Ankole. No one knows exactly where the Ankole came from, but their faces when seen in profile resemble the Somalis, and some think they came originally from Busoka. They are a very different type from the natives of Uganda, lips thinner and faces longer. Apart from their colour and hair, their faces are almost European, and they seem African John Bulls. They are the cowherds of the Protectorate.

In Mbara, the first object of interest was a big hole with a pile of cinders by its side. This was a Bahima bath, arranged by filling the hole with hot stones and pouring in water. Almost a day is required in its preparation, but as the chief, like his people, seldom bathes, this is not to be considered a great hardship. Chief Igumira, Healthy Man, who is held in durance here by the authorities, is a son of the King of Ankole. He is a heavy, powerful warrior, over six feet in height, has a defective eye, but carries himself with a chieftainly bearing. When I asked him how long since he came from his father's capital, he said, "A cow is born six times since I came here from Ankole." Interesting evidence as to the belief in trans-migration! He has a royal basket in which he is conveyed by twelve of his tribesmen when visiting outside the huts of his own village.

Mengo-the-Beautiful is the general name of five building-capped hills on and between which live some thousands of people; and a particular appellation for the hill on which the King's palace is located. On



CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY'S HOSPITAL FOR NATIVES
MENGO UGANDA.



BISHOP TUCKER'S RESIDENCE UGANDA



A DISTANT VIEW OF THE GREAT THREE STEEPLE NATIVE ENGLISH CATHEDRAL. HILL OF PLACE. MANGO,
UGANDA THE FINEST BUILDING BETWEEN THE NILE AND THE CONGO

one of the two horns of Namirembe Hill, the Hill of Peace, stands the Protestant cathedral, built of native materials and by native workmen, a most creditable affair. Bishop Tucker's thatched house built of wattle and daub occupies the other horn and affords a view seldom matched in the world. From this vantage point you see on your right the Hill of Flaying, Rabaga, where are the White Fathers, named for their dress. Kampala or the fort, containing official buildings, rises in front and between the two Mengo Hills, while behind is Mtesa's hut tomb, and the industrial mission. Beyond all rise the green mountains of Uganda, tier upon tier, to the broken sky-line in the usually hazy distance, with a dash of Victoria Nyanza thrown in. Like ancient Samaria, Namirembe is surrounded by a valley beyond which rise hills and mountains like a vast amphitheatre, suitable for a congregation of ancient gods. No view that I have seen in all the world is suggested by this prodigious plantain landscape, save only that from the Angus Hill near Mount Douglas, inland in the savage New Guinea. This entrancing scenery is difficult to describe, but it is a spot to be visited, photographed and remembered, beyond most others which even extensive travellers may have seen. May the day be far distant, however, when personally conducted tourists come up from Mombasa or the Nile, to gaze on it. There are already two excellent Cooks at better work, and too many might spoil the broth.

The Cathedral is the most elaborate native structure in the kingdom. It occupies a lofty situation, very much to the disgust of certain government officials who live on another hill considerably lower. It is surrounded by school buildings, the immediate grounds being thus occupied to an extent precluding

my taking a photograph of the entire exterior of the sacred edifice. In front is a row of graves, at the head of each of which stands a cross bearing an inscription in metal ; among them is the grave of Bishop Hannington. Built of a quarter of a million of large unburnt bricks made by the natives, with a grass roof and three thatched towers, the whole appearance of the structure is in sympathy with the immediate and distant landscape. The auditorium looks capable of seating three thousand. It is ceiled with fine reed work, probably a half million reeds washed, scraped and artistically tied having been necessary to complete the job. The very existence of this structure indicated the remarkable influence the industrial missions have on this native race. But in dealing with the people of Uganda and in contrasting them with other black-skinned peoples, the fact must be borne in mind that these natives have for hundreds of years possessed an ancient semi-civilization. It is beyond question that the influence of the Egyptian has been felt at the sources of the Nile. On the east side of the first platform, where the choir stalls will be placed, the Katikiro, or Prime Minister, sits during the service. The King is too young to come such a distance, and has a church in the royal enclosure where he worships. On Cathedral Hill, the Protestant Christian activities centre. The attendance at service is large. The Bishop honoured the Author by inviting him to discourse to the Sunday morning congregation, though exigencies of language compelled the help of Arch-deacon Walker as interpreter. When he arose to speak an audience of over two thousand were present, the men occupying one side of the building and the women the other. The attention was universal and complete. An American organ assisted in the services,

the bulk of the crowd was dressed in American print, and the audience was addressed by an American speaker.

This hill is not idle on weekdays. In some English towns the expensive religious plant is allowed to be idle the greater part of the time, but under this tropical sun things hustle. About a thousand pupils gather on the Summit of Peace during five days for instruction, while near the cathedral live the whole Protestant missionary community of the capital. A hundred feet lower down than the cathedral, the skilful doctors Cook see thousands of patients annually and dispense bushels of pills. These men are equally active in evangelistic work. I attended an open-air meeting conducted by them in the bazaar on Nakasera Hill, and found the senior surgeon bad at estimating the size of a crowd ; I whispered to him and asked how many were present, and he said eighty ; I counted the attendance and there were a hundred and fifty. Some people would suggest that it is best to err on the side of the less rather than the more, when reporting attendances at religious meetings. With this I am unwilling to agree. When the open-air meeting was ended, the ladies rode their bicycles down the hill, followed by a leaping, running, gesticulating, shouting crowd of curly-headed natives. Had they been cannibals seeking a square meal, the ladies must have had a lively time. The women's work is vigorously prosecuted and a fine body of Christian ladies and gentlemen represent the Church of England. A more sane, sympathetic and substantial body of Christian workers would be difficult to find on this planet.

It was a most enjoyable week that I spent at Bishop's Court on Namirembe Hill. Several times I heard loud shouting from Kampala and beheld a small mob of

natives, some of whom had travelled a long distance, gathered on the bare parade ground to pay their hut tax, three rupees a year. I do not remember ever having seen a more jolly and apparently delighted body of tax payers than these dark citizens of Uganda.

On Sunday evening, my last day in Mengo, while standing on the Hill of Peace and taking a long, last look at the wonderful landscape, I said to a young man passing, "Are you a Christian?" He paused, saluted, and must have misunderstood my meaning, for he replied, "No." Then he dropped his head and thought for a moment and looked up and said, "Christ?" I answered, "Yes." His countenance bore a solemn aspect as if in deep study of a most serious problem when he replied, "I know Him." This led to some more meditation on my part, for here lies involved the whole story of Christian missions in the Kingdom of Uganda. Kings and princes, this black lad will likely never be intimate with, and perchance not even with the dark chieftains of his own people. But he says, "I know Him." How became he acquainted with the One whom he calls Christ? He must have been introduced by someone knowing both the dark lad and the Master. Then too, he says this in the English language. It is certainly a tremendous statement made at sunset on the Hill of Peace. He could hardly have made a sublimer assertion; and whether he dies of the dreaded Sleeping Sickness and his body lies buried under an earthen mound soon to be washed away, and all human trace of him obliterated, this will be his password and gain for him entrance to the palace of the greatest, the King of Kings. He passed on, but "I know Him" tarried.

Part of the week's stay in Mengo was occupied in making preparations for the long tramp through the

very heart of the Dark Continent, including the vast Pigmy Forest to the Aruwimi River. Meantime, even a good republican might be excused for paying a visit to the King of Uganda. Archdeacon Walker, Chaplain Millar and myself, accompanied by Nathaniel River Dry-skin carrying my photographic apparatus, started from the Bishop's residence on the top of Namirembe Hill, went between the Cook brothers' dispensary and the new hospital buildings down the main road leading from the three-steeped cathedral to The Grind-Stones, Mengo. This road hurries along a ridge for some distance, the water on the east running into the lake and the water on the west direct into the Nile. Leaving the brilliant native market on the right and descending the hill, behold the residence of the Third Minister, who apart from conspicuous political position is also a minister of the Gospel. In the middle of this broad road a row of trees two hundred and twenty yards apart had been planted by the Prime Minister to enable the chiefs of the kingdom to measure out the land in accordance with the treaty drawn up by Johnston in the year of grace nineteen hundred. At the bottom of the hill we crossed the main road from Kampala to Entebbe, along which runs the telegraph line, ascended the slope of The Hill-of-Mengo, and, diverging to the left, entered the enclosure of the Prime Minister. He and other chiefs were in consultation, and after a very pleasant talk with them, our party went on toward the King's enclosure. But I soon stopped to take a photograph of a Kagange, waiting house, within the outer fence of the King's grounds. This outer fence, made of reeds set diagonally, forming a series of diamonds, is almost two miles in circumference. At the main gateway was a brazier kept constantly burning. During the day the fire is in the

house ; at night it is placed in the centre of the front gate as a sign that the king lives. Upon the king's death the fire is extinguished, and formerly when a successor was elected, a new fire was started from the tinder-box of the Senkole, Head Executioner. This trio of officials makes one think of our Arabian Night friends, Caliph, Vizier and Executioner. In the good old days, the King's palace was in the tenth enclosure, but now, owing to the necessities of the times, it is only in the third.

The King I found living in a brick house with a galvanised iron roof. He is a nice boy seven years of age, has a fine face, and usually wears a long white night-shirt with a large silk handkerchief in the pocket, a vest, and over all a fine silk garment called a bushuti. On his head he wears a white embroidered cap. He is the son of the old rascal Mwanga, but gives promise of becoming a very sensible ruler. After taking his photograph, I intimated that I would like to take a picture of the King on his throne. In a few minutes men started on a dead run, and promptly returned trotting along with the throne, the royal carpet and the leopard skin. These are both held sacred, and in former days it was death to tread upon them. The royal robes in which the King dressed himself consisted of a long black bushuti embroidered with gold and silver, and a white embroidered cap. In his hand was a drum major's staff. When the chair was brought, it was covered by the Union Jack. The King signed his name and handed it to me, after which I went in to view the house. Where King Daudi Chwa sleeps there are extra beds occupied by guards, and sentinels sleep around the house throughout the night. At the door of the King's residence is a notice posted up on the wood-work. It reads as follows :—

"Mengo, August 23rd, 1903.

"This notice is written by me, Apolo Kagwa, Prime Minister of Uganda, to keep the palace of the Kabaka King that it may be held in honour. It is good for the King to get up at six o'clock to pray to God, so that he may pray properly, without being sleepy. Also it is not well for those who do not sleep in the King's house to wake him up and ask him how he slept. When the King has washed his face, those who do not sleep in his rooms may ask him, 'How did you sleep?' and they should ask this when he is sitting in his hall. This is all to give honour to the King. This is the law of the King's house. Now all ye who sleep there, observe it !"

CHAPTER VIII

ALFRED R. TUCKER, BISHOP OF UGANDA

A BIOGRAPHY

Lubare ombere, ngotadeko nembiro—You may say, “Lubare, help me,” when you are exerting yourself to run.

Uganda Proverb.

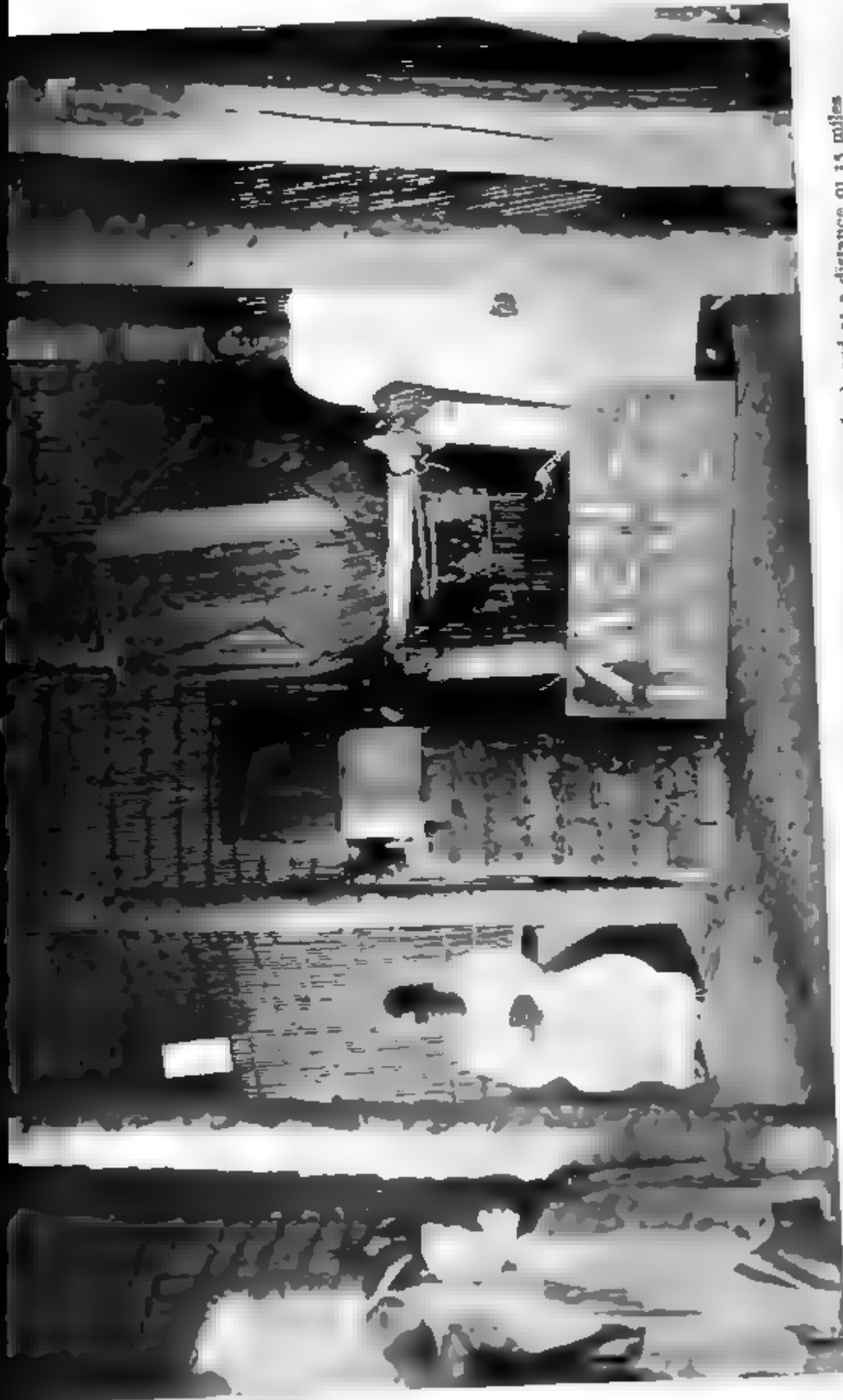
THE chair of King Mtesa is to be found to-day at Bishop's Court, and is most worthily filled by Bishop Tucker, a true king of men. Few have witnessed such stupendous changes in a nation, and fewer still have helped to make them. Look at him amidst the books of his library. About the room are divers spears and combination shields and stools. On the floor is a leopard skin, and on the many shelves are valuable volumes and sketches made by himself, while on the wall is the motto,

“Where is thy flock,
Thy beautiful flock ?”

What is the story of Alfred Tucker's life ? For truly does Hegel say, “A great man condemns the world to the task of explaining him.” The Bishop is an artist and the son of an artist, brought up in Westmoreland among the hills and dales of the Lake Country, near the homes of Wordsworth, Southey



ALFRED ROBERT TUCKER, BISHOP OF UGANDA, ON HIS FAMOUS MULE BY THE GATE TO
MTESA'S TOMB, MENGU, UGANDA.



THE GREAT CATHEDRAL DRUMS, MENGO Natives say these drums can be heard at a distance of 15 miles

and Coleridge. Their associations are among his earliest memories, their haunts were his haunts, and the hills and dales in which they delighted were the delight of the future bishop.

The study of nature in the Lake District entailed a large amount of active out-door exercise, mountain climbing, and so forth. He and his brothers being possessed as young men with the spirit of emulation, when they heard in 1876 that some traveller had climbed three of the highest mountains in the Lake District, in one day, determined to outdo him. They started from Langdale at four o'clock on a beautiful morning in the month of June, and made their way through Langdale, past Dungeon Ghyll, up the side of Bowfell nearly three thousand feet above the sea level. Thence on to Esk House, up Great End, to the summit of Scafell, the highest mountain in England, three thousand one hundred and sixty-six feet above the tide, by eight o'clock. Down to Styhead Pass, and into Borrowdale, past Lodore, through Keswick, and from thence to Skiddaw by one o'clock, after twenty-five miles. After resting a quarter of an hour, the young artists rushed down the sides of the mountain into the valley of St. John, and on and on to Thirlmere. "The brow of mighty Helvellyn" was at first enveloped in mist, but at eight o'clock they stood on the summit looking towards the setting sun, the mists all cleared away and the view with which they were rewarded was something beyond description—glorious. Rapidly descending into the valley of Grasmere, past Rydal into Ambleside, and to Skelwith Bridge, home was reached at a quarter to twelve at night. Altogether, they had been nineteen hours and three-quarters on the road, during which they climbed these four highest mountains,

involving ten thousand feet of climbing ; and had marched some sixty-five or seventy miles. The feat was done on temperance principles ; they had nothing but water to drink on the road. That climb has been the record for the last twenty years so far as is known. A splendid unconscious preparation for a life-work and a prophecy of an uphill climb successfully achieved.

Alfred Tucker's first picture in the Royal Academy was painted nearly thirty years ago. It represented a midnight scene in Leicester. There was the empty street, empty save for one solitary figure. Rain clouds were clearing away from the face of the moon. Cold and cheerless outside, the warm light from the windows on either side of the street gave indication of comfort and happiness, but without was the solitary figure of a woman with a child in her arms. The feeling expressed in this picture was an indication of much that was working in his mind.

For many years he had been engaged in Christian work—Sunday school teaching when a lad of eighteen ; then temperance work as he grew older. All the dales in the heart of the Lake District were taken in hand with the object of pressing temperance among the many intemperate dalesmen, and Band of Hope work was so successfully pushed that in Langdale there was not a single child that was of an age to join who was not an enrolled member. It soon became a question, as Christian work grew upon him, as to whether he was to shake himself free from it so as to devote himself entirely to art, or whether he was to give up his profession and devote himself entirely to Christian work. As time passed by this question became more pressing, until at last he felt there was no other alternative but to relinquish art and continue to do that work which in God's providence seemed to have come to

him to be done. Instead of merely painting the homeless, he decided to seek them out and bring them to the Father's home.

To qualify himself more entirely for the work, he determined to go to Oxford. In 1882, on St. Thomas' Day, he was ordained by the Bishop of Gloucester. His first curacy was at Clifton, near Bristol, with E. P. Hathway, vicar of St. Andrew the Less, Dowry Square. When after two years the vicar resigned the living, he accepted a curacy at St. Nicholas, Durham, with H. E. Fox as vicar. Alfred Tucker and Henry Fox had lively times in Durham. On one occasion when conducting an open-air Sunday-closing demonstration, they were pelted with assorted vegetables, flour and eggs. Fox was the son of an old Indian missionary, Henry Watson Fox, one of the founders of the Telugu Mission. Of course, he was imbued with the missionary spirit, and Tucker soon found himself engaged whenever opportunity occurred in advocating the cause of missions.

The way in which Christian workers were crowding one upon the other, both at Clifton and Durham, strengthened in his mind the conviction of the necessity of making room and going forth into the regions beyond. The work at Durham was a very happy work, almost entirely among poor people. In itself it was a missionary work. Still that did not satisfy him. Christian workers abounded on every hand, and he thought to himself one day, "the Gospel has been preached in this city of Durham at any rate for a thousand years, and away yonder in Africa and many other parts of the world there are millions who have never heard of Christ." Communicating his thoughts to friends and relatives at home, he got a very urgent letter from his brothers saying that his determination to go out

as a missionary had so affected his father's health that they feared the result would be fatal if he persevered in it. On the counsel of friends, he decided that he must postpone his departure. Three years passed and his father's health improved, so he felt that the obstacle had been removed. He then wrote to the Church Missionary Society and asked if they had an opening for him in East Africa. The response was immediate, and he was asked to go to London to see the secretary, Prebendary Wigram. They talked things over, and it seemed that what they wished him to do was to go out to East Africa, taking the leadership of a party that was then forming under the auspices of Douglas Hooper, to start a new mission in East Africa, and possibly eventually to make his way to Uganda. Shortly after, the Prebendary having communicated with the Archbishop of Canterbury, Alfred Tucker received an offer of the bishopric of Eastern Equatorial Africa. This was the first instance of a curate becoming a bishop. On the twenty-fifth of April, 1890, the curate was consecrated by Archbishop Benson, with the assistance of Dr. Temple, Bishop French of Lahore in India, and Bishop Loystan, formerly of Mauritius. The same evening he started on his way to East Africa.

The year of his ordination he had married and has one child. Both wife and child were left behind, as the conditions of life in Africa in those days were such that it was impossible to take a wife and young child there. He must of necessity have left them at the coast during his travels in the interior, and they both felt that it was best for them to stay at home. There is no warmer friend of missions than Mrs. Tucker, and she has done much to support the work in a most self-sacrificing way.

The party had a fair voyage out, and eighteen days later found them at Mombasa, where they were greeted with very sad news. One of the party that had preceded them to Mombasa, a man named Cotter, had died that morning and was just about to be buried. This, of course, was a heavy blow. However, the new bishop soon set to work to see what the prospects were for a journey to Uganda, which he had determined to make. He must of necessity, he gathered, travel through German territory. So he held a confirmation service at Freretown, then went on to Zanzibar, where his caravan was organized, and on the tenth of July started in company with Stokes, well known as a caravan leader, who had more than two thousand men. At first there were eight missionaries; but another member of the party soon failed in health, and was sent back to the hospital at Zanzibar, where a few days later he died. Two of the party had thus passed away.

Slowly they went on their way up through an almost unknown territory until they reached the mission stations of Mamboya and Kisokwe, near Mpwapewa. There the bishop held confirmations and generally examined and organized the work. Then passing on they found themselves in the country of the Ugogo, and it was not long before the party learned something of the nature of the people through whose country they were passing. Two of their porters were brained as they were tramping through the forest and their loads taken from them. A little later Bishop Tucker told the leader that he felt the country was in a dangerous condition; he could see men with shields and spears pass in the distance, and he felt that there was some disturbance in prospect. It was not long before two German soldiers that were with Stokes'

year. Then an outbreak occurred, and the Roman Catholics, or French party, were completely defeated by the Protestants under Captain Lugard. This was in January, 1891.

It was during this first visit to Uganda that the foundation of the native ministry was laid. Six men were set apart as lay evangelists, two of these being great chiefs. Others were put in training. It was hoped and desired that these men might eventually be ordained. Tucker found there was a great thirst for the Word of God in Uganda, and he determined that with all speed the Bible should be put into Luganda, and so set George Pilkington apart for the work. He was a first-rate classical scholar and an able man, and in six years that great task was completed.

In the meanwhile the bishop's presence was required at the coast, Uganda being only a part of his jurisdiction. Having set things in order at the lake, he determined to make his way to the coast and then go home to England and tell the people at home of the great opportunities in Uganda, which had not been at all realized. There were only two missionaries in Uganda, and he felt that he must have twenty as soon as possible. He made his way down country with Douglas Hooper, who had left his wife at the coast. They had a very hurried journey and lived on very hard fare. He did what necessary work there was in Mombasa, and started for home. He appealed boldly for twenty missionaries to go to East Africa, and within three months he had more than seventy offers of service. As a result, twenty new missionaries were actually planted down in East Africa within two years.

"In the course of 1891 the Imperial British East





AN INHABITANT OF UWAZELAND
 Photographed at Kookma among the rocks Uganda



GRAVE OF BISHOP HANINGTON IN FRONT OF THE GREAT
 MENGO CATHEDRAL.

Africa Company decided on financial grounds to withdraw, but offered to maintain their representative for another year in Uganda if a sum of forty thousand pounds sterling could be guaranteed, for the largest part of which a few individual members of the company were prepared to accept the responsibility. Would C.M.S. friends contribute fifteen thousand pounds? The facts were stated in Exeter Hall by Bishop Tucker, and eight thousand pounds was promised there and then by those present, and eventually sixteen thousand pounds was remitted to the company. By this means Uganda was saved. . . ."

I will let the Bishop talk now:—"I spent six months at home and then made my way once more back to Africa. There was a good deal of work to be done at the coast. I had to visit Kilimanjaro, a snow-capped mountain some two hundred and fifty miles from the coast. At that time three great men were dominating this part of Africa. One was Mandara, the great king of Clagga on Kilimanjaro; another was Mirambo, King of Unyamwezi; and the third was Mwanga, King of Uganda. My journey to Kilimanjaro was a most interesting one. I was able to arrange for the extension of the work at three or four different points, and then made my way back to the coast.

In 1892 the time came for another visit to Uganda. This time I determined to travel by an altogether new route, as the route through German territory was a very unhealthy one. From all I could gather I felt that the journey could be made through a much more healthy country in what is now called British East Africa. I had a party of eight missionaries. I determined to travel in much greater comfort than on the first occasion. I felt that it was necessary

for the health of the men. Good food and not undue length of journey were essential to a successful conclusion of the expedition. Most careful arrangements were made for rest and for refreshing ourselves along the road. The result was that after eighty-nine days of marching we found ourselves in Uganda without one of the party having had even so much as an attack of fever. A more successful journey it would be impossible to imagine.

It was on this journey that I discovered the remains of Bishop Hannington. On arriving at Mumia's, in Kavironda, I remembered to have heard that it was in that place, one hundred miles from the place of the murder, the remains of Bishop Hannington had been buried. I accordingly visited the chief and told him the object of my coming, and that I had heard that our bishop, who had been killed in Busoga, had been buried in his village. I saw in a moment that he was considerably alarmed at my statement, and he very vigorously denied any knowledge of the whereabouts of the Bishop's remains. A young man, however, told me that the remains of the Bishop were actually in the village and that he knew where they were. Half an hour later, when everybody had left, we made our way past a cluster of houses till eventually we found ourselves in a little cleared space covered with grass and roots. In the centre was a small bush; going to this and putting down his foot, the young man said, 'Here they lie.' A little after six next morning we commenced digging. In about half an hour we came upon the remains of a wooden box with a tin lining, and then we found some bones, and then eventually the whole of the remains came into view. There was the skull, easy enough to recognise; there was no question about it, it was that

of the Bishop. Those who had seen any photograph of him would recognise it in a moment. One of his boots was there. I had a box brought and lined with sweet grass, and reverently the remains were placed within, and thus we carried him to my tent and there the remains were carefully examined by the doctor, who expressed the same opinion, that they were no other than the remains of Bishop Hannington. The box was fastened up to look like one of our other loads. It was essential that our porters should not hear of it, as we might have trouble in getting them to carry it, as well as in passing through the country. And so the box was carried day after day with us until the twenty-third of December, when I once more found myself in Mengo, the capital of Uganda.

“Now the question arose, how these remains were to be buried in our churchyard. Should it be done privately or publicly; should we let the king know or should we not? I felt that if possible they should be buried publicly. So Mr. Ashe asked the king for permission to bury the remains, telling him of the recovery and of my wish that they might be buried in the graveyard on Namirembe Hill. At first the king was somewhat alarmed when the subject of the bishop was renewed; but Mr. Ashe quieted his fears and told him that we only wished permission to bury the bishop's remains. This he gave, at the same time saying how sorry he was for what he had done in the days of his ignorance, and promising himself to be present in the church when the remains were laid in their last resting-place. It was for New Year's Day that the services had been arranged. The Resident was present, the king, and a vast congregation of Christians and non-Christians. Some gathered

through curiosity ; others were there to show their sympathy. It was a day never to be forgotten. Early in the morning, a little after six o'clock, a number of the chief Christians gathered at my house, and at eight o'clock the procession wound up the hillside. There was the coffin covered with the Union Jack, and there were the chiefs and their followers in their white dresses gleaming in the sunshine. It was a great scene. I spoke to the congregation and reminded them of the unhappy days through which we had passed. 'But now the sad days are all at an end. The old year has passed away, and with it the sorrows and misunderstandings of the past ; the new year has dawned, and we will now look forward to brighter days and to better things. The past will be forgiven and,' I added with special reference to Mwanga, 'the murderer will be forgiven.' The service over, the remains were carried out to the graveyard, and there, with King Mwanga standing at my side, they were solemnly committed, 'Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust,' there to rest till the resurrection morning."

This year 1893 that had now dawned was a memorable year for other reasons in the history of Uganda. It was during this year that the first native deacons, on Trinity Sunday, were solemnly set apart for their office and ministry. Churches had now begun to spring up in the country ; Gospels were being printed and were being bought up like wildfire by the people.

Another memorable event connected with the year of Grace 1893 was the special mission of Sir Gerald Portal to Uganda. The question of the abandonment of Uganda by Great Britain had become a great political question in England. There were those who protested against the extension of the

British Empire and who advocated the abandonment of that position which, in the providence of God, Great Britain had acquired in the heart of Africa. To the missionaries the question was rather one of a breach of faith with the Ugandese. They had placed themselves, in signing the treaty of Captain Lugard, under British protection, and to tear up a treaty so solemnly entered into was felt to be dishonourable. Moreover, the French party in the country were eagerly waiting for an opportunity of taking the place of those whose position in the country had hitherto been the paramount one. Sir Gerald Portal, under these circumstances, was appointed by the British Government to visit Uganda and to report upon the advisability of their retaining or abandoning it. He arrived in Uganda towards the end of March, and on the first of April, to the great delight of the English missionaries, the Union Jack was hoisted on the Hill of Kampala. All felt that once hoisted it could never be hauled down again. Sir Gerald remained in the country two months forming an opinion and writing his report. Confidentially he gave the bishop his opinion; he would report to the Government in favour of the retention of Uganda. He left behind him when he departed for the coast several officers to administer the government provisionally. Bishop Tucker left about the same time that he did, he travelling by way of British East Africa and the Bishop by way of German territory. He had a very rapid and successful journey to the coast, and shortly after was summoned to England by the Church Missionary Society to advise with them, should any difficulty arise, or any question in connection with Sir Gerald Portal's mission. Happily no such question arose, and he was able to devote his time to pleading for

missionaries. The result was that within a year he found himself once more in East Africa.

In 1895 it was decided to make a new departure with regard to the up-country work. It was felt that the time had come for the work of English women among their Uganda sisters. A party of five ladies had been chosen in England, and in July this party with six men arrived at Mombasa on their way to Uganda. The Bishop felt that a great deal depended upon the success of the expedition, and that if any of these ladies should fall by the way, the work among the women of Uganda would be much hindered. Many evil prognostications had been made against this journey. The Administrator declared that in all probability the Bishop would have to bury them one after another on the road, and that he would arrive in Uganda without any of them. Most careful preparations were made for their comfort and easy travelling ; the result was that they arrived in Uganda on the fourth of November in perfect health, only one having had a slight attack of fever. Their reception was of the most wonderful character. Thousands and tens of thousands of people came around to greet them, and joy was expressed on every hand at the prospects of the women of Uganda.

In 1896 the missionary work had grown immensely. Churches were springing up in every direction ; confirmations were held and ordinations ; more native deacons were set apart for the ministry ; and then it was felt that extension to the regions beyond was the next move to be made. Accordingly the Bishop paid a visit to Toro, and the mission there was inaugurated. Unyoro was also visited, and various other stations were opened. All this, of course, entailed a vast amount of travelling, always on foot.

The country was then very far from being what it is now. Swamps were unbridged and roads conspicuous by their absence. Some of the swamps crossed on this journey were so wide that it took a whole hour to get through one. All this, of course, was very trying to health and strength, and it was not long before he found on making his way towards the coast through German territory that his strength had been very largely sapped by the exhausting nature of these journeys. On reaching the Nguru valley, a hundred miles from the East coast, he was seized with an attack of dysentery which very nearly cost his life. For six days he was carried in a hammock, and only just reached the coast in time to be taken in hand by the doctors and kind nurses of the University's Mission in Zanzibar. There for several weeks he was most carefully doctored and nursed back into health again, though on arriving in Mombasa the doctor ordered him home for thorough restoration. This visit was synchronous with the Lambeth Conference in June, 1897. It was a remarkable gathering of bishops from all over the world. Doane of Albany, N.Y., was one of the most striking personalities, Whipple from Minnesota was a man whom he remembers with joy; his large heart and generous nature drew Tucker to him strongly.

The work was growing to such an extent that Alfred Tucker felt that a division of the diocese was necessary. It was not until 1899 that he was relieved of the charge of all the coast districts and the work in German territory. In 1900 he became Bishop of Uganda as distinct from Eastern Equatorial Africa. From that day to this the progress of the work in Uganda has been even more rapid than in the days gone by.

With hardly diminished strength and with largely

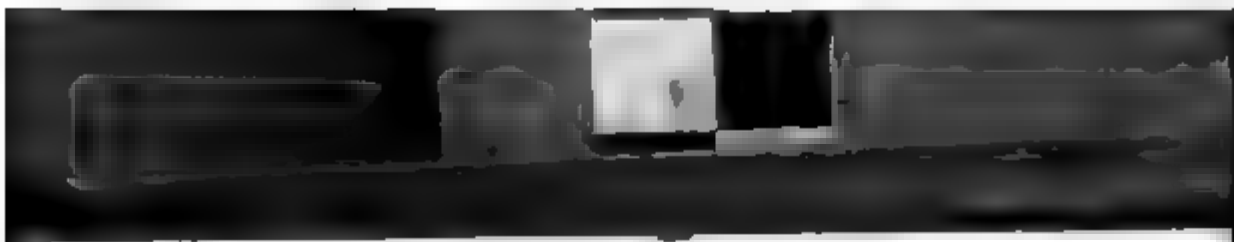
increased responsibilities, the work has just that absorbing interest for Bishop Tucker that it had in the earliest days. The native ministry has now grown so that there is a native clergy numbering thirty-two. All this is a token of the wonderful way in which God has blessed this work in Uganda. The position is one of hope, and the prospects are the very brightest. The Bishop feels that before long other divisions of this sphere of work will have to be made, and other bishops consecrated for the charge of districts that are fast becoming evangelized. The need for this he stated well in a magnificent speech at Brighton in 1901, which has become almost a missionary classic. From the facts and the results of his statesmanlike policy, he sets forth what is the primitive and ever-successful plan of propagation. A sentence or two may worthily close this inadequate tribute to him ; for it is the work and not the worker that he would wish to be urged :—

“ Ten years ago the number of baptized Christians in Uganda was something like 300. To-day it is 30,000, an increase of exactly a hundred-fold.

“ Ten years ago there was but one church—one place of Christian worship in the whole of Uganda. To-day there are 700.

“ Ten years ago there were but some twenty native evangelists at work. To-day there are some 2000 Baganda men and women definitely engaged in the work of the Church—again an increase of exactly a hundred-fold. . . .

“ And who has been the instrument in all this widespread evangelistic and missionary effort ? It has been the Muganda himself. The Church of Uganda is a self-extending Church because, from the very beginning, the line which has been adopted has been that of laying upon each individual convert the



KIKOMO AMONG THE ROCKS



ON THE ROAD TO NARLOUNGO

CHAPTER IX

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE PRESENT RELIGIOUS SITUATION IN THE PROTECTORATE OF UGANDA

The land of the rustling of wings, beyond the rivers of Ethiopia. A present shall be brought unto Jehovah of hosts from a people tall and smooth, terrible from their beginning onwards.

THE old religious belief of the people was called lubare worship, the main idea of which was a propitiation of evil spirits by sacrifices. There was a general belief in a Supreme Being called Katonda, who was regarded as the creator of the world. Below him in rank were a number of minor spiritual beings called balubare. They had their shrines, known as spirit-houses, where a lubare spear and fork were stuck in the ground. They would bring offerings of food, sheep, cattle and goats to be sacrificed, and often as gifts to the mandwas, priests. Then, when some misfortune overtook the country, such as an outbreak of smallpox, a public ceremony would take place, the object of which was the propitiation of the angry spirit of smallpox, and human victims would be sacrificed. A sacrifice called "kiwendo" used to take place from time to time, when people would be captured anywhere and kept

prisoners till enough had been collected. The executioners would go out at night along certain roads and catch everyone they met. Just before Speke reached the country, seven hundred peasants, two hundred and six boys, five hundred women, and thirty-five chiefs were caught and divided out among thirteen slaughter places, and more, the names of which are not given in the state records. Among those captured was the then prime minister ; but he was released as it was not lawful for him to be killed in a kiwendo, and Mtesa also let off fifteen chiefs, six boys and fifty women. This enormous slaughter, a great one even for those days, was called Nalongo. The method of slaying differed in different places. In Damba, the people were tied to stakes and eaten by crocodiles ; in Namugongo, they were sliced up and roasted ; at Nkumba, limb was cut from limb and the limbs were thrown about, women being clubbed on the head.

Then there was the propitiation of the spirits of the lake, so that there might not be so many violent storms to wreck the canoes. A chute was constructed from a place near the lake, and a large number of human victims killed and their blood allowed to run down this chute into the lake so that the angry spirit might be appeased. That was the sole idea of their worship, to propitiate the evil spirit, of a good spirit they had no idea.

Lubare worship has now, comparatively speaking, lost its hold on the people. In Uganda itself, you see very little of it ; the ancient spirit-houses have practically disappeared. If you ever come across a former priest of the spirits, he hastens to disclaim the position. Indeed it is becoming increasingly difficult to learn anything about the ancient religion of the people. Those who were formerly its adherents are disinclined

to speak about the old days. A certain feeling of shame possesses them at the very idea that they could have sunk so low, and it is with the very greatest difficulty that you can get them to talk about it. The belief in this worship was to a certain extent undermined by the inroad into the country of the Arabs carrying with them Mohammedanism. Mohammedanism was the first cause of the breakdown in their ancient worship.

At this juncture, Christianity came upon the scene, and then commenced the conflict between the Crescent and the Cross, a conflict which culminated in the Christian missionaries being driven out of the country for a brief space. Belief in Jesus Christ as God and Saviour, however, was to be found in the hearts of many of the people who were left behind. Christianity was represented by the Anglican Church and the Church of Rome. These forces soon gained the upper hand, and Mohammedanism was displaced. The rivalry between these two forms of Christianity has continued more or less ever since.

The Anglican mission began work with Alexander Mackay, in 1877, and the next thirteen years were a time of sowing. There were probably two hundred baptized Christians in the country in 1890, when reaping-time began, and the first lay evangelists were set apart for work. From 1878, Mackay, of Uganda, had added to his industrial labours the task of translating the Scriptures into the vernacular, and printed the Gospel of Matthew with type cut with his own hands. But he ever felt that a scholar, nay, many scholars were needed for this. Now the work was seriously undertaken and proceeded under the direction of George Pilkington with great rapidity, so that within six years the whole Bible was translated and published.

The Ugandese have a peculiar faculty for teaching and a great love for it, and this has been one of the means to which I attribute the rapid progress of the work throughout the country. The great mass of it has been done by the Uganda evangelists and teachers themselves. That little band of seven lay evangelists who were set apart in 1890, has grown now to a band of two thousand one hundred and ninety-three; that little company of two hundred baptized Christians existing in 1890, has grown to a multitude numbering forty thousand. Last year alone, five thousand six hundred and thirty-one souls were baptized in the fifteen centres of Uganda.

Owing to the small staff, it was impossible at first to provide special workers amongst the children; but owing to the increase of the missionary force during the last four years, this work has been seriously taken in hand, and the Protestant mission have now under instruction in one way or another, twelve thousand eight hundred and sixty-one children. The eleventh maxim of the Sacred Edict is equally true among pale pinks, yellows or blacks, "Instruct the youth and thus prevent evil doing." Wherever there is a missionary station, there special services are conducted regularly for children. This work amongst the children is most important, for without, we should probably see a generation of merely nominal Christians growing up; but with these educational efforts, the next generation promises to be even more highly taught Christians than the present.

The work has spread through the country far beyond the borders of Uganda proper, to Ankole, Toro, Bunyoro, Wadelai and the Kavirondo. When the Christians were driven out of Uganda at the time of the Mohammedan rising fifteen years ago, they sought

shelter in Ankole. They were hospitably received by the people and were sheltered until the Christian power had gathered force, when they came back and drove out the Mohammedans and became the dominant power here. Ever since, the Christians of Uganda have had a great desire to evangelize the people of Ankole. Over and over again they have said, "We wish we could do something for the people of Ankole." One day the prime minister wrote to the Church Council and said, "I have got two men who are anxious to go to Ankole to teach and preach; can they go?" The Church Council said "Yes," and wrote a letter to the King of Ankole and asked him to receive them. They stayed for some time, but apparently could do nothing, so they came back. A little later another effort was made by Mugema, who is so great a chief that he cannot live on the same hill with the King and has the right to stand when he pleads before him, while all others must sit. He said, "I have two men who want to go to Ankole; may they go?" The Church Council said "Yes," and wrote another letter to the King of Ankole as before. These men were able to teach a few lads, but the medicine men of the country got hold of their pupils, so they too soon came home. Soon after they came back to proclaim the story of their failure, Mr. Clayton, who was working at Koki asked if he could go to Ankole and take two evangelists with him. He was kindly received by the king. After staying for a while and teaching some of the people, he returned to his work, leaving the native evangelists to continue the work in Ankole. They stayed some time, but eventually the medicine men again drew the young men who were being taught away from their influence, and they returned to Koki. This was the third failure. Then some while later Bishop Tucker

wanted to make a journey to Toro to confirm. Dr. Cook wanted to see what prospects there were there for medical work, so he was asked to go along. They started off and went by way of Ankole. When they got to Koki, they took two evangelists, Andrew and Philip with them. When they reached Ankole, the king came down to greet them in the most friendly fashion. There came with him a horde of savages with greased bodies almost naked. The Bishop told them what he wanted, and then commenced a two days' tussle, the missionaries doing their utmost to persuade the king to allow these two men to remain and teach, and the medicine men doing their utmost to stir up the old heathen ideas of the country. They used all sorts of arguments to prevent the men from staying. They did not like absolutely to expel them, but they devised all manner of excuses. They said, "There is no food in the country, and the men cannot live if they stay." But Andrew and Philip answered, "Give us a drink of milk night and morning; we don't want anything else." The king said he didn't know whether there was any milk. "What!" said the Bishop, "you the King of Ankole and say you cannot give a drink of milk to two strangers! In Uganda, the people say you have twenty thousand cattle, and what will they think when we go back and tell them this? They will think you are a very little man." This seemed to shame him, and he consented to their staying. The last night the missionaries were there the king sent down and made some sort of an excuse, but the messenger was told to go back and tell the king he must not go back on his word. Dr. Cook and Bishop Tucker went on their way to Toro and prayed daily for these men. After a little while they had got a dozen young men about them and were

teaching them. A little later the king himself was being taught. A few months passed by and the prime minister and several other chiefs came to the teachers and said, "Now since we have learned so much about Christianity, we don't believe in these charms any more. You take them." But the teachers refused to do so and told the chiefs, if they really meant what they said, to destroy the charms publicly. So the king ordered a fire to be made in front of his town and called all his people together, and there in the full light of day they took off their charms and threw them into the fire. Then the people followed the king's example and threw their charms into the fire all day long. A church was built, and in it a congregation of three or four hundred assembles. There are now a dozen centres where Christian teaching is given.

Missionary work, so far as Europeans are concerned, was commenced in Toro eight years ago, and since then nearly three thousand people have been baptized. The king is a Christian man and most of the great chiefs of the country. The prospect there at the present time is most hopeful. The young men are coming out in large numbers as evangelists and teachers—so much so that at the present moment there are two hundred and thirty-eight of these working in different parts of the country.

Bunyoro, again, which four years ago was ruled over by Kabarega, a prince of slave raiders and slave traders, is now ruled over by a Christian king, himself a preacher of the Gospel. Seventy young converts are working as evangelists in different parts of the country. Away to the northward the work has extended up to Wadelai, and Lloyd is on a journey at the east side of the Nile which promises most fruitful results.

In Busoga within the last three or four years the



THE KING OF UGANDA AND HIS PRIME MINISTER



THE THIRD REGENT HIS WIFE AND TYPEWRITER, MENGO,
NATIVE CAPITAL OF UGANDA



THE AUTHORS PORTERS AND COOKS HAVING WORSHIP IN FRONT OF THE MUGINI, THE REST HOUSE
FOR NATIVES, NABIRUNGO, UGANDA.

work has made giant strides. The Bishop recently confirmed no fewer than two hundred men and women. Five years ago hardly anyone dared to place himself under open instruction of the missionaries. If he did, it was at the risk of the severest persecution. Most of the teaching went on in secret. But now a great deal of the opposition has broken down, and within the next few years I do not doubt that we shall hear of large accessions to the Church in Busoga.

The work among the Kavirondo opened most unexpectedly. Three years ago Mr. and Mrs. Crabtree, working about ten miles from Mengo, found they were nearly worked out. They applied to the Bishop for a holiday, to visit a great chief, Kakungulu, who lived about sixty miles away at Unga, on the left bank of the Nile. They proposed to return in about a fortnight. A favourable reply was sent, and they started, but they have not returned yet. When they got to Unga, they found that this chief had crossed the Nile and was then in the Bukedi country. They were determined to see their friend, so they followed him, and they found that, having been asked to establish some sort of administration in the country, he had opened stations. He built forts at these stations, and wherever he built a fort he also built a church, where they found teaching going on. At length the Crabtrees found him at Mount Elgon, nine days' march from Mengo, where he had built a large place on the mountain side. Crabtree wrote to the Bishop that he thought their getting into this out-of-the-way place was a providential leading, and begged that he might be allowed to stay there. It was at once agreed to. Kakungulu stayed there with his people for some time, but the place was unsuitable for their maintenance, so he moved seven miles to Mbale, where he is now. Roads are being

cut, and houses are springing up in every direction. Crabtree has translated two gospels, while a reading book, Bible stories, prayer book and hymn book have been printed for the Kavirondo. He is settled at Masaba, in a country swarming with people. The mission wanted to go there, but hardly knew how to get there. For though, of course, they could have gone and planted a station in the midst of the people, that is not their plan. They believe in having a line of stations all the way along, with native evangelists to carry on the work. Now the chain is complete from Mount Elgon westward to Ruwenzori, a distance of nearly five hundred miles. All over that great area the Gospel is now being preached.

In all this extension of the work beyond Uganda, the principal agency has been the Uganda evangelist. There are now scattered about in various parts of the country something like one thousand and seventy Protestant churches and places of worship. These can seat one hundred and twenty-six thousand eight hundred and fifty-one people, and the average Sunday attendance for worship in these places amounts to fifty-two thousand four hundred and seventy-one.

With regard to the great question of self-support, the maintenance of thirty-two native clergy and of two thousand odd lay evangelists and teachers is entirely provided from native sources. From the cathedral, which will hold three thousand worshippers to the little country church, with its accommodation for probably five and twenty worshippers, all these places are built and repaired entirely by the natives themselves. All working expenses are provided from the same sources, both for churches and schools, and school-teachers able to impart elementary instruction

in reading, writing and arithmetic, are not only maintained, but to a large extent carry on these schools almost independently of European supervision. A missionary said to me, "I recently came down from Kisalizi, six days' journey from here, where I visited a school that had never seen a European, and found them writing letters—writing in ink in a beautiful hand which would be acceptable in any business place in Europe. It was marvellous to see it." The teachers who carry on these schools are trained on Namirembe Hill. There a number of young men are gathered who have been sent in from out-lying districts and are under training as pupil teachers; and when they have been trained, they go out and take up these schools and run them themselves. So that the whole of the work initiated by the C.M.S. is entirely independent, apart from the maintenance of Europeans. Not a single ha'penny of European money has been spent on it. Books are never given away, the people always purchase them at a very considerable price. When the carriage from the coast was expensive, a man had to work at least a month in order to buy a New Testament. Prices, however, have gone down since the completion of the railway. Last year there were sold in Uganda, between seven and eight thousand Gospels and portions of God's Word. Four thousand New Testaments and six hundred entire Bibles were sold, all that were in stock, otherwise the sale would have been much larger. Of books of other kinds, prayer books, hymn books, etc., seventy-six thousand eight hundred and forty-seven were sold. During the last four years the total number of books of all kinds sold was two hundred and forty-five thousand, three hundred and eighty-nine. That will give some idea of the way in which education is spreading through the country, and also

some idea of the thirst for knowledge which the people have. The sales of books average something like one thousand pounds sterling a year. That means one hundred and fifty thousand days of labour, or nearly four centuries and a quarter with no Sundays.

The medical work is carried on in the closest possible connection with the Church. The C.M.S. has been most reluctant that any idea should arise in the country that this is a work apart from the missionary work. The doctors, nurses and all employed in the hospital and dispensary have a definite aim, that of winning the patients to Christ. One of the doctors in turn, as the people are gathering around the dispensary, has a short service for them and preaches the Gospel, after which the distribution of medicine begins. Here are instances of the great increase that has taken place in this work. The first year, the work was systematically undertaken, medicine was given to six hundred patients at the dispensary ; last year there were eighty thousand seven hundred and seventy-nine. The first year one hundred and forty-one patients were treated in the hospital, and last year nine hundred and seventy-two. The first year six hundred were vaccinated, and last year there were eleven thousand seven hundred and sixty-five. Such is six years' development ! The hospital was struck by lightning last December and completely destroyed. Happily no lives were lost, but there was a great loss of surgical instruments and fittings. The workmen are now recommencing the building and it will be finished in eight or nine months.

Industrial work has been conducted entirely on the same lines under the supervision of Borup and Savile. Printing forms a prominent feature in the work. Last year the presses turned out two hundred thousand impressions. A number of trained printers are in

RELIGIOUS SITUATION

government employ and doing excellent work. Joining, carpentering, brick-making and brick-laying form important departments, and evidence of their proficiency can be seen not only in the capital, but throughout the country. The prime minister is building a house. Another great chief is also building a house. All these are houses which are springing up in every direction. The work of these men trained in the industrial mission.

That is a rough sketch of at least the present conditions in the country. The prospects for the future are most hopeful. There are under instruction an ever-increasing number of young men, who are fitting themselves for work as evangelists and teachers. The Archdeacon has a class of very promising young men who have been sent in from the country districts to be prepared for ordination. In the future a large increased staff of evangelists and teachers will be at work. The prospect for the educational work is equally bright. The thirst for knowledge seems to be extending far and wide, and an ever-increasing number of young men are being trained as school-teachers. There is good evidence that the work is not only extending widely, but is also deepening. If the work is not deep, comparatively few of those who are baptized will go forward to the rite of confirmation. No one is ever baptized who is believed not to be a true believer in Jesus Christ as his God and Saviour. That is the test made for baptism. An applicant must have very mixed motives; he wants to get on in the world, it may be the fashion. But the work is deeper than that, and the constant inquiry of those who have to prepare candidates for baptism is whether there is a real heart conviction that there is salvation in Christ. But of course, in dealing with such

numbers there are doubtless occasional mistakes. The confirmation statistics furnish strong evidence of the deepening character of the work. Up to last year the most confirmed in any year had been two thousand two hundred and thirty-two. But during the eight months of the present year that have elapsed, three thousand two hundred and twenty-one have been confirmed. These people go on and study the Epistles and other books of the Bible, in which they are examined. Then the numbers coming forward for baptism indicate a wide extension on every hand. In 1896, a great revival year, the number baptized was three thousand five hundred and forty-two, whereas this last year the number baptized was five thousand six hundred and thirty-one. It is growing in width and it is growing in depth. It is growing as regards its native agency; it is growing in its educational work as proved by the large extension of schools for the training of children throughout the country. There will probably be baptized during the year between six and seven thousand souls. That is the situation of the Anglican Church work.

In regard to the work of the Roman Catholics, I can speak from what I saw as I went through the country. A large number of people are ticketed or labelled with the "miraculous medals of the Virgin." In Toro, a bucketful of them has been brought to the Protestant mission. A Protestant worker in referring to the medals said, "I have been curious when I have seen people labelled with these signs of being members of the Church of Rome, to know what knowledge they have of the fundamentals of Christianity, and over and over again I have inquired of those who have come to me, 'Have you ever heard of God?' 'No.' 'Have you ever heard of Jesus Christ?' 'No.' They are

absolutely ignorant. They are numbered among their converts and labelled partly, I suppose, because it makes it more difficult for Protestants to get hold of them." It is very hard to determine what is absolutely the force of true Roman Catholics in Uganda. There are many Roman priests in the country, and two bishops as representing two distinct missions. One mission is that of the White Fathers, whose headquarters are in Algeria, almost entirely Frenchmen. The other, represented by Bishop Hanlon, has its headquarters at Mill Hill, in England, but the greater number of its missionaries are Dutchmen. With them the Protestants work with a good deal of cordiality and friendly feeling. But their relations with the Frenchmen have in days gone by not been so cordial, owing largely to the political proclivities of the missionaries and the strong effort that was made in the early days to bring Uganda under the rule of the French Republic. These designs were happily frustrated, and now, owing to the hopelessness of any such prospect, the French mission seems to have accepted the conditions and things are going on more happily.

Mohammedanism exists to a certain extent in the country among the people of Uganda, as distinct from immigrants from the coast—Arabs, Hindus, and Swahilis. But it has not taken deep root. The Ugandese as a rule object very strongly to the rite of circumcision. And there are very few Mohammedan teachers, so that the nominal Moslems are profoundly ignorant of the tenets of Mohammed. Were it not for the fact that a political division of the country has been assigned to certain Mohammedan chiefs, my own belief is that it would very soon die out. Of course, Mohammedanism has not taken a back seat in Uganda

without a struggle. In early days, Christianity was very nearly driven out of the country; and in more recent years a strenuous effort was made to obtain a position of predominance, if not actual sovereignty of the country. In 1897, the Nubian soldiers who were brought into the country by Lugard seven years earlier, raised the standard of rebellion. Several British officers were murdered at Luba's, in Busoga, where they had entrenched themselves. A siege was undertaken, which continued for nearly three months. Had the Nubians been conscious of their strength, there is little doubt that their object would have been achieved and Christianity destroyed. Happily their leaders were lacking in an apprehension of the true position of affairs. They allowed themselves to be attacked in detached parties, and after many weary months of harassing warfare, they were ultimately subdued, not however, before their attitude had induced an attitude of rebellion on the part of King Mwanga, and a large number of heathen and Roman Catholic chiefs. Mwanga forsook his capital and fled to Budu, a great centre of French influence and discontent. There he was pursued by Colonel Ternan, the head of the military in Uganda, and was defeated. He took flight and escaped into German territory. After a while he reappeared in the hope of rallying his scattered forces in Budu. Failing in this, he retreated into Bunyoro where he was joined by a number of independent mutineers and by Kabarega, King of Bunyoro. He was unable even with these additions to his force to make any stand against the advance of the British forces, and eventually retreated across the right bank of the Nile. In 1899, he was surprised and captured by Colonel Evatt along with Kabarega and several other mutinous chiefs. This was the





IN THE HEART OF AFRICA THE AUTHOR AND SECRETARY AMERICAN TENT AND THE YANKEE FLAG A
PICMY UNDERTOOK TO MAKE

last serious attempt made in Uganda to set up a Mohammedan power in the Lake region.

With the old paganism cowering away self-condemned, Mohammedanism stagnant and illiterate, the future of this land is with Christianity.

CHAPTER X

TO THE MOUNTAINS-OF-THE-MOON

Three peaks, one loftier, all in virgin white,
Poised high in cloudland when the day is done,
And on the midmost, far above the night,
The rose-red of the long departed sun.

Lewis Morris.

NO one wants to leave the Hill of Peace ; I was no exception. But I believed the most exciting experiences lay before me by the Mountains-of-the-Moon and in the Land of the Pigmies, even "In the forest deep and darksome." At five-forty-five A.M., on Monday, with the Bishop accompanying me, I left his residence about which hung delightful memories, and began the long and thrilling journey westward. At the office of the C.M.S. I said good-bye to Phillips, the business man of the mission, and to Bishop Tucker. It was a dull, hazy morning, but my porters were full of good cheer as we filed the quickstep down Namirembe Hill and up past Bulange, The Twist, where the Protestant industrial mission is situated. As we passed, one merry member of our caravan shouted, "If you have one good man you can go very far." We soon came upon a jolly company of fifty natives on their way to the capital to work out

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their hut tax, and a few minutes of rapid marching brought into view Lubangi, The Ladder. In less than an hour our journey lay through one of the many papyrus swamps found throughout the kingdom of Uganda. The country crossed is composed of small hills and swamp valleys. Here entered a branch road, along which filed a string of young men dressed in pure white, on their way to obtain marriage licences. Just then the head porters shouted, "If you have the wisdom of an Englishman you are older than your father." During the morning we passed through eight swamps spanned by causeways made of the trunks of the palm, supported by sticks driven in and filled in with earth. This is a land of life. If a man has a walking cane made of a certain kind of wood and sticks it in the ground, if he doesn't return for it too soon, he will find it sprouted. So with the sticks driven in to hold up the sides of the causeways.

It was a few minutes after noon when the caravan halted at Bigo, and my chattels were unloaded at a rest hut originally constructed for the Commissioner, built of reeds with a grass roof and a grass floor. This bivouac was a welcome spot in which to keep dry from a thunder shower. The chief, who was absent from his village when I arrived, visited me later in the afternoon, and brought thirty bundles of food as presents for the caravan. These were carried by women and children, while a number of sub-chiefs accompanied the chief. He has a keyless watch of which he is very proud, a present from one of the missionaries, but is afraid to wind it up, and waits till a foreigner comes along.

The journey to Mityana consumed less than seven hours. On the way were a few huts in the midst of a garden of bananas. This wee village contained a robust

native who jumped up and ran to the road, and with great respect bowed and seized my right hand in his two hands and extended a hearty greeting with a large number and variety of grunts. I said to him, "I am going to Mityana to see what the mission is doing there," and he replied, "That is very good." Then I hurried off, and was sprinting along at a lively rate when this black fellow came at a dead run, went past me, knelt down in the mud at the roadside, holding a green banana leaf beautifully folded into a cup containing two clean hen's eggs. These he offered me saying, "Accept a poor man's present because you are going to see what the Lord is doing at Mityana." This was most kindly, spontaneously and respectfully done ; when I was about to make a return present, my good boy Nathaniel said that it was not given for any such purpose, and that I should greatly displease him by giving him anything.

Up the steep Hill-of-Perspiration the perspiring procession passed, leaving on the right the big chief's enclosure squared off with a high double diagonal reed fence, and approached the mission property, where the gardens were cleaner and everything bore a more refined and prosperous aspect. At Mityana a very cordial greeting from learned Frank Rowling and Walter Chadwick awaited me. Rowling has forty-five churches under his superintendence with a total capacity of twenty-five hundred, and is doing a splendid work. Mityana is situated in the Province of Singo, which is the largest in Uganda, but very sparsely populated. This lumpy country is almost entirely composed of hills and swamps, and might be greatly improved by a mammoth steam roller and some agricultural drain pipes. The south of Singo is covered with elephant grass, which in the north is shorter.

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Lions and herds of elephants pass through doing damage to the native plantations.

A beautiful view from the front porch of the Rowlings' house is obtained of a lake about the size of the Sea of Galilee, and containing four islands. Soon after the missionaries came here, Paulo Mukwendo, the great chief of Singo, and the third principal chief in the country, sent them a present of a nice fish, with which they were delighted. But on opening the fish a wriggling worm was exposed, and so they told the boys they might take the fish. *They* ate it after dark not to see the worms ! All the fish in the lake are like this. The natives smoke and dry them, after splitting them open.

The following day Chadwick, who is rapidly getting the language and gives great promise, accompanied me on the journey. I noticed many beautiful flowers such as the African marigold, tall thistles, mimosa trees with a much smaller flower than the European kind, wild date palms from which are cut all the poles for building purposes, and ferns for the first time in Africa. Large elephant tracks abounded. The day's journey through grassland ended at sloping Kabungeza, where I had the grass cleaned out of the rest hut and sent men down to get fresh ; this made a nice floor which acted at the same time as a comfortable bed.

Next day, halting for a meal at Kijemula en route to Kikoma, Zebuloni, the chief in the neighbourhood, a fine looking man partly dressed in clean white coat, and shirt, brought me a present of three papias, five sticks of sugar-cane, a metal wash-basin full of mubisi, a non-alcoholic drink made of the juice of a large bunch of plantains, half a dozen fresh eggs, twelve ears of Indian corn, and baskets of cooked food

for the men. I invited him to eat with us, but he refused, not knowing how to use a knife and fork. At this meal, besides the usual vegetables and chicken, we had a very tasty mixture, mogoyu, made of crushed beans and mashed sweet potatoes, splendid eating; the remembrance makes my mouth water.

Soon I met my first real dwarf, named Bwanswa. He was fifty-four inches in height and about thirty-five years of age. Born on the edge of the forest three days from the Ruwenzori, he was stolen when very young by the Bakonjo, and by them taken to



NATIVE HUT ON THE MOUNTAINS-OF-THE-MOON.

the steep slopes of the lofty Ruwenzori. When seven years of age he was stolen from his first captors by the Bunyoro, who raided the Bakonjo and took Bwanswa away as a slave to Mwenge, where he grew up, being initiated into the Bunyoro tribe by having three front teeth extracted. His description of the process is graphic; the native surgery has not advanced to the use of anesthetics. A native hoe is a favourite pair of forceps. Five is the regular number extracted, so he was lucky. His captors made him cut firewood and cultivate the land. He can read a

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little, but seems to be dull. His former belief was in the spirits of his ancestors. These were supposed to inhabit rocks, trees and stones. He is now quite contented with his lot, and has no wish to go to his fatherland.

Kikoma is located in the midst of entirely different scenery from that through which I have passed. Huge boulders lie about, and a hundred miles away over the round rocky heights, snow-covered Ruwenzori cuts the sky at twenty thousand feet above the sea. This appears to be a healthy and certainly a very beautiful station for a mission house. Here I found two missionaries, Lewin and O'Connor. At the noon meal Lewin said that this was the first time five Europeans had ever sat down together in his house; previously the record was four. Kikoma is the name of the rock which stands large and conspicuous near the mission house. In the olden days it was supposed that a spirit abode in the rock, and people came there to worship the spook. It was the ancient custom to bring ground native millet seed, mix water with it, and sprinkle it over the rock to propitiate the spirit. At times the people would bring offerings of fire, and after putting it beside the rock where the spirit was supposed to come out, would feast on the provisions. A good heathen in the olden days would come out and pray every morning.

It does not appear that human sacrifices have ever been offered at Kikoma, but in the district where Kamulase was king, about three reigns ago, and where a part of the body was buried, they had human sacrifices to provide a retinue in the other world for the dead king, his favourite wife being the first. There is a hole resembling a long, deep well. Spears were placed in the bottom, and the victims were

thrown in after their hands and feet were cut, and impaled alive on the spear points, while drums were beaten. Twenty or thirty were thrown in immediately after the death of the king, and for several years afterwards the hole was opened every month and fresh human sacrifices offered. A Protestant church now stands against the place, and the ordinary attendance on a Sunday morning is three hundred heathen, while one weekday morning I saw three hundred and fifty present.



NATIVE PIPE MADE OF THE MIDRIF OF THE PALM.

Kikoma-among-the-Rocks is a hundred miles or more from Mengo-the-Beautiful, and about the same distance from the capital of Toro. All the bigger rivers around here have their sources among these rocks, the three largest being the Nkusi, the Kuzizi, and the Katabalanga. They all eventually reach the Albert Lake, the first two directly. Excitement runs high in Kikoma at the present time because of the anticipated visit of Mrs. Rowling. The natives have never seen a white woman. At one village they could not understand the balloon sleeves, and asked many serious and ridiculous questions about them.

Before three o'clock in the morning our caravan





NARY FISHER AND THE AUTHOR AFTER A SEVERE ATTACK OF FEVER,
HOLDING THE TAIL OF THE SACRED LEOPARD SKIN, KABAROLE, TORO

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left Kikoma-among-the-Rocks, and after five hours of continuous marching through good roads and at times through wet grass, it halted at Kaweli, where I made the acquaintance of white ants, as termites are generally called. The part white ants play in the economy of nature is to dispose of all the wood in the forest that dies and might otherwise stop up rivers and make the jungle impassable. They also act in the place of worms in turning up the soil. The natives eat them during the season, when they are flying. When an ant-hill gets full, a certain number of the ants receive wings for one night. The wall of the ant-hill is thinned down to the texture of paper. Then at sundown it is burst away and they swarm to form a new hill. When they get to this stage they are very nice and fat. The signs when "the anthill is going to fly" seem pretty well known, and many are the sponsors to introduce the *débutantes* into society. Birds gather together, and when the swarm appears, dive through them. Hawks skirmish round and fish up the stragglers, dropping their wings only. The natives think it cruel for winged creatures to prey on one another, and cover the hill with a frame of reeds and sticks. On top of this they place a cover of barkcloth and plantain leaves. At the foot of the ant-hill a small hole is dug in such a way that the ants when flying upward against the cover will fall into it, and they are scooped out. The natives are often seen sitting about the ant-hills picking up these ants as fast as they can. They take them by the wings and bite off the ant and throw the wings away. When you take an ant up in this form it is important to be careful and put it between your teeth. If placed between the lips the little creature gives a biting sting. Grasshoppers are considered a great

delicacy in Singo. When nicely cooked, they are exceedingly tasty and smell just like meat. Being in Rome, I did as Rome did, and encouraged the local industry. The taste seems acquired. Potted ants and grasshoppers would probably not command much sale in Europe.

One of the most horrible tortures in Africa in the old savage days was to strip a man and tie him down in the path where the reddish-brown biting ant came along. These ants migrate in armies, and have warriors to defend the egg carriers. The ants would first kill the victim by their bites, then eat every scrap of flesh off his body. Nothing but fire will stop them. One of the most disastrous fires in Mengo was caused by trying to burn these fellows out. Three missionaries' houses were consumed. I had an experience with some ants in a rest hut. We were eating lunch at half-past two one morning when suddenly I was called upon by a new kind of insect. In came one of the boys with his trousers legs tied around his ankles with strips of banana bark, and every now and then whacking at his bare feet. We were being rushed by biting ants, and had to seize the table and run out into the open; even there they followed us and became almost unbearable.

The first Sunday of the caravan journey we rested at Nabibungo. Here was a Moslem chieftain who presented much food, including a live goat. The surrounding country is beautiful and apparently capable of supporting a vast population. At evening time I was strolling about and found that my Christian porters, without any suggestion on my part, were conducting evening prayers. As active lions and leopards were prowling about, we blockaded the door of my rest hut with thorn trees. On Monday I met my first



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jigger, and that in a finger of my left hand. I had said that it was my wish to be bitten by one of these gentry, and that in a place where I might easily examine it. Obliging enough this jigger inserted his entire body in the flesh alongside the finger-nail. It resembled a small black splinter, and indeed such I supposed it to be until I called for a needle and my boy Nathaniel, who at once grasped the situation. The jigger was extracted with its bag containing many eggs, without pain to me. I replaced it by a drop of pure carbolic acid.

The next day we broke the record by doing over thirty miles, and the following day recorded about the same. The power of endurance of the Uganda porters is remarkable; it is said that they can march from two to four days without food, if necessary.

CHAPTER XI

TORO AND THE MOUNTAINS-OF-THE-MOON

THE LAST STAGE INTO KABAROLE, THE CAPITAL
OF TORO—WELCOMED BY THE KING AND THE
MISSIONARIES—OFF FOR THE SEMLIKI

Nambere omutuma gurara nuho amaguru gazindukira.
Where your heart sleeps, there your legs get up early.—
Lunyoro Proverb.

THE geographical position of the Kingdom of Toro is at the extreme western limit of the region of East Africa, which is under British protection, the western boundary of which is a geographical line; yet it may be said that Toro is separated by the Semliki River from the territory of the Congo Free State. The King of Toro has within his dominions the mass of mountains called in modern times Ruwenzori, but in ancient days the Mountains-of-the-Moon.

On Thursday, I left Butiti and its drum-band to go up to Kabarole, where dwells Kasagama, the King of Toro. The road was a good path, winding over two stiff hills. At daylight a strip of wild woodland was reached, and the caravan was greeted by whistles which sounded wonderfully human and came from the throats of tropical birds. The nimble cooks ran ahead

to prepare food on the far side of the forest, their shouts resounding like giant voices in some unearthly hall. Many of the trees were tall and well developed, and from their branches hung creepers three and four inches in diameter. The thicket on either side of the road was impenetrable except with sharp-edged instruments to cut a track. The heavy rain of the night before made the going uncertain. One of the Yellow Bags slipped on a mischievous root and fell, but let himself go and saved the bag.

After a half-hour's ticklish tramp amidst primeval and other trees our way wound through tall elephant grass fifteen to twenty feet high, which lined either side of the road and soon brought up at the Forest Rest Hut. Here we had tea and tom-foolery. To Kabarole, the distance is nine miles. I now asked my two Yellow Bags to make a lively spurt; and they did so, for they took me a stretch of seven and a half miles in just exactly one hour and a half. This these Christian Yellow Bags did after having already done four hours of heavy marching over hills, valleys, stony ground, slippery places, inclines of over forty-five degrees, woodlands, swamps and mud. While going at this high rate of speed, I saw running in the distance two white-robed figures. They ran up alongside of me, fell upon their knees and presented the King's salutations and greetings. To be greeted in such a delightful fashion by the King's special messengers when approaching the capital was good. I hastened a native to the King with my own greetings, and coming up the road, was met by the pioneer missionary to Toro, Arthur Bryan Fisher, and with him walked up Bukwali Hill to photograph Fort Portal, named in memory of the brothers of Sir Gerald Portal. The fort stands four-square on the Hill of Njala, with

the Union Jack flying at the mast top, and across the deep moat, in the foreground, the parade plaza slopes gently down the hill. Rows of trees have been planted about the fort. Behind Fort Portal is the Government village occupied chiefly by Swahilis, and beyond is the beautiful Lake Kyojo, located in an extinct crater.

Having a desire to show proper respect for the representative of the British Government, I proceeded up the hill and entered the fort by the east gate, but found the healthy Collector in bed and left him there. This was at nine-twenty a.m. in the tropics! We struck along the main road leading from the fort and for the third time this morning crossed the Mpanga River, where men were washing *Americani* on the rocks by rubbing it with soap and then pounding it. My caravan wound across the Mutiny Bridge, built by loyal soldiers during the Mutiny to keep them employed, and ascended the King's Road as far as the Kabarole Market. This is a small enclosure on the left containing stalls and shops where are sold salt, firewood, meat, vegetables, *Americani*, prints from Manchester, a small assortment of cutlery, bark-cloth, beads, with other articles dear to the native heart. I pulled my head out of a focussing cloth and received a hearty greeting from missionaries Johnson and Maddox. We then continued up the King's Road past the hideous-looking gallows within its diagonal reed fence.

About four hundred yards further along, waiting to welcome us, stood Kasagama the King, his prime minister, several riflemen, a band, and about three hundred and fifty chiefs and their retainers, mostly dressed in long white garments. This crowd, standing on the green landscape of the high ground, made a perfectly picturesque and indelible picture.

The King is a tall, heavily-built man of twenty-eight years of age. He is the biggest man physically, politically and spiritually among the natives of the Kingdom of Toro. While his guard presented arms, Daude Kasagama gave me a hearty welcome, adding that I was the first visitor from America whom he ever had the pleasure of greeting. He asked if I spoke the same language as the English, and noticed that there was no difference in the features !

He is a striking figure, and the story of his life contains thrilling incidents. His father's name was Nika. His mother bears the Christian name of Victoria. She is a heroic woman. In the old savage days, there were frequent wars between Nika and Kabarega, the notoriously bloody King of Bunyoro, who, for joining the Nubians in their rebellion against the British Government, was finally arrested and deported to Seychelles, where he still is. The natives say that he killed more men than the wars, and they relate that whenever he went out on any expedition he had a man's throat cut on his threshold and smeared the blood on his forehead. When Nika died, the queen-mother with her three sons and a few relatives fled to the court of Ntale, King of Ankole. It was not long, however, until Ntale became suspicious of the presence of the three young princes of Toro and sent an invitation for the queen-mother to bring them to his court. But she was secretly informed that the crafty Ntale was not friendly disposed and probably intended some deadly design on the lives of the young princes. So she arranged that only two of the children should pay the visit to the court, while Kasagama remained with his mother. Almost immediately the two lads were murdered, and Kasagama and his mother fled to Budu in Uganda, the old woman carrying him

on her back. They were hospitably received by the chief of Budu, and by that powerful warrior protected. While resident at Budu, they met Archdeacon Walker in his station at Misaka ; and there afterwards the young prince was found by Lugard, on his way to Kibari for the purpose of bringing the survivors of Emin Pasha's old Sudanese into the Uganda Protectorate. Lugard, glad of the opportunity to put the young king on his father's throne, took him along, and built a fort on the banks of the Mbuku River, where he left him with a few Swahilis and passed around the south end of the mountain to Kibari. On Lugard's return with the remainder of the Sudanese, he built a chain of forts across Toro. These he garrisoned with the Sudanese whose presence he did not require in Uganda, in order that they might be a buffer between Kasagama and his father's old enemy Kabarega. Lugard had authority to enlist and pay only three hundred soldiers, but he found himself in possession of some thousands. These he did not venture to take into Uganda, but left them in Toro practically without any control, and they seized the opportunity to decimate the country. They seem to have instituted a reign of terror, for the natives hereabouts still sing a song in memory of those times. It runs :—

Tala, tala, tita,
Mugungo.

which refers to the custom of the soldiers, when, if the people did not come quickly to work on hearing the bugle call, they struck them violent blows over the back. Those who lived through the dreadful experience of the Sudanese Reign of Terror have said that during that period they had forgotten the crowing of a fowl and the bleating of a sheep.

King Kasagama walked with me up the King's





KITCHING'S BUTITI BAND, TORO



MITYANA CHURCH AND DRUMS

Highway from the place of greeting and told me that he was converted to Christianity in 1896, on the fifteenth day of March. His conversion contains remarkable elements, among which are the following. Through Uganda teachers he first heard of Christianity. These men had been sent down to Toro by the Uganda Church. But he does not seem to have really embraced Christianity until after being compelled to flee to Mengo. An English officer, who came down to Kabarole, was, unfortunately, altogether in the hands of his interpreter, a scamp of the first water, who allowed no one to have access to the Englishman unless he first gave a bribe of ivory. The interpreter entertained his employer with an assortment of lies about what was going on, until the official was led to arrest Kasagama and his uncle, as some say, thinking that they had a store of ivory and wishing to compel them to disgorge. His un-British method was to flog the uncle and put the King into the chain gang. The chiefs and all the King's people wished to storm the fort, but the Christian teachers prevented them by saying that although this European had done wrong, justice would be meted out in Mengo. Next morning, the officer felt he had gone too far and released the king, who at once went to Uganda, feeling that there he could be understood and would be righted. The Commissioner held an inquiry, when the official from Toro was summoned with his witnesses, and his case broke down so completely that he resigned. Kasagama was compensated and ordered to return to his country. With such an ending to his troubles, the King was greatly impressed; having in the meantime learned to read the Gospels and knowing the truth of Christianity, he declared that he would not return to his kingdom unless he was baptized, as he knew that

God was with him and Christ was his Saviour. The British Commissioner attended his baptism. He has been a staunch Christian ever since, and in times of trial has been most faithful. At one time some of the people wanted to go back to the old heathen worship, and when the King heard about it, he was sitting in his Council. His reply simply was, "Let us pray about it." The whole Council went down on their knees and prayed about it, and the matter was settled then and there. At the time of the dedication of the church, the King offered prayer in which he used this sentence, "We have worked with reeds and mud, but we have built with our hearts."

Such were the stories he poured out as we walked up the King's Highway, preceded by the armed guard and two captains, and accompanied by the Prime Minister and the great chiefs resident at the capital, a large crowd. We passed between vast gardens of plantains and entered the plantation of the Protestant mission; and then turning sharply to the right, proceeded up a well-graded and well-kept road, lined on either side by a single row of eucalyptus and other trees, to the native church on Kitete Hill. The King and myself entered the church in company with the missionaries and some hundreds of natives. A short service was conducted by Mr. Fisher, during which the hymn, "Jesus loves us" was sung and a prayer offered by the Prime Minister, thanking God for my safe arrival in Toro, and that I had been led to visit the kingdoms of Uganda and Toro. I could not have desired a more courteous and impressive reception than this received at the capital of Kasagama. It was full of good cheer, but solid and impressive, the sort of thing one is not averse to looking back on in future years.

The living agency used by God to bring the Gospel to this far-away country, Kabarole, was a member of the royal family, Yafeti, chief of the great province of Mwengi. He had been taught and baptized in Mengo by the Church Missionary Society's workers, and requested reading sheets and books and Christian teachers to be sent to Toro. The teaching went on, but the Nubians stationed in the country seized a quantity of books and burned them. They also dispersed several little congregations of readers. Notwithstanding these trials and difficulties, the work went on, and Kasagama the King joined the "people of the Book." The Church of Uganda sent more teachers, and two buildings were erected, at Kabarole and Mwenzi. After this came another period of trial. Both Kasagama and Yafeti had false charges made against them and were called to Mengo to answer them. Happily, both were acquitted. In 1896, at the time of the visit of the Bishop, the first baptisms in Toro took place. Fifteen persons, including the queen-mother, were admitted into the Church, who had mostly been under instruction for three years. And now in the Kingdom of Toro there are nine Protestant European missionaries, nearly one hundred "synagogues," as the natives call the preaching stations, and three large out-stations. There are twenty-five hundred baptized persons and a vast number of adherents. An aggressive medical work is going on, a new hospital is just being completed. Work for women and children is prosecuted by Mrs. Maddox. It is wise and efficient.

On Sunday I attended service in the Protestant church. The building was crowded with an attendance of at least seven hundred. Everybody seemed to be there, from the King to the Dwarf. The singing was hearty and in time. The natives cannot sing English

tunes as they are written, as it is impossible for them to take the semi-tones ; but it is possible to predict just how they will change a tune, as their variations are in accordance with principles which they unconsciously follow. Harmoniums and kindred instruments are useless here. The service was at nine a.m. and was conducted by Apolo Kivabulaya, a native clergyman from Uganda, who first came to the country among the pioneer missionaries in 1895. Apolo has probably had his share of trials since he became a Christian. He was the principal teacher in Mboga when he was suddenly arrested on a charge of murder. It came about in this way ; a spear had been left in a most awkward position outside the house of a Christian woman ; an alarm was raised outside, and the poor woman rushed out, tripped and fell, impaling herself on the spear. Apolo happened to be passing near, and hearing the groans of the poor woman, went to her assistance. Seeing her desperate condition, he called some men near by to come to his help. On seeing what had happened, they accused him of murdering the woman. He was brought before the chief, who sent the prisoner with his accusers to Toro. Owing to the absence of the officer in charge of the district, he was kept in prison for some time, but on the arrival of Capt. ———, he was discharged. Apolo has suffered much for the cause of Christ, but is a cheerful, earnest, hard-working native clergyman.

On the day of my arrival, the King sent down a present of sixty-five bunches of bananas and a fine sheep and goat. Later in the afternoon an emphatic rainstorm came on with an abundance of thunder and lightning and a roaring sound caused by the drops falling on the broad leaves of the banana trees, forests of which cover the slopes of the King's Hill, the Mission

Hill, and sweep on to the flat lands at their base. The water descended in sheets and was what the Irish car-driver by Lake Killarney called "a slight paspiration." This rainstorm suggested the reasonableness of the local proverb, "Airukire enjura omu rufunjo," that is, "He runs from the rain into the papyrus," which exactly corresponds to our well-known English proverb, "Out of the frying-pan into the fire." The rain in Toro is a feature of the country, and you cannot escape it. The rainy season seemed to have set in, but the storms usually approach on a schedule. The mornings commonly are cloudy up to about ten o'clock, when the sun shines brightly, lasting probably three hours; then the heavens are overcast, and about three in the afternoon the clouds give their showers. The activity of the vegetable life is so great that the King's Highway ascending right up to his enclosure gates is sometimes well scattered with growing grass, in spite of frequent efforts to keep it clean. The amount of electricity in the atmosphere in this region seems to be out of all proportion to the amount of the atmosphere. At times foreigners find an inconvenient or even violent nervous headache bothering them. This is thought to be caused either by the electrical currents or the frequent shocks of the thunder concussions. The lightning strikes out right and left, showing no preference whatever for mission stations. The mission houses are now protected by monster lightning rods, which are heavy ribbons of copper run from the tops of poles above the roofs and swung in festoons to poles beyond the houses.

Some of the striking things about Toro are the cloud effects on the mountains, terrific thunder concussions, hot water boiling out of the ground, chiefly at Balanga, in which the people cook their food. There is also a

chain of lakes in the craters of extinct volcanoes. These lie to the eastward of the eastern slopes of the Mountains-of-the-Moon down to Katwe-by-the-Salt-Lake. There is only one brick house in Kabarole, which was the King's residence ; but the earthquakes have shaken cracks in it, and he has moved into a wattle and daub house, built by setting up poles in the ground about two feet apart for a frame, and lashing cross pieces made of saplings planted right and left to hold the daub in position. During the dry season, the atmosphere in Toro is exceedingly hazy, but during the rains magnificent views are had of the eternal snows capping the lofty summits of the Mountains-of-the-Moon, fifteen thousand feet higher than the fort, and only eight miles away.

The local Protestant church is composed of a varied and interesting congregation of natives. The King is a member, the Queen, the queen-mother, the Prime Minister, and all sorts and conditions of people down to a solitary dwarf who carries the high-sounding name of Blaseyo Mutwa, though Mutwa simply means a dwarf. He comes from the district of Mboga, to whose chief he was sold by his people along with many others during a time of famine. Now that the chief of Mboga has become a Christian, these dwarf slaves have been given their liberty. Some of them have elected to continue to serve their old masters for food and clothing.

Their weapons are bows with iron-tipped arrows, poisoned with a decoction of black ants and castor-oil berries. This particular dwarf was found at Mboga by a native pastor, instructed by him, and then brought to the capital of Toro, taught to read, and afterwards prepared for baptism. He is an intelligent lad thirteen years of age and teaches a junior class in school. The

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senior classes object to being taught by him on account of his size. He believes in discipline and whacks the pupils on the head with his pointer.

He assisted in making an American flag for me, the first time a dwarf has ever attempted anything of that kind. He was not able to do all the work himself; the time was too limited for me to wait, so other persons assisted him in finishing up the job. The accompanying engraving showing the dwarf and the flag will give a fair idea of how well the work has been done. At half-past four on Monday morning, we started for the Semliki. I had spent an uncomfortable night and was not spry. There were but seven of my porters left who had come through with me from Mengo, the other eight having professed to be sick. They certainly looked so, and I paid them off and let them go, only to find that they suddenly left Kabarole when they found that I was well out of the place. The Men-of-Uganda do not like to go far from home, and they are fine actors, making themselves appear by a wonderful facial expression and various positions of the body, as if controlled by some deadly disease. I took on new porters under contract to take me to Mbeni. The caravan started off in good fair shape. We met two elephant tusks, each requiring four men to carry it, the larger of them weighing one hundred and fifty-six pounds, and at seven-thirty, I met Mikaeri Lusoke, big chief of Kimbugwe, who had killed the elephant to which the tusks belonged. The chief stopped to talk; he is a mighty hunter, one of the Church Council, one of the King's advisers, and the most valuable man in the kingdom next to the King. In his caravan were a number of loads of salt, done up in cylindrical bundles of banana fibre and borne on the heads of porters. Toro is noted for its

salt, which is taxed a rupee a load. Formerly, it was the custom of the natives to gather the salt on the shore of the lake at Katwe, but now it is necessary to dig holes.

Our course had been along the base of the Ruwenzori, through a picturesque country. Towering upward to the west were the Mountains-of-the-Moon; nearer and to the east, numerous columns of smoke coiled up in the heavy atmosphere from amidst the plantain gardens—an ideal scene of rural peacefulness. At Lebona, I gave up for the day and stretched out on a bed of grass.

As I was passing from Kabarole to Mbeni as the guest of the King of Toro, the royal messengers provided an abundant supply of food both for ourselves and our men. I asked the King's messenger to provide men and a hammock that I might be carried the next day, fearing that fever was weakening me too much for the efforts necessary in pedestrianism. Tuesday was a fateful day! I left Lebona at six o'clock in a hammock made of the fly of my tent, carried in true scriptural style by four men. The Prime Minister's messenger went ahead and the King's messenger behind. As we left Lebona, the snows on the lofty summits of the Ruwenzori were just visible. These were, however, not the main snow peaks. We came upon elephant spoor not more than three hours old when nearing Kasali. Tiger grass and bushy trees adorned the landscape. The fever made it impossible for me to settle my thoughts sufficiently either to write or wisely dictate to my stenographer.

A short time after arriving at Kasenyi, the fifteen men who had been bearing the Kitanda came up in company with the head-man and respectfully knelt down in the presence of the King's messenger, saying,



ON THE ROAD FROM KABAROLE TO ALBERT EDWARD NYANZ



NANTUX ISLAND ALBERT EDWARD NANTUX, C.M.S. CHURCH AND PART OF CONGREGATION

"Who are we that we should disobey the King's messenger? But we have come without bringing anything to cover us at night." The royal messenger replied, "When the men bring food I will see if others can be supplied; if not you will continue." The wonderful good nature with which they all indicated their willingness to abide by the decision of the representative of Kasagama is said to be characteristic of the dark-skinned races in this Protectorate. There is a contrast between the Bunyoro and the men of Uganda; the former are less vigorous, less coherent, less patriotic, and less independent, and as my boy Nathaniel says, "The Bunyoro have not a great deal of wisdom." On the road this morning, the King's messenger stopped a man carrying salt on his head and required him to put down his load and assist to the end of the journey. The clansman did it with great good cheer, leaving his packages unprotected by the roadside.

I was in great distress during the night and took medicine several times. My temperature went up to one hundred and four. In the morning it seemed wise to turn back and I was carried to Lebona, and on a grass bed in a leaf hut I lay down with an ever-increasing fever. Runners were sent forward to Dr. Bond, at Kabarole, who arrived on his wheel in the nick of time. My temperature was over 106° Fahr. when he came. I had the worst night of my life in that grass hut, and but for the blessing of Providence on the skilful physician who, with my very good friend, Johnson, of Kabarole, remained the night through with me, it must have been my last on earth.

It is not well for anybody to decry medical missionaries in my presence! While awaiting the coming

him the undesirable cognomen at the beginning of the journey immediately on leaving Mengo, because he showed a strong tendency to disseminate discord among the other members of the Uganda caravan. This seemed to be attributable to his not having been selected as one of the two Yellow Bags, a position of considerable honour. He later on proved to be one of the very best porters I have ever had ; indeed, he is equal to the Chinese carriers who took me over the lofty mountains of Yunnan. I have continued his name Rascal as a matter of pleasantry. He carried me on his ample back across swift rivers, guarded the precious Yellow Bags, fixed my bed, and travelled fast or slow without a word or hint of complaint. My new men compared unfavourably with the Men-of-Uganda. As a rule they were smaller, possessed less vitality and ambition, and displayed a mental density which was highly undesirable.

During the afternoon of Saturday I called at the Roman Catholic Mission a mile out of the capital. Priest Achte says that Toro is one of the best places in the Protectorate for health, that there are no mosquitoes at the mission station, but plenty in the neighbouring swamps. In this matter of swamps Toro resembles other portions of the Protectorate. Heber had never visited Africa when he wrote

"Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down her golden sands."

Someone has suggested that it should read

"Where Afric's swamps and mountains
Meet one on every hand."

"We have plenty of old people," says the Algerian priest, "some eighty and ninety years of age. Their beards are white, but it is impossible to tell exactly

how old they are. One man we thought to be a hundred years and twenty old. It does not take the Toroites as long to learn to read as it does people in Europe. The natives of this country are clever, but not as clever as the Men-of-Uganda. The house here was built by 'boys' from Uganda, but they do not get 'big enough instruction;' the people are good-hearted. Some cannot attend church on Sunday because there is only one suit of clothes in the wigwam, and this is worn by turns."

The R.C.'s require all boys from ten to eighteen years of age to read and take a course of reading before being baptized. The girls and older people are simply expected to memorize a small catechism. A man desiring to be baptized remains in the station for six months. On these terms they have baptized about two thousand. The mission has had a rather precarious career, and gathers especially the poorer people and small chiefs, all but two of the big chiefs being Protestant.

The priests showed me over the garden and called my attention to the various growing vegetables. They grow some of the largest cabbage I have ever seen. Later in the day Priest Achte and his confrère called on me, accompanied by a large basket of fine vegetables, including the monster cabbage on which I had remarked when in the mission garden; also carrots, parsley, and large rough-skinned fruit resembling lemons, and other vegetables with the names of which I am unfamiliar. This was a welcome present, for I find myself disinclined to eat greasy or rich things. I began nibbling at the head of cabbage directly the priests had said good-bye.

A feature of a Toro Sunday is the beating of *the church drums*. These are greatly preferred to bells.

A bell was taken out to Mengo at considerable expense before the railroad was built, but it is not used to assemble the people. (It is the same in Fiji, where the natives prefer the old cannibal drums.) For that purpose the big drums are employed, and they can be distinctly heard many miles away. Drum-sound carries a prodigious distance. Many of the natives are under the apprehension that bells are used to frighten away evil spirits, and they sometimes hang up a gourd on a line across the entrance to a village that the wind may make a noise and frighten off bad spooks. The drum is a great institution in this Protectorate. There are many kinds of drums and many kinds of drum beats, each with a special significance. When a man enters into a chieftainship he is said to "eat the drum," and permanently abstain from beating it. When the King of Ankole was baptized in December of 1902, after the sacred ceremony he went down the hill with his people. The foreign missionaries, on inquiring what he was going to do, were told, "The King will beat the drums of the kingdom!" They followed him and found a little enclosure with the people seated in a semi-circle around two drums decorated with a crescent-shaped pattern in black and white, and draped in native bark-cloth. Presently the King with great dignity arose, took up the sticks, and tapped both drums. To the missionaries this was a strange proceeding, but to the heathen audience it had a stupendous significance. For they have an ancient tradition that when a big chief or a king beats the drum of his chieftainship or kingdom, national disaster will shortly follow. Many were the heart-searchings and anxious whispers among the black-skinned gatherings as around the fires at night they discussed the momentous

events of the day, and deep would be the impression of good or evil left on them. Many thought that evil must certainly result, for the King had broken with his old belief in the power of evil spirits, which probably for centuries had held the kings of Ankole and their liegemen. The fact that disaster has not followed is, perhaps, helping the henchmen of King Kahaya forward in the belief in the new faith.

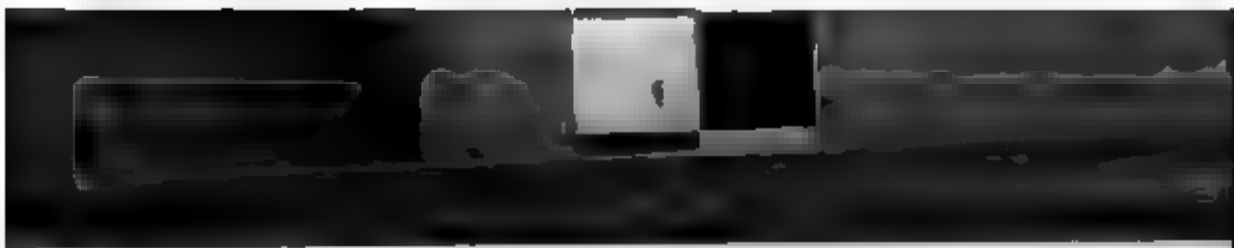
The natives distinguish the sounds with great adroitness. For instance, a foreigner fourteen miles from the capital of Toro was about to start at six o'clock in the morning on a journey, when he heard a drum going, and his "boys" told him that it was the Protestant drum. Soon after, another distant drum was heard, and they were equally positive that a Roman Catholic drum was sounding. The Kabarole church drum has been heard as far as "Big Ben" in Westminster when sounding out in the still air of the early morning, while the monster Mengo drum can be heard still further.

Then there is *the war drum*. Nowadays there is no need to beat it to call men to bloody conflict ; but the King has it struck when he wants to call his people together for business, especially a leopard hunt. When the natives hear the drum, they pause for an instant to interpret its beat, and if it be the call to war, they run with all speed and agility to the King's enclosure, and in a few minutes hundreds of warriors will have gathered from different parts.

There are other musical instruments used by the natives. One of them is the ntongoli, an eight-stringed creation varying in pattern among the different tribes. The strings are stretched upon a gourd covered with skin and are made of a bark fibre from the nsibaga tree, which is very high. The musical

natives climb the nsibaga, cut off a branch, peel down the fibre, and make the strings. Perhaps the simplest musical instrument in use in this region of the Mountains-of-the-Moon is the njenje, a two-stringed instrument from the Congo Free State. The mountaineers, dressed in nothing but the merest fragment of cloth, when going on a long march are quite contented to encourage themselves by playing the njenje as they walk. Another instrument more or less musical is the ndere, or native reed flute. The King, when going on a journey, is satisfied if accompanied by a no more pretentious band than a single native flutist. Then there is the nsego, sometimes played when the King comes down stairs in his house; it is a pierced stick, and plays with "one voice." Then comes the pretentious ntimbo, a hollowed-out tree trunk varying in length, covered with cow skin or goat skin, and beaten with the fingers; this is a royal instrument possessed only by the King, and is an indication of his "glory." The King of Toro's band is composed of ikondere and drums. The men when playing on state occasions, as they did in the King's presence for my special benefit, accompany their playing with a quaint dance.

On Monday, the twenty-first of September, I travelled from Kabarole eighteen miles southward to Kasali, lying on the eastern foothills of the Ruwenzori. In the caravan were four of the King's musketeers with puttees around their legs, white Grecian trousers, blue sweaters, and red tarbooshes. These were despatched as a special mark of honour and favour, as also a messenger representing the King and Prime Minister. The caravan left my host's house in Kabarole before half-past three and stopped at Lebona at six. We passed on, after having a lunch, to the



MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, MBENI IN THE SEMIRI VALLEY



ARCHERS AT MBENI



WATERBURY

A SAVAGE ON THE EDGE OF THE SEMI-WILDERNESS PLAYING A PRIMITIVE
MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

day's destination at Kasali, where we arrived at ten o'clock precisely. The road at frequent intervals took a dip, and the view included many extinct and picturesque craters. On the way I passed large fields planted in regular fashion with American corn, and saw fresh elephant spoor. The monster beasts seem to have been in a hurry on the slippery road, and slid considerably in the early morning. The caravan marched through tall reed grass; one stalk I measured at Kasali was three inches over sixteen feet, and some is considerably higher. In swampy regions there is an extravagant growth of papyrus and other rushes, reeds and coarse grass. The road is about twelve feet wide from reeds to reeds, but the well-beaten track, which is never a straight line, does not usually exceed eighteen inches in width. A variety of small flowers, chiefly yellow, and an assortment of cheerful singing birds helped us forward. While at the rest hut at Kasali a deluge of rain, accompanied by thunder and lightning, penetrated the roof, and gave us temporarily some anxiety. 100 inches of rainfall per annum is the record of the eastern flanks of the Ruwenzori. Soon after our arrival at Kasali bunches of bananas were brought, by order of the King's messenger, from various gardens by men and women bearing spears, and placed in a long row in front of the reed rest hut. The porters were then told off in squads in charge of the King's guards, and each man took a bunch of bananas and put it near the grass booth in which he was to sleep. One of them went to a euphorbia tree, tore off two limbs and placed them on the ground forming a double arch. Being full of sap, these refused to burn; a roaring fire was then made of dry grass and thorn bush under the euphorbia arch, and the entire bunch of bananas

was laid on top for the smoke and flame as well as the heat to sweep through, blacken and roast. These are eaten by the natives as they sit on the ground hugging the fire. The men seem to flourish on this simple diet, and in the case of the Men-of-Uganda do an amazing amount of work. A string of Negroes in single file, each with his spear and a crescent of bananas, will start off on a long journey and be perfectly satisfied if there is a sufficient supply of bananas. The fruit is eaten when it is as green as grass. Indeed, I have seen very few ripe bananas in Africa.

Early Tuesday morning we started for Kasenyi, which place we left after lunch at eight o'clock. Here I took a photograph including a native with deeply scarred tribal marks. The ancient religion of Toro might well be described as propitiation of the devil expressed in scarring the face, burning the chest, extracting teeth in the lower jaw, offering sacrifices of goats, fowls, beer, and in extreme cases on great occasions, *human sacrifices*. The Toroites seem to have known nothing about a good spirit. The devil was waited on by priests whom the people called by different names, such as Warnala, *i.e.*, Lake Devil, and Kagola, *i.e.*, Physician Devil. There is a tradition that the supreme devil, called Muchwezi, was originally shot up by fire out of one of the numerous crater lakes. This would seem to be evidence that Toro was populated at the time the chain of extinct volcanoes were active. It is from this tradition that the idea got abroad that Muchwezi's residence is in the crater lakes. These bodies of water are generally called Kyata Bulogo, which means death to wizards, from a one-time common practice of seizing people supposed to have acted as wizards, binding them,

and hurling them into these lakes to expedite their return to Muchwezi, the god-of-the-wizards.

When the missionaries arrived on the scene reverence for parents was an unknown quantity. When old people were no longer able to work, it was found inconvenient to feed them. They were transported by their relatives, tightly bound with banana thongs, and thrown into the papyrus swamps. Mothers and fathers had little love for their children and looked upon them as certain assets to be let out or sold to wealthy slave owners, or to fill the harems of the more prosperous chiefs. The children, the same hour they were born, were burned by fire on the chest and scarred on the forehead by a sharp knife, that the smoke from the human flesh and the blood from the forehead might act as incense in propitiation of the devil. Hence the Toroites are said to have their heads scarred with tribal marks from fire and knife. Soon after the introduction of Christianity in 1896 a great council of the King and chiefs was held, and all these old customs and habits were discarded.

It became a crime to extract teeth from the lower jaw, to burn by fire or to blood-let, so that Christianity has introduced a new tribe facially, and all children born since 1896 are called "Jesus children," because they are free from marks and wounds on the body.

Two leagues due south of the Mubuku, I suddenly halted to enjoy the most entrancing view in tropical Africa—the rosy-tinted snow on the lofty Ruwenzori. As the morning advanced the scene assumed the character of greater beauty and sublimity. And when the sun rose above the picturesque mountain of Kitagwenda, which protects the northern arm of the Albert Edward Nyanza, and flooded the white fields of eternal snow with indescribable splendour, I had

emotions somewhat akin to those which deluged my soul when crossing the hot plains of the Jordan, in the early morning. Then I beheld the glory of the bright and morning star, over the hills of Bashan, in the glow of the approaching sunrise! My vocabulary fails me on both scenes! The view over the rolling grassland from Kiktoma one hundred miles away,

"Bounded afar by peak aspiring bold,
Like giant capt with helm of burnished gold,"

is only excelled by this present view, for here the outlines are perfectly defined and their every grandeur appreciable. One advantage is that the transition from the plains to the mountains is sudden and well defined. The sublime milk-white climax to the plateaux of the continent, each higher than the other, from the Eastern Ocean to the Ruwenzori, is not surpassed by any elevated region or great protuberance of perpetual snow crystals on this planet.

These mountain masses with first tropical life, then a temperate zone to be followed by cold, pale fronts of the snow abode or frigid zone, introduce modification of climate in ascending the slopes that are not unlike those observed in travelling from the Equator to the Pole.

On the third day from Kabarole we marched from Kijumba to Mohoya. The chief feature of the day's journey was the mountain streams we crossed. The Mubuku has its sources far up in the frost land, and glaciers of mighty Ruwenzori, and has changed its cold course three times in the last five years. It is as fickle as the warm Hoang-ho, but hardly as dangerous. At the ford of the Mubuvu a message met me from Captain —, dated Fort Mbeni, the seventeenth of

September, extending to me a cordial greeting to the Congo territory, placing himself at my disposal (!) and signifying that he will come a three days' journey to meet me. The scene is difficult to leave. I must think it over again. The snowy range of the Mountains-of-the-Moon are over 30 miles long and five miles wide, and in the midst is the highest point in Africa, reaching an altitude of about 21,000 feet. Here are glaciers and snow fields of surpassing beauty. Indeed, I know of no such range anywhere. Skirted and surrounded by grass land on all sides at the base, and stretching upward thousands of feet to a tree belt, and thence onward and upward to the fields of white, the sublime is reached ! One of the rivers I crossed on a bridge ; another on the back of a curly-headed porter to steady him when the current almost swept him off his legs ! A third I jumped by placing my hands on the shoulders of two men ; and landed with one foot in the water and splashed "The Rascal" all over. The heat became excessive after half-past eight. When the man bearing the basket occupied chiefly by the head of cabbage presented by Priest Achte arrived at the destination, he snorted and said, "one to you." I suppose he was congratulating himself that the day's work was done. The old chief of Mohokya soon arrived with a number of his heathen henchmen. He was dressed in trousers-once-white, coat-once-yellow, tarboosh-once-red, and a skin-once-clean. He presented a sheared sheep, many big bunches of bananas, Indian corn, beans and yellow yams.

On Thursday the journey of the chief part of the caravan, accompanied by the secretary, was from Mohokya to Kikorongo. Johnson, a few picked men, and myself left Mohokya at a quarter to six, marched

almost due south, and then turned dead to the right and began the steep ascent of the Mountains-of-the-Moon. There is romance in the ancient name ! One of the most important tribes dwelling on the sunrise slopes of the Mountains-of-the-Moon are the Bakonja. They practise circumcision, and since beginning to read the Bible, trace these customs back to the days of Moses. Many things once offered to God have since been presented to the devil. It is interesting to know how the various peoples dwelling not far from the Ruwenzori think about the lofty heights. The Toroites never refer to the Mountains-of-the-Moon, but call them simply lusozi, "hills." The snow on the top is referred to as "birika." The people of Uganda speak of the mountains as Gamalagala, which may be traced to the first word in the proverb "Gamalagala fumba bari," which means "The large leaf that boils the clouds;" because in Uganda everything is stewed in banana leaves, and from the clouds that are shot down into the valleys surrounding Toro, the Men-of-Uganda think they are boiled up above, or that the "man up above" has taken the lid off his pot !

The tribal name Bakonja is derived from the name of the bananas which they eat. These bananas grow as long as nine inches and are stringy and hard ; fruit and stalk are brilliant red. They grow only in high altitudes. The Bakonja go up the Mountains-of-the-Moon fourteen thousand feet and hunt conies, the "feeble folk" mentioned in the Bible. A Bakonja has a very comfortable way of getting these animals. He sits by the mouth of the hole and lets them run into his knob-kerry. One being killed makes no difference to the rest ; they all run into the trap, seeming to be nearly blind. The Bakonja's chief

food is a large kind of melon called uju, and they are also fond of snakes and frogs. When the missionaries first came to Kabarole, these men came down from the mountains and contracted to catch the rats and mice about the houses. They covered the place with small snares made of grass, and would sometimes go off with a rare bag when there was no cat in the neighbourhood. Their only trade with Europeans was old tin boxes, with which they made ear-rings and covered spears. They would stipulate to catch three rats for a sardine tin, but the missionaries have now taught them also to value cloth.

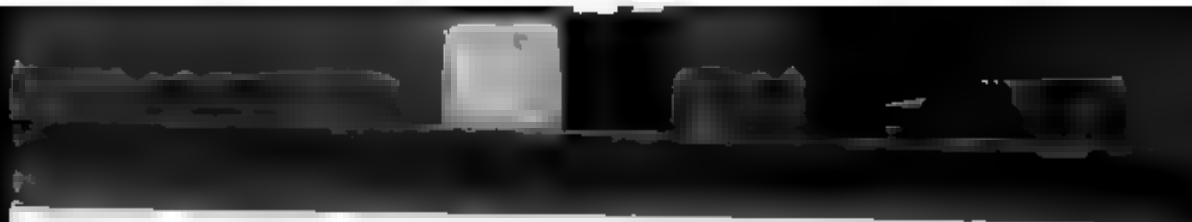
Occasionally an unfortunate village situated on the mountain side is swallowed up by a lively landslip. Villages are usually built over old land-slips, as they are the only flat places. In the lofty summits of the Ruwenzori lie the eternal snows. Vast glaciers may there be seen, but only eight Europeans have ever reached the snow line. Among these was the wife of Missionary Fisher, the only lady who has ever stood on a glacier in Africa. In four days she passed from a temperature of one hundred and ninety-four Fahrenheit in the sun to thirty-two Fahrenheit in the sun. Part way up the mountain we laid hands on two men, Hair-of-the-head and Twin-meat, belonging to the Abanybinda, a tribe of fishermen; they were on their way to Albert Edward Nyanza. It is a curious fact that this tribe of mountaineers dwells in elevated situations in the Mountains-of-the-Moon, its members going down thousands of feet to the lake to catch the fish and vending them to other mountain savages. They also cultivate the soil. On approaching our destination at Kitabu, a mountain village ruled over by Chief Kasami, the church drum sounded, and the congregation of tall, lank mountaineers came out to

extend a hearty greeting. A poor Christian man made me a present of two eggs done up in a banana leaf. I wanted to purchase a chicken of the chief to learn the price of chickens in the Mountains-of-the-Moon. So I asked Kasami to sell me one. His reply was, "Do you think Marko Kasami would take money from a guest?" So I found it impossible to purchase fowls, but the price is about a penny. As we were accomplishing a rapid descent of the Ruwenzori a thunder and lightning storm swept over the range. The Mountains-of-the-Moon certainly attract lightning. Recently in the neighbourhood of the main range there have been struck the missionary's house at Butiti, the church and a missionary's house at Kabarole. The situation has become so serious that the Church Missionary Society has provided lightning ribbons for mission buildings. In a recent storm at Butiti the banana plantations lying between the church and the King's residence were struck in three places. There is no question but that the atmosphere on the mountains is more invigorating than that in the plains, and I greatly regret not being able to take time to stop longer and fully recuperate in the bracing highland air. In the early afternoon we began a hasty descent of the Mountain. By five o'clock we had reached the river Nyabugasani, which is the west boundary between British and Free State territory. Johnson said that he would throw a stone over into the Free State, but he could not find one! I observed many new huts on the British side of the water. The people aver that they come over because of ill-treatment on the other side; but it is a noticeable fact that when the hut tax is to be collected they promptly remove into Congo territory to escape the officers of the law. We pushed on fearing to be caught by the night.





THE AUTHOR TESTING THE NERVE OF A NATIVE WHO HAS A BANANA ON HIS HEAD TO BE SHOT OFF.
SEMI IN GRASSLAND, NEAR THE MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON AFRICA



I arrived at Kirundu-on-the-Equator at six P.M., and, according to instructions given in the morning, the main caravan should have been awaiting me there. My surprise was therefore great to find no signs of it; and runners were at once sent to locate the missing procession and instruct it to proceed to Katwe. Johnson and myself found ourselves with very little paraphernalia. We asked the chief to receive us, as he would a big chief of his own people. This seemed to please him immensely. Before darkness had settled, he brought bunches of bananas for eating raw, many bunches to be cooked, a sheep, three fat chickens, a good supply of eggs, and many regrets at being unable to supply us with milk because his herd is young.

The little village over which Bwogo rules is entirely enclosed in a stout reed fence built eight feet high and double. At seven P.M. some drops of rain fell, and I requested to be shown my sleeping quarters. Just as my men shut the rough gate in the outer court and fastened it with a thong of banana fibre, The Rascal brought the Yellow Bag and lit a fire to roast sweet potatoes. As I passed from one court to another, in shadowy corners crouched black cannibal figures absolutely silent, their eyes, dark, mirthless and cruel, flashed from out corners of overhanging eyebrows, with their hands on wicked-looking spears. These silent savages boded no good. I found that the hut where "the Big White Chief" was to sleep opened into the cow-yard, where was a big fire around which sheep, goats and cattle gathered in front of my door, where a native warrior stood on guard. Fresh grass a foot deep was spread inside the entrance of the conical hut; on this I placed my rubber blankets and two red ones, and fastened a mosquito net with

reeds. The hut was well built, constructed entirely of reeds and thatched with grass, save only the up-rights, which were trunks of small trees supporting the roof. After fixing my bed, I took a lantern and cruised about this odd uncanny habitation. Very soon I came across a stall with the floor eighteen inches higher than the rest of the hut, where slept a woman and child. Near was a second fire which is supposed never to go out ; this may not be true, but as the natives wear very little clothing, it is not surprising that they enjoy a constant fire.

I am free to admit my misgivings when the caravan was not awaiting me here. Had it been murdered and robbed by local or distant savages ? And was I being entrapped for the same fate ? The crouching savages, the extraordinary hospitality, the wicked-looking sleepers (?) in the hut, the unearthly shouts outside the protected camp, all suggested danger. Then, too, I had but two guards with me, and only a hundred rounds of cordite shells for my repeating rifle, but what are these far-off in the heart of Africa among savages ? But I decided to try and sleep whatever my fate was to be.

The weird light of the large tree trunks slowly consumed by the flames outside cast over one a strange impression, and the breath hung suspended in the bosom. This was heightened when, at eight o'clock, the young Chief Bwogo asked me to delay sleep for a little. What did this mean ? Were we to be murdered conveniently ? Imagine, if you can, my feelings when he took from a rafter a Bible and hymn-book and humbly conducted evening worship !!! All sang

"Come to Jesus, don't delay ;
Remember He is here to-day."

to the tune, "Joyful, joyful will the meeting be"

with considerable variations. He read by the dim firelight around which the sheep and goats were gathered, then all knelt, and in a strong voice the Chief of Kirundu prayed. It is very wonderful that this man, far from any preacher or teacher, has learned something of the Gospel, and is teaching the people of his village on the Equator. During his prayer the chieftain said, "O God, we ask Thee to bind Thy law around our hearts with a rope that our hearts may be full of fat." To the young chief the choicest thing possible is meat with an abundance of fat. He continued to pray, "O Lord, protect these two travellers from fever on the road of their long journey." Nothing could be kinder than the hospitality of the Chief of Kirundu. We came upon Bwogo uninvited and unexpected, and behold, nothing but kindness and a keen desire to accommodate us comfortably and cleanly. Are missions a failure? Think *where* and how this happened! Do I believe in missions?

At two o'clock in the morning one of the cows rushed into the hut, but fortunately not into the mosquito net; the sentinel on guard and another black with firebrands hurried in and got the beast out. Before two hours were past we started at a very smart pace with Chief Bwogo as guide through long wet grass toward the important salt village of Katwe. My feet became wet with the dew from four feet of grass, and but for an oilcloth which I pinned in front of me I must have been soaked "clear through." In the early morning I had a glimpse of the beautiful salt lake, passed over bare volcanic rocks, left the craters of extinct volcanoes on the left, and stopped at a small village called Kyobwere to eat some cooked sweet potatoes which I purchased of a passing native. I arrived at Katwe at the house of the Big Chief at

eight in the morning, having passed an old fort, salt sheds, and heaps of bad salt. The secretary with the remainder of the caravan came in an hour later, having marched by the main road. Just after leaving Kikorongo he met with hippos which ran off the road and splashed into the lake. The day before he fired at one with his carbine, and gave him a shot in the head, but found it inconvenient to wait for him to be pulled ashore. A story is told of a number of Batoro going out to hunt hippo in one of the crater lakes. They found the brutes and attacked them with spears and succeeded in wounding one. The injured hippo turned upon his foes, and they decamped for their lives. But the infuriated animal succeeded in getting one of the men, whom he promptly bit into two pieces, the head falling at one side and the feet at the other. When the hippo was gone, the friends of the dead man came back, and the head end said, "O, my friends, if I had not run away I am sure he would not have noticed me."

After midday meal Johnson and myself wound our way through a Bakonja village spread out amidst eucalyptus trees, to the shore of the Albert Edward Nyanza, where with some more or less converted savages, we passed the missionary's cows, and clambered into one of the largest dug-outs I have ever seen made of a single tree. It was formerly used for war-like purposes. Four paddles sculled us across to the island of the blind Chief Kakuli, with its bee-hive-shaped huts as thick as ant-hills. Thunder and lightning were ambling around beyond the Mountains of Ankole. We saw no hippos or other awful big things, but a few birds skimmed away. The island is the largest of the three which make a charming view from the salty

Katwe. On the second of these islands live some of Kakuli's people, and on the third the birds are as thick as blossoms on a tree. The island is covered with living green, and reaches an elevation of probably one hundred feet above the lake; it may be about two miles long and one mile wide. The natives possess a civilization of their own. This is expressed first in their clothing, of which they wear mighty little. Second in decoration; some of the women have hundreds of rings on their knees and around their arms and calves. They have boats, some made of single logs and others of boards sewn with fibre into a sort of crazy patchwork canoe. And strange to say, they have a church building, well ventilated. Johnson conducted a service in it. The meeting was largely attended by large people; the fattest native congregation I have seen west of the Victoria Nyanza. There were many sweet-toned voices, indeed, all the congregation sang well. There was only one hymn book in an audience of eighty. This book had paper covers and cost the phenomenal wampum of forty shells. Pathos was added to the scene when the old blind chief came in with his young wife and sat on a stool carved out of a single piece of tree trunk. The Chief participated as best he could in the service.

When Bishop Tucker came here with the senior Dr. Cook in the year 1898, the surgeon promised that if the chief would come over to Katwe the next morning he would operate for cataract, and probably give him back his sight. Old Kakuli, in return, promised that he and his people would start reading the Gospel, but he failed to come until the day after, when the foreigners had gone. Nevertheless, two teachers were sent some while afterwards, and one of them ingratiated himself with them by taking an interest in the dialect,

and gained considerable acceptance for his teaching. His successor failed, and in consequence of a dearth of teachers elsewhere, the work has been left. Native Christians, however, paddle over from the mainland on Sundays and conduct services, while several of the more forward, among whom is the old Chief Kakuli, join together in beating the drum daily and gathering for prayer and reading. There are still many who take refuge and hide in their huts when the service is about to be started, lest they might be laid hands on by the more vigorous readers and taken bodily into the church.

I took a photograph of five females, showing a very peculiar embossing in the skin, made by cutting with a sharp instrument and raising the skin by inserting something under it and allowing it to heal. At the evening meal two Bakonja musicians entertained us with the njenje. As the instrument has but two strings and three wooden blocks against which they are pressed to make different notes, there is small variety. The other instrument in this band of serenaders was a sort of reed box containing berries, and when played sounded like dropping beans on a hard board.

On Saturday morning the caravan filed out of Katwe at four o'clock, and headed for the Pigmy Forest in the Congo Free State. An ingenious amateur guide took me off the track, which resulted in one of the Yellow Bags stepping into a hole and dropping his load, but fortunately my valuable camera was not broken. After a little more than an hour we came to the village of Nyabubale, and there found the heathen Chief Dwabulyo, who had been invited to transport us safely across the Nyabugasani river into Congo territory. When we reached the regular ford,

men appeared on the far side and built a fire which threw a weird and gloomy light across the water, while naked blacks moved up and down with flaming torches. On our side Chief Dwabulyo and his henchmen carefully examined the river, and when they saw the height of the water, gave vent to exclamations of surprise and dismay. During the night the boundary had risen considerably. He finally led us up some distance to what he considered an easier ford. Our single line of burdened men wound their way through plantain groves and amidst the large-leaved mutene, the edible lily on the flat lands bordering the river; and just as dawn was breaking in the east, we reached this second ford probably thirty yards wide, and in the midst of which swept a swift current. I was borne on the shoulders of a sturdy naked native, supported on either side by another equally powerful. The plan was to start and wade well up the stream and then bear across as the current carried us down. One of the men was swept several feet away from me. I got one foot wet, but the job was well done, and I was landed safely in the Congo Free State at five-thirty A.M.



NT VIEW OF TWO REAL GOMIES IN THE ITURE FOREST AFRICA

repair. The black fellows enjoyed the performance, but the villainous mosquitoes became more interesting to me than the fording of the Nyabugasani, which hastened my exit from the reeds through thatch grass a hundred yards beyond, where "ilka blade of grass had its ain drop of dew" to a first-class road. This highway, freshly cultivated, dead straight, was well reckoned to give a new arrival a good opinion of the energy and care exercised by the general and local officials.

The march from the river to Muswaga was through the country of the Basongoro, who are relatives of the natives dwelling about the salt lake at Katwe. Formerly, they were great cow-keepers, but during a widespread bovine plague which swept the Semliki Valley a few years ago, most of the tribesmen lost their animals. The grass which grows on this plain is suitable for cattle, but so great was the calamity of the cow plague that in spite of immediate and natural advantages, they have up to this time been unable to gather herds. The Basongora are accustomed to speak of things which happened before or since "the cows died." As far as I can learn, the Basongora never indulged in eating human flesh, but the Bamba, who dwell to the north and on the western slopes of the Ruwenzori, are said to have been cannibals until the foreigners came. The appearance of a white man did not in any sense remove their taste for what they formerly considered a great delicacy, but they no longer dare to indulge in the practice openly, though when a traveller or wanderer strays from the path at night, it is whispered that they are not averse to a good square meal of human flesh.

Numerous antelope, large and small, were wandering "O'er the plains where the tamarind grow," grazing

peacefully, and without suspicion of danger on the tender grass. Johnson went off in one direction and the secretary in the other with the fond hope of bagging some long horns, but got only a *long* tramp and the reward of Longfellow :—

"The rapture of pursuing
Is the prize the vanquished gain."

My watch had its black hands up to its white face at nine-fifteen when I reached the first of the Congo rest huts located at Muswaga, within a few hundred yards of the small bashful river Dubiriha. This shanty was fresh and clean, constructed of wattle and daub, surrounded by a trench, roofed with grass a foot thick and standing due east and west by the compass. Indeed, the whole place had the appearance of having been laid out by engineers. The doors were situated to admit what seems to be a trade wind to sweep through with full force. The difference in temperature on the roof and under it, according to a Fahrenheit thermometer, was fifty degrees, the temperature inside being seventy-six and that outside one hundred and twenty-six. Without resorting to instruments, I am of the opinion that Muswaga stands on the equator ; it is at least very near the Hot Line, but I found here, as in Borneo and other parts of the world, that on the equator is by no means the hottest place. I well remember after the long journey across China finding Mandalay exceedingly hot, but Rangoon was cooler, Singapore still cooler, and Kuching, in the land of the "wild man of Borneo," one hundred and twenty miles from the equator, the coolest spot I had found since leaving the lofty Chinese stockade at Shiti. In the South Seas I observed the same, and Muswaga is no exception.

My first Sunday in the Free State was spent in

comfortable quarters at Muswaga. The day broke cool and beautiful. I was up at half-past one in the moon-lit morning and found myself hungry, but was unable to find anything to eat, so turned in again. Since I had the atrocious attack of fever at lonely Lebona, it was necessary during waking hours to take food at intervals of not longer than three hours, and even at night not to go beyond six hours without nourishment. Thus far I had been unable to build up more than a very slight reserve of physical strength. My left eye had been a matter of great concern for the last three or four days. The gloom which was spreading over it was due either to the fever, or to the medicine which was necessary to check it ; banes are sometimes nearly as bad as their antidotes ! but not always. When I closed the right eye everything seemed to be covered with groups of miniature extinct volcanic craters. Remarkable instance of the persistence on the retina of external impressions !

After breakfast, Johnson of Kabarole read the Church of England service, and afterwards hammered on a tin bath to summon the carriers to worship. It is my custom to have rest and worship for myself and men on Sunday. In the afternoon I called The Rascal and went out to the top of a hill due west, beyond the River Dubiriha, which is spanned by a native bridge, and took a seat, made of newly-cut grass, under a tree. The view to the South included the Albert Edward Nyanza, which name acted on me like magic when I was a boy, probably three miles distant ; to the north the lofty snow-topped range of the Ruwenzori ; while to the east, the dead flat stretch of grass-land lay low in the hot equatorial sun, interspersed with shrubs bearing flowers resembling in odour the honeysuckles found on Buckingham Mountain, near Philadelphia,

moving herds of graceful antelopes, singing birds, and ghostly euphorbia trees, forming a delightful landscape, with the Mountains of Ankole in the dim distance. The evening meal was served in the open air, a beautiful sunset illuminating an assortment of fantastical clouds moving lazily above the Mountains of Butuku far off in the west, banks of golden clouds lying just above the magnificent Mountains-of-the-Moon, while on the Meridian their god-mother shed down an acceptable and helpful light. When I was about to retire, the local natives began a heathen moon-dance. They sat in a circle with Chief Muswaga seated in their midst directly in front of a large vessel containing intoxicating mubisi. Four different kinds of musical instruments were employed, and the dancers wore on the right ankle a string of bangles. Now and again a drink passed round to keep the spirits at the point of hilarity, and the acme of success in the dance lay in the marvellous and intricate movements in which the grotesque stomachs of the wild participants could be employed. It was all very weird and uncanny. After a morning's worship, it was strange to see the day end with

"Midnight shout and revelry,
Topsy dance and jollity."

On Monday we were up early, and the procession moved off promptly at half-past two. It seems desirable to avoid the African sun as far as possible, hence the night travelling. The caravan passed over a short level tract, down into a narrow valley, across a trembling native bridge and up a short steep ascent to a very gradual slope for more than two hours. Most of the road was cultivated and good, but in a few sections long grass threatened to wet the feet; and here and there a tree trunk lay across the

path. Some of the porters who were careless in keeping up with the front of the procession came upon these tree trunks unexpectedly and slipped and went rolling overboard; fortunately none of them were damaged, nor the burdens which they carried. The country was also rolling and composed largely of grass-land, interspersed with acacia trees. Birds took their flight and occasional animals scampered off on either side. The uncanny sound of a hungry leopard not above twenty yards from the caravan was heard, but the beating of tin pans caused the animal to skedaddle. Three and one-half hours after leaving Muswaga, we encountered a human habitation. I signified a halt for food, when a local savage indicated that a camp was near at hand. In a few minutes the caravan came upon a deep ravine down into which we filed with considerable difficulty, crossed a small brook in the bottom of the canyon, spanned by a newly-made bridge, then up a steep ascent. On reaching high ground, behold a paradise in the midst of the lonely Semliki landscape!

This was no other than Karimi, where a European officer is usually in residence. We entered at once upon a street probably one hundred and fifty feet in width, perfectly kept, and lined on either side with mud and wattle houses occupied by the native police. The guest house at the end of this boulevard is white-washed and contains two rooms, many insects, and is surrounded by a spacious roof. Down the middle of the broad thoroughfare heaps of sweet potatoes were being measured out for our men. The various roads passing out through the grounds of the station are lined with young euphorbia trees, and the well-kept gardens produce sweet potatoes in large quantities. Up the hill from the rest hut are the sheds for housing the cattle of the officers at Fort Mbeni. Directly I

was seated on an oilcloth in the porch, the captain of the local guard presented a basin containing twenty eggs, a cylindrical creation containing six papias and a basket of four live chickens, a live sheep, a large gourd of milk, and another of fresh butter followed soon. Directly afterwards the chief, Byamunuri was introduced. He is lame in one foot, is without a nose (this appendage is not very necessary for a native, for he seldom makes use of any information passing through it), only part of a mouth, a few teeth knocked in to the various points of the compass, and one eye. Poor fellow ! he is the most lop-sided chief I have seen in darkest Africa, but he has the power to control savages, and rules the whole district of Bwiyanja. Karimi was a pleasing change after the lonely stretch of grass-lands all the way from the Congo line. The natives were well fed, but are not advantaged mentally and spiritually. Johnson bagged three fine guinea fowl in the afternoon.

Early the next morning we pushed on toward Karungu led by a guide evidently of some prominence among the native scouts. But in a few minutes he disappeared into the darkness and left an inferior fellow with a basket of chickens on his head to do the work. The chickens proved of some advantage. Any sudden movement of the guide was indicated by the contents of the basket. Once he came unexpectedly upon a steep place, lost his footing and rolled down. Over this performance there was much chicken talk. I felt sure that he would not be able to run off without my knowing it, and knowing it, a rifle shot would promptly bring him to a halt. Our course now lay very much to the northward, with the sunken Semliki River on the left and the Ruwenzori Mountains towering on the right. The path ran through the

feeding-place of herds of elephants and other herds of large antelope. For an hour we marched in leopard tracks. The Semliki valley is probably one of the greatest big game reaches in the world. Here I saw wild animals without number. Once again I was impressed with the lack of human inhabitants, which may be due to the plain being at times over-supplied with moisture. Smoke was ascending from the western slopes of the mighty Ruwenzori on the east and from the Semliki Mountains on the west.

After crossing the Dumi River a messenger carrying a musket presented a letter from Mbeni from Captain Sabatini, in which he said he would come out to meet me. I arrived at Karungu a little before noon, and soon after he appeared with a dozen well-drilled and well-armed African savage soldiers. He is an officer in the first Grenadier Guards, spent three years in Abyssinia, the first Italian officer to receive leave of absence for a three years' holiday to serve in the Congo Free State. The soldiers are a mixture of men from various tribes, of fine bearing and well-drilled. They receive in pay six stretches of blue cloth per month. A stretch is from finger-tip to finger-tip with the arms extended as far as may be. A corporal receives in addition to the above three undershirts per month. After three years' service an additional pay of fifteen francs is granted. The Captain not speaking any English, and indifferent French, and myself having no freedom with Italian, the meeting and greeting was of an unusual order. In reference to the French language ; I studied it in the university and afterwards when visiting Paris failed to find anyone speaking French, so I lost hope. The Italian official of the Free State gave me a hearty greeting, and in a curious mixture of French, German and English, we carried on

a highly interesting and I hope, edifying conversation.

The next morning after three and one-half hours Fort Mbeni was entered. On the way three interesting incidents occurred. First, a Malafu, not a member of our caravan, got drunk on a native beverage and fell down. Most of the native tribes have some sort of an intoxicant, but the Malafu take to excess a highly alcoholic beverage made from the palm; yet even among that people it is seldom one meets with a drunkard; this was the first drunken native I met in Africa. The second interesting thing was the very vigorous shaking of the secretary getting an attack of fever. We fortunately had come along at a good pace and so were close to the Semliki, which was quickly passed in a hollow log, and he was landed in a hammock safely at the Fort. The fever continued to intensify until he reached the deadly temperature of over one hundred and five, and was in a pitiable condition. The third incident was the crossing of the swift Semliki in native dugouts propelled by punt sticks. The plan is to go aboard the hollow log, ascend the river by punting until the large palm trees are off the quarter, then with vigorous poling be swung by the swift current to the further shore. The east bank of the river is low, as is also the west, but after a few hundred yards on alluvial deposit, the "voyageur" begins to ascend a steep avenue lined with banana trees, papias and tobacco to an altitude of two hundred feet above the river, when he enters the parade ground surrounded by barracks, and sees a clean wide road lined with useful trees stretching far out toward the Great Forest.

Fort Mbeni is nine hundred and fifty meters above the tide and is considered a healthful location, with a splendid outlook over the valley. Fifty soldiers are quartered here in charge of two European officials.





NATIVE-MADE BRIDGE CROSSING THE NAKO RIVER. GREAT PIGMY FOREST

ACROSS THE SEMLIKI VALLEY 195

The fort itself is four-square, surrounded by a brick wall, which is supported by earthen ramparts and a trench. It contains magazines and two residences for foreigners, one of which the Captain presented for the use of the missionary, the secretary and myself. The midday meal, served in the mess room was splendidly done and composed of seven courses. The conversation was polyglot as per sample. One of the travellers wanted to compliment a small native boy wearing a red tarboosh, who was especially active at the Captain's end of the table. The traveller said, pointing to the small specimen of humanity, "Petit und all right." This was understood by all present, but after a moment's silence the comical in the situation seemed to flash upon each person's mind at the same time, and there burst forth a roar of laughter. French, German, and American in a solitary phrase of four words ! The wonderful good humour and courtesy of the host and his Belgian *confrère*, was marked and exceedingly happy. While at the table on one occasion, Wangite, chief of the Mambuba tribe, located on the east bank of the Semliki, opposite Mbeni, in charge of the dugout ferry, dropped into the mess room and proceeded to talk at a rapid rate, making all sorts of gestures and evidently some highly humorous statements. It appears that the local chiefs have access to the superior officer at almost any time and anywhere. This is certainly desirable and makes any system of blackmail or backsheesh difficult.

The Captain says that during the seven months he has been in the Free State he has not found it necessary to use the "baton" on anyone, although he is given the power to use it as punishment up to twenty-five strokes to an individual in one sentence. In Abyssinia he found it different ; the Sudanese will take five

strokes without apparently feeling it. Indeed, it is the custom there for the man being punished to pick up a small pebble each time he is struck, and when the number five is reached, he will hold the pebbles out in his hand and say, "See here, the number is full." The position of an official at an outpost such as this is not an easy one, but it is a busy life, and melancholia stands small opportunity of gaining permanent grip. Four months are required to bring provisions from Banana-on-the-Sea to Mbeni, and it would seem advisable that the Government should arrange for such things as are required by its officials to be transported *via* the Uganda Railway and the British possessions. If I mistake not, so excellent are the British postal arrangements that a letter despatched from Kabarole in Toro may be in London in six weeks. Very frequent reference is made to the proposed railway from Stanleyville to Avakubi and thence on eastward to connect with the Cape-to-Cairo line, when Fort Mbeni will become a lively place—but during the last year only five or six travellers passed this way. By a practical use of the gardener's art, an ample supply of the most excellent food is produced on the Government land. A few of the products are bananas, papias, lemons, oranges, guavas, pomegranates, Indian corn, rice, onions, cabbage, lettuce, and some of the nicest radishes one would expect to find in any land. Nor is there lacking

"Sublime tobacco, which from east to west
Cheers the slave's labour and his master's rest."

I, however, have no use for the narcotic weed !

This Semliki valley may be termed The Land of Thunder. One day it growled about the storm-clad head of the Ruwenzori for hours, and then at five p.m.

crossed the valley and bombarded the outpost and heights of Fort Mbeni with terrific discharges, crash following crash, and blinding glares flashing into each other with frightful rapidity.

"Far along
From peak to peak, the rolling crags among,
Leapt the live thunder."

This was accompanied by the low rumbling noise of the large rain drops falling on the plantain leaves. It became louder as the storm approached nearer, and the climax was reached when torrents of water descended and deluged and washed deeper the crevices on Mbeni and swelled the Semliki pouring along at its base. Seldom does one hear in temperate lands such a tremendous display of sky artillery as that which may be heard almost any day in the Valley of the Semliki. The troops were not called out to repel the attack; the downpour was enough to quench the ardour of any number. After the storm comes the shifting of the clouds on the Mountains-of-the-Moon, the heavy mist on the Semliki range, and the clear, cool, delightful atmosphere.

There are two regular routes leading from Mbeni through the Pigmy Forest to the Aruwimi. One is to Mawambi, a distance of thirty-eight hours; and from this to Avakubi, thirty-three hours. Along this road, which passes through the dense woodland of the smallest people on the earth, there are fourteen wattle and daub rest houses provided to protect the health of the Government officials and any other travellers who may have occasion to pass this way. A most commendable arrangement is this. The other route runs from Mbeni to Irumu, a distance of about forty hours, but with only three rest huts. At other points, however, sheds have been provided under which tents

may be erected. If one has occasion to come into Mbeni with Toro porters—and they are inefficient, although kind and honest, it is highly important that they be paid off and sent back to their country and carriers employed from Mbeni. This I did, providing the men with an extraordinary amount of food for their return journey. I was sorry to part with the Rascal, the Man-of-Uganda, but he was anxious to return to his own land where he might once again enjoy an ample supply of the particular kind of bananas which is most pleasing to the palates of his tribesmen.

I mentioned the extinct craters on the lens of my left eye. They seemed like ill-omens of gloom and disaster. This trouble developed until I lost the sight of that eye entirely and being greatly depressed, feared total blindness. Every possible device known to me was attempted. I then seriously considered turning back and travelling westward into the healthy plateau of Ankole, where an English physician was reported to be. But after much thought and I freely and gladly admit, much prayer, the decision was made to hope for recovery and proceed with arrangements for the long dangerous march through the sombre Homeland of the Pigmies. After two weeks, the sight fully returned and I returned thanks. I never solved the mystery, some said the Ruwenzori snows caused it, but I have my suspicions !

CHAPTER XIV

THE PIGMY FOREST

FORT MBENI TO FORT IRUMU—MY FIRST JOURNEY IN THE GREAT EQUATORIAL WOODLANDS

Silvae tenent media omnia latae.

Broad woods filled all the spaces between.

A Glimpse of Virgil's Dark Continent.

AFTER my Yankee secretary had finished his fever at Mbeni, I occupied my own attention with an atrocious attack of the same so that altogether my precious presence was enjoyed, so they said, by the Congo officers at the Fort on the Semliki for a full week. This second assault of mad, malarious microbes made me sympathize with the Irishman who said, "I don't care whether I live or die as long as I keep my health." To approach the damp, diseaseful and uncanny shadeland when lacking in robustness is serious and disquieting. Often I thought over the great journey through the stupendous Forest of Equatorial Africa, not without misgiving; for within four hours after departing from the pleasant surroundings of the official plantation, the vast woodland, dark and damp, lone and lethal is entered. The great tract of forest extends from the Semliki valley on the east to the Congo on the west, and

reaches out a thin, long arm along the muddy waters of that fever-sticken river almost to the western sea. After leaving noisy, salty Katwe the traveller must not expect to find a missionary occupying a station until he reaches Basoko-on-the-Congo. Indeed, from Uganda on the east to the Congo on the west, and from Lake Tanganyika on the south to the far-off Mediterranean on the north there is no missionary or teacher of Christian truth. This heart section of the hottest of all the continents remains to be occupied by Christian forces. In Cleopatra's Needle on the Thames Embankment is John iii, 16, in 215 languages, but the language of the Pigmies is not among them. Marvellous material changes have been wrought by the active officers of the Free State, and something has been done to alleviate human suffering in the distribution of medicines, giving of hygienic advice and the teaching of a limited amount of Western agriculture horticulture and arboriculture. I am also prepared to acknowledge that there has been an infinitesimal amount of moral instruction given. The enforcing of certain statutory regulations concerning marriage, the correcting of chiefs by announcing to them the golden rule in a very practical manner, and the observance at least to some extent of Sunday, have wrought admirably for the native races, but within exceedingly narrow limits.

From fair Fort Mbeni there languidly stretches out to the north-west a broad road lined with fragrant food trees, graded, and flanked for a considerable distance by the Government gardens. In the early morning my caravan of cannibals, ex-cannibals and Christians swung off at a lively pace like Hiawatha "westward toward the neighbouring forest." The sentry saluted as we passed out, and our Flemish

friend wished us a jolly journey! The first day's march ended at Pangapanga, a name suggesting the capital of American Samoa, but nothing else hinted the Paradise of the Pacific. Laid out originally for the accommodation of the State's officials, there has been no effort whatever to make it a stronghold, and no fortifications of any kind have been constructed. It lies on the edge of the *Petite* Forest, and consists of an open square absolutely free from all grass, with a white rest house for Europeans, a curiously constructed cook-house built of round perpendicular timbers and daub and wattle from the ground three feet up, leaving an open space to the roof. To provide good, fresh refreshing food for the "voyageur" a vegetable patch is kept in first-class condition. Sweet potatoes are the largest landholders, next white potatoes, Indian corn, tomatoes, onions, papias and manioc, which latter I expect to eat many times before completing this dangerous journey to the western sea. Here and there a broad leaf of Sir Walter Raleigh's famous plant shows itself. There are a few large trees and many small ones, and what one naturally expects in a tropical forest, an abundance of varieties of funereal creepers often growing up to the top of the trees and hanging down in long, mournful streamers resembling the draping over a sculptured sepulchral urn.

Some of the trees contain a score or more of pendant birds' nests. I was unable to learn what species of bird occupies these curiously constructed resting and hatching pendulums. The edge-of-the-forest people run to curiosities—among them pipes; one had a stem four feet long made of the midrib of a palm leaf, with the fronds stripped off and a hole cut in the stem some inches from the end, into which

a cone of green banana leaf was inserted. This the barbarous black-skins fill with the home-grown weed, and then pass the pipe round. The fashion is to make one sudden puff and draw in, and then close the eyes and continue to suck the smoke without emitting any until you are ready to burst, when you draw off and let go like a steam engine on an up-grade.

Close to the primitive back door of the local man-eating chieftain I discovered two small spirit-houses, not above eighteen inches in height, built in the simplest manner of reeds wrapped about with leaves which, in turn, were tied with fibre. Conical in shape, with an opening sufficiently large to admit an immense rat, they make an addition to the architecture of almost every vegetable patch. In one of these miniature houses were two dates, which had been presented to the spirits of the forefathers of the family to propitiate them lest they return and harm the present nervous occupants of the large leaf-covered residence. This mysterious worshipping of uncertain spirits in trees, as among the gypsies of Germany, or about the trees, as with the Shans of Western China, or as occupying residences prepared by the anxious native, as among the Wanande, seems to express a heartfelt need on the part of some who do not possess a white skin. Here, on the edge of the Great Tree-land of the Dark Continent, before entering that damp and unexplored tract called the Great Forest, I found a naked, curly-headed, savage people reaching out to something after which they are feeling, but about which they are absolutely uncertain, and in worship expressing the idea of offering, perchance of sacrifice.

Thursday night I slept on the margin of the forest, and with all the exciting anticipations, rested better





REAL PIGMIES AT MAWAMBI. ONE HOLDS THE LEG OF AN ANTELOPE AND BEFORE ANOTHER LIES
A BUNCH OF BANANAS. A rare photograph.

than on three previous nights. I ate well, but missed not having fresh eggs, so found myself lacking in vigour on Friday morning. While waiting for breakfast I took a rough native chair over to the sentry's fire. Unintentionally some naked dark-skins, who had huddled there during the night, were disturbed. Each one had slept upon a few papias leaves, and how those dusky figures had succeeded in obtaining any comfort or sleep through the noisome night, with no covering but the dew and no other couch than the hard earth and these few leaves, I wot not. And yet they arose cheerful, with excellent appetites—within the reach of their horizon, they doubtless enjoy life. Compared with Western peoples, these aborigines are not as sensitive to pain, or indeed to anything else except it be the cry of a wild beast or the shout of an enemy. They can go long distances and for a long time without food and with little or no show of weakness. They have fever at night and carry a load the next day, keeping up with the caravan, and put up contentedly or eagerly with only one variety of food! What must they think of our scientific and varied diet, our lying up with fever for a week, our transport in hammocks? I could only get a simple breakfast consisting of onions, mutton chops, sweet potatoes, bananas, papias, milk and Indian corn porridge!

Soon after leaving picturesque Pangapanga for Bili, the end of the day's march, we came upon African forest figs. These figs are a favourite food of the elephants. It was not above an hour's march; we left the Grass-land and the reed-land and entered the Tree-land, wondering if ever again we would see open country. Forth we strode into the darksome, murmuring forest, throbbing with animal and insect

life. "This is the forest primeval." The novelty prevented melancholy as we went stumbling over slippery places, stepping on roots with soft mud between, fording small streams on the backs of savages and crossing others on native bridges in a dilapidated condition. The forest is barbarous. Our course during part of the day lay along the track of the railroad clearing made two years and a half ago. It was at that time shaved clean, and many times since it has been overgrown and cleared. The young stumps which threatened to rip the kitanda, or hammock, and myself were certainly not over three months old. Multitudes of monkeys in the trees occupied themselves making imp-like sounds, and occasionally a grey parrot flew across our green course. These feathered citizens cheered our drooping hearts. The first rubber I have seen in Africa off my blanket was in a tiny basket on the back of a male Pigmy who came trudging along our path. The rubber was cut into long slices and resembled large pieces of fried potatoes. At last I saw a real Pigmy! And I managed to photograph him! Later on we met two more Pigmies! One carried on his bare back a small wicker basket of provisions. In his hand, a bow and two iron-tipped arrows, and rolled up in a small leaf were some half dozen other shafts tipped with a most insidious and deadly poison. In the use of these to kill large game the small man relied entirely upon the action of the poison and put no reliance whatever on the force of the shaft's entry into the beast or its cutting power. One of the graceful Pigmies undertook to be my guide through the tangled wood of the vast solitude to the hut village of Bili, where we arrived at high noon with open pores and relaxed ambition. I had tramped after this lilliputian scout for some

two miles, and marked his lordly air, superb and dignified carriage, quick step, and skilful, often comical, movements in dodging about trees and over the most slippery and difficult places. "Earth seemed to spring beneath him as he walked." Indeed, his airy movement suggested Philetas of Cos, who was, so an ancient writer tells us, so light as well as diminutive that he wore leaden weights in his tiny pockets to prevent his being blown away.

As this was the first Pigmy I had met at close quarters in his native wilds, I decided to be like the busy bee, and gather honey from his brain-cells. So in my leafy wigwam at Bili he was introduced to that great American institution, the interview. He was exceedingly good-natured, returned a smile promptly, sat up straight, understood that little people were to be seen not heard, and were only to speak when spoken to. When addressed in his own language, he answered in a soft, low musical voice, but was by no means shy; of course, he would feel safe enough with his bow and deadly arrows beside him. When I stood him up to be photographed, he remained perfectly still until he was signed to sit again. I studied him closely, and found nothing suggesting the anthropoid ape! He was not tattooed or cicatrised. His costume was an iron bracelet on the right wrist, and a fragment of barkcloth; when presented with a fathom of calico he was at a loss to know how to dispose of the great wealth. There is evidently no call for drapery establishments in this district. His phrenological bump of self-esteem was finished off with a tuft of hair like a crown; indeed, he was the son of a chief. Of his age he had no notion beyond that he was many moons old. A fine specimen this for an ethnologist. As to his accomplishments, I

asked if he had ever killed an elephant, but he promptly disclaimed all acquaintance with the quadruped. He admitted that he had shot the juicy pig, the active antelope, and a multitude of little animals with his bow and arrows. To be sure, he counted them off on his fingers. But after riddling him with questions about the elephant he said in a voice suggesting that he was finished with that part of the interview, "No, I tell you truly, I never saw an elephant." Herein we know the little Pigmy told a big lie. Once le Capitaine sent to the chief of the Pigmies for a monkey. They said they could not fetch a monkey because they live so high in the trees that their arrows will not reach them, but offered to bring an antelope. "No," he said, "I do not want a poisoned antelope." But the Pigmy spokesman replied, "I will bring you a live one;" and then related how they catch them. A long string of Pigmies arrange themselves across a section of the woods, and each sets a loop trap between himself and the next Pigmy. The antelope are then chased in that direction and snared in the wood fibre.

Extremes are interesting, whether it be the ant or the elephant. This little man of elfin height, this shrunk sample of humanity bewitched me. I watched his every movement, and was thrilled with pleasure by his grace, vivacity and good humour. Think of it, I am among a *race* of Tom Thumbs.

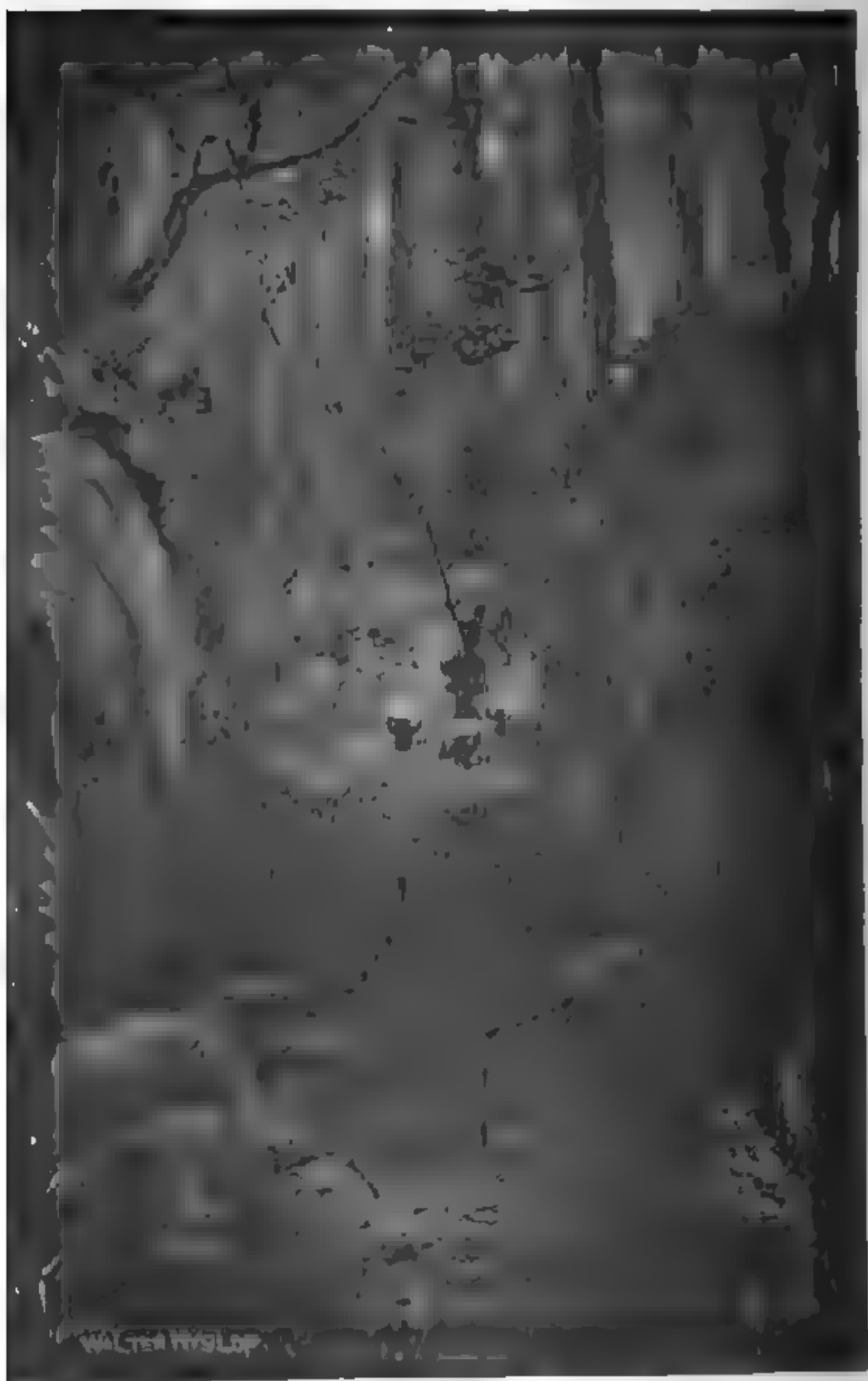
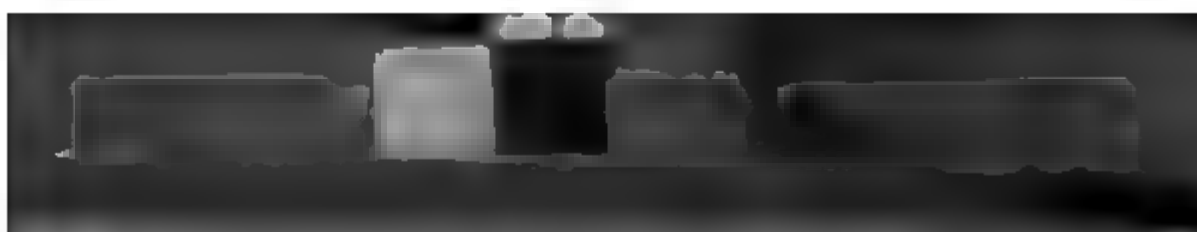
This day I rode through the silent majesty of the deep woods in a hammock composed of trade cloth swung under a green pole. Three advantages accrue thus, and it has occurred to me to state these advantages in writing for the benefit of posterity, should posterity ever turn up in this odorous forest. Posterity is a more or less doubtful quantity, especially to a bachelor; but we are willing to take some chances

for the sake of unborn generations, even though they should never be born. One great advantage of riding in a hammock is that the human anatomy assumes the shape of the letter "V." This avoids the possibility of having a rush of blood to the head. Some people would not have a rush of blood in that direction if their feet were directly above the head; others would have the experience if standing upright, because nature abhors a vacuum. But to *revenir* to our *moutons*, *par exemple*, as my Italian friend often remarks. On Friday, the fourth of October, this deponent was being carried by four swarthy figures in a dark blue hammock, meditating on the exceeding beauty and the delicate architecture of a new variety of fern, when the lowermost portion of the conveyance suddenly came into contact with a sharp and substantial stump, which in the impact threatened to disfigure permanently the hammock and its occupant. This may be said to be shocking to a sensitive nature, and to interfere with the study of botany and other scientific research. In order to fully enjoy the rest, affection and stillness of the twilight and of an African sedan-chair, four men should be employed, no two of whom are the same height, or have ever carried one before. They will carry it on their heads, and a humane occupant will be employed in wondering whether their heads will come off or only their scalps. There is ancient precedent for this use of the cranium. Ever since the ancient days of the Egyptian hieroglyphics, where are figures bearing bricks upon their heads, down to the present American Negro who may, in season, be seen carrying on his thick skull a watermelon the size of his diaphragm, dark-skins have been successful at head portage. No wonder they so easily gravitate in America to similar occupations, even

There is, as yet, no Christian missionary to the Pigmies, and because of their nomadic life such work would be difficult, but certainly desirable. They, however, believe in charms. One such preparation is a red dry substance, obtained from a tree, with which a mark is made down the middle of the forehead and down the cheeks. Then, by a process which I was unable to learn, a black liquid is made which is also smeared upon the face. The object of this is to obtain greater strength and with it power to withstand attack. When a Pigmy is dead, they bury him; some believe he is completely gone and will never return, for there is nothing remaining, no spirit and no resurrection. When a member of this tribe dies, he is buried far from the place of his decease. Tribes farther north bury beneath the ashes of the village fire. Ordinarily they rest about three months in an encampment and then shift elsewhere; but if a death occurs, immediately after burying the corpse they make off and form a new encampment. I asked the Sultan where the Pigmies first came from, but he said, "We have always been in the forest, and I know nothing else." I failed to learn how they originate fire. All I could learn was that there is a little fire and it makes a big fire, and if the fire goes out, they get fire from a village. They obtained fire from the lightning originally, which on an average strikes several times a year.

On Saturday morning the discreet Le Capitaine left us at the boundary of his territory, and directly after we encountered bad tracks. One spot was so boggy that the bearer of the white tent got stuck, and was slowly sinking when other savages hastened to the rescue and pulled him out. At another point a large tree lay across our course, and Yellow Bag Number Two walked under it on his knees. Yellow Bag





PLAYGROUND OF WILD ELEPHANTS THE AUTHORS CARAVAN
IN CONTACT WITH THE MONSTER MAMMALS IN THE GREAT
PIGMY FOREST

Number One is a short and very bow-legged fellow who makes excellent time ; and when it was necessary to walk on logs, he displayed great skilfulness when moving along a single timber. There is considerable advantage in being bow-legged. The pressure coming on both sides at the same time is the same idea the inventor used in preparing the monorail. Just for fun I fired a revolver shot into the top of a lofty tree where hundreds of monkeys were stopping. Instantly there was such a running and jumping and swinging from tails and screaming as I never met with in all my born days. It was monkey business *par excellence*. At midday we reached Kaponzo, where are three new villages located on three different knolls. Here ended the day's tramp, having made a march of six and a half hours.

A vast forest has a language of its own, speaking most eloquently to sensitive souls when it is absolutely silent. The forest is appalling in its silence. I am not referring to what Milton calls "the unseen Genius of the wood." The forest teems with a thousand kinds of invisible life. To-day I noticed that every dead stump was occupied by vines, orchids, swarms of ants or lively beetles—indeed, there are more parasites than trees in this vast woodland. Not a fallen tree or a dead one standing, but was occupied by living parasites, vegetable or animal. Then there is the life on the wing in great variety. Vegetable life abounds, from the minutest mites to the loftiest towering trees, some of them with poisons deadly as the death adder of New Guinea, others with qualities capable of sustaining life equal to the bread fruit of the Fiji. These mighty monarchs of the woodland and the microscopic life are in themselves of vast interest, but between them who shall name or number the

varieties of living things? Many of the sweet odours bewitching to the sense of smell seem to be wasted in the forest, trackless save only for the footprints of the wild beasts. But if there is no waste in the overplus of blossoms, there is no waste in this overplus of odour. Some people thought the man crazy who crossed an American state dropping every few miles some apple pips. But was he insane? He said, "It is the duty of every man to benefit his fellows;" and then he dropped these apple pips to make shade and fruit for weary travellers. The animal life of the forest is also represented by the smallest and the largest; this monster Pigmy Woodland inhabited by earth's tiniest human creatures is noted for its mammoth elephants. The prevailing colour of the Taru Desert in East Africa is that of gray or of wood ashes, but the prevailing hue of this tract of woods in Central Africa is green, living green, green in various shades and representing many architectural wonders; indeed, in some parts where the sunlight never strikes, whether the traveller look upward or downward, or to the circumference, there is no view but that which bears this colour.

In this damp region, breathing dew and fragrance, seldom frequented by Caravans, the food supply becomes a very serious question. For the first time in this great journey of years around the world, I consented to travel overland on Sunday. Scant was the supply of eatables, and we must move on. It was six o'clock when we started almost due north, keeping that course for three hours, when we reached a small clearing. It had been used as a resting place, but was in a dilapidated condition. The soldiers cut down the grass near the place, cleaned it out and built a roaring fire in the hut, and things took on a more habitable

aspect. But we were a funny looking lot. The secretary was out of repair because of fever, and I was out of repair for unknown reasons, and the missionary was out of repair on general principles; and after hours of tramp in the aromatic woods the men had to go on short rations brought in by carriers. Worst of all, in its distribution six porters received absolutely nothing, and there was no food for the caravan to make breakfast on in the morning. Then a storm came on and with mournful music, dirge-like and melancholy, added to the gloom of the situation. Even talking failed to enliven us, so we turned off the gas and I spent some of the day reading the Bible and in preparing a lecture to be delivered in English-speaking lands. All turned in early. Toward morning a commodious saucepan was frightfully hammered as a danger signal for the cannibal guards. I slept so soundly that I heard neither it nor the terrific roaring of wild animals in the immediate neighbourhood.

On Monday, in spite of our dilapidated condition we left by compulsion, and after the most tiring and, in some ways, exciting tramp yet experienced, arrived after eight hours of heavy marching at lonely Amud-sini. For hours we appeared to be at fault. Several times the savage guides had to make careful search for the track, while the caravan waited. It is a matter of some concern to lose a path in such a trackless woodland as this. A dense forest is not a cheerful place to go astray in, and for the first time I considered seriously how easy it would be to be killed and the story remain untold, or to be lost and die of starvation or thirst. In Arden you may be able to go

"Passing through the forest

Chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy"

as you like it ; but in the heart of a tropical jungle the end was rather bitter. I did solemn thinking. Lost in the heart of darkest Africa ! The wail of the forest, the sigh of the trees, the melancholy mist off the miasmatic soil, assuming weird and ghastly shapes—phantoms ghost-like—goblin shadows portending a death-dance of wicked spirits rehearsing an uncanny ceremony for our burial ! Let the traveller go into the almost impenetrable foliage of this forest, and his men forsake him. Left alone with a few supplies but no one to carry them, no one to guide him, and an attack of fever coming on—this is not desirable. He may have instruments with him, especially that valuable thing called a compass, he may know that to the east is the Grass-land of the Semliki and the Mountains-of-the-Moon, but can he reach them ? Finally, we took up a well-trodden track and moved along it at a brisk pace between very high grass and overhanging shrubs and vines.

Before long I discovered the expulsive power of a new affliction. Trudging along, I was meditating on my bad eye and the unwise decision which I had made when under the influence of disease and drugs to take this road instead of the one which I had originally decided on. I was disgusted with myself that in this damp atmosphere I was using up vitality which should have been applied to carrying out my simple purpose ; indeed, a score or more of ills came trooping along for my observation. Suddenly in the midst of this peevish state, and at the same time in the midst of reeds and stalks bearing huge leaves, enter several ants with or without wings, but evidently with power to move very suddenly. That is a general statement. Some of them landed on me in particular. They carried gimlets. The porters, who had already been

travelling, without breakfast, for six hours, shouted with laughter as they saw each other whack right and left. One of the soldiers stopped to disrobe that he might have a free hand at the agile insects. I had occasion to make many gestures, striking out for neck and forehead and hands—everywhere. I forgot all about the bad eye, the bad road and a thousand other things. Well, we averted what seemed certain disaster and pursued our course without further dangerous incident.

This was a day of curious incidents. A crazy vine caught my gold-rimmed glasses and tore them off my nose so quickly that I knew it not until minutes afterwards, and then men failed to find them though I offered a gold sovereign as a reward. Now, a gold sovereign is a fortune for many a man in Central Africa, as much as he would earn in ten years. Then my darling the cook, failed to properly clean the rice; I bit a grain of sand, and out came a gold filling from one of my front teeth. It is no laughing matter to have trouble with the teeth in the heart of Africa. A decayed tooth may almost incapacitate for work by the suffering it causes. Dentists and opticians do not abound in these districts.

From Amudsini to Kabali is a distance of seven hours and a half. After that long tramp amidst tall trees and under overhanging branches, here through a burst of sunshine, then where the light of the sun never penetrates, it was delightful to be welcomed by the Chief of Kabali, and to find a large Government plantation and a rest house. Here grow the finest sweet potatoes I have seen in Africa. By a fire in the chief's hut some roasted directly. Meanwhile I called for eggs, and three were brought, which I ate raw. Then I ate the roasted sweet potatoes, for

I was nearly famished. A march through a downpour of tropical rain is no joking matter, the thunders rolled, and the waters that when descending in great sheets had failed to wet me, now landed on huge leaves which turned it on to my clothes. I dried by the fire, cleaned my rifle, and then took a tramp around the plantation to hunt for young onions. At half-past three sick Johnson arrived in his hammock.

Wednesday was spent at beautiful Kabali with the missionary down with fever. Fortunately this transpired at a comfortable place. The rest house was newly roofed with large green leaves, and I was surprised how successfully this covering turned off a heavy shower. Here I received a letter from the Chief of the Territory of Lake Albert saying, "I have just received a letter from Fort Mbeni informing me that you are *en route* to Irumu. I am starting early to-morrow morning in order to have the honour of meeting you and to accompany you to Irumu. As the road to Mbeni is not yet completely constructed (I should say it isn't) and as food is scarce for caravans of black people, I take the *liberté* to send you two of my soldiers with food for your caravan." This was delightful. During the day two soldiers whom I had despatched to search for my gold glasses returned saying that they were unable to find them. In the woodland a man's thinking is like his unanticipated experiences; conglomerate—something both terrible and majestic haunts one in the dense sombre impressive shade.

This vast forest is appalling in its mysterious silence, its sinister dimness and the fixity of its sternness and sublimity. In it one expects to find beauty and savagery. It makes a good man better and a bad man worse. It is unwholesome for an evil conscience.

One can easily be brutal, violent or savage here, or highly Christian.

On Thursday we took up the muddy march again, going as far as Mayaribu, which is on the leaky Logu river. I was feeling much used up, but managed to get along for two hours and a half; just as I was thinking I should certainly have to sit down and wait to have a hammock brought up, a corporal and soldier met me with a letter from Eram saying that he had sent one out with ten porters. I got aboard and the swarthy men took me into Mayaribu-on-the-Logu with alacrity. When approaching the village I met the Chief of the Lake Albert region, and received a hearty greeting.

CHAPTER XV

A CANOE RIDE ON THE ITURI

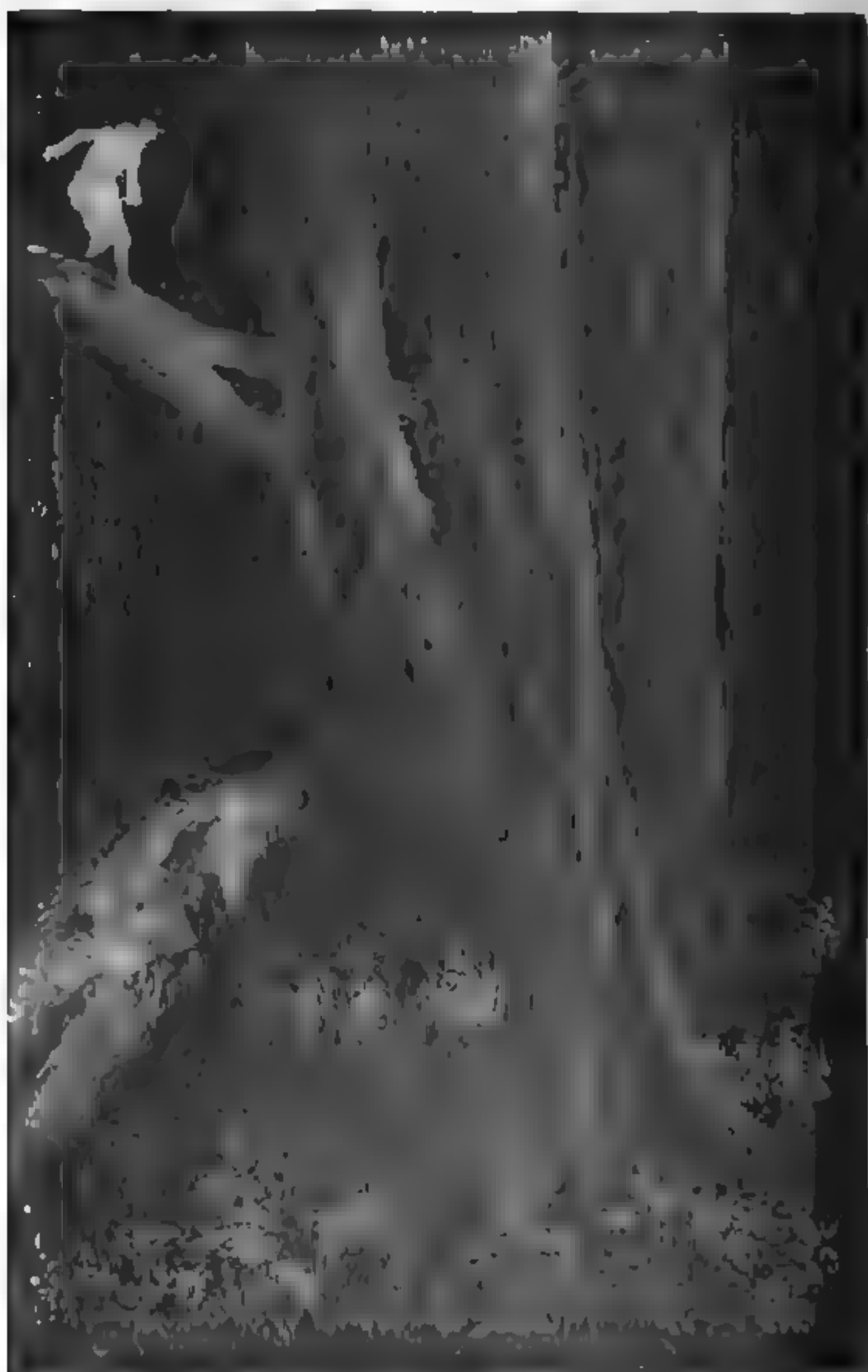
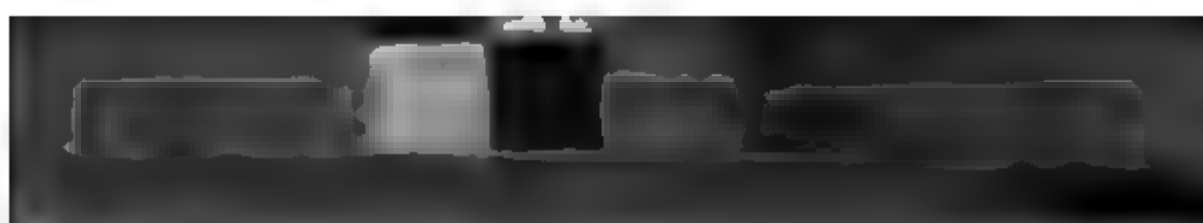
FROM MAYARIBU TO IRUMU—A VIEW OF THE
GRASS-LAND ONCE AGAIN—THE TERRIBLE TEST
OF THE GREAT CHIEF LAND GRABBER

They too retired
To the wilderness, but 'twas with arms.
Paradise Regained.

MAYARIBU is in the Central African Forest, two days south by east from Irumu on the west bank of the Logu River, and will be the site of a bridge on the projected railway. At this point we began some inland navigation, the party having increased to an Armenian, an Englishman, and two Americans, with an assortment of natives. The muddy Logu at this season of the year is high, the banks wild, tangled, inhospitable and strongly suggestive of savagery. The rainy season, which begins in March or April and continues until the middle of November, makes a difference of seven feet in the depth of the water between the wet and dry seasons. The canoe was seventeen yards long and one high, cut from an *aburo* tree in the forest and hewn out by natives; it was but a few days old, and will be rotten in three



"GIANT SAVAGES" MAKING PRESENTS OF ANTELOPES TO THE
AUTHOR IN THE ITURI FOREST



THE AUTHOR CROSSING A RAVINE IN THE GREAT PYGMY FOREST

A CANOE RIDE ON THE ITURI 219

years' time. These dugouts are fortunately difficult to upset except by hippos, which are not usually seen during high water. This was comforting news, as I am unable to swim. We had seven paddlers and four punters, who swelled the occupants to eighteen in number; the freight comprised two dogs, two yellow bags, rifles, table, four chairs, lunch basket and large sticks of wood afire. The captain of the boat was brought from Mawambi, because he is an expert on rivers. Like the Canadian *voyageurs*, our paddlers beguiled the journey with vocal music: the voices of the dusky boatmen were melodious, but the sentiment was not especially edifying.

After less than a half-hour of paddling with the current in the Logu, we swung into the swiftly-running Ituri, some eighty yards wide, the waters of which flow on into the Aruwimi, then to the Congo, and perchance to the open sea. We passed under overhanging fruit resembling large oranges, of which monkeys are very fond, as are also the black people. There is much rubber in the forest all the way to Basoko; two years ago, rubber was not gathered in the forest about Irumu, but now three tons a month are brought into the fort, yielding to the Government of the State a monthly income of twelve thousand francs. That is probably the reason why the courteous Armenian official has received a decoration and promotion.

At this point in the ride somebody saw on the other side of the river what appeared to be the head of an elephant. I rejoiced when I heard the shout that an elephant was in sight. Instantly a repeating rifle was brought to bear, the soldiers loaded their guns and shots were fired. As no stir occurred, the theory was framed that it was not an elephant, but a hippo; finally it turned out to be neither, but the end of a

log resembling the head of an elephant. If disappointed over my elephant, yet for the first time I saw a snake. It was a bronze one, coiled up on the limb of a tree. The Armenian, who is a great shot with a revolver, sent a bullet into its backbone, and it dropped off into the water and floated down with the tide. Several times it was necessary to cross the river because of large, ash-coloured conical nests pendant from tree limbs, housing vicious insects whose bite develops painful swellings.

The ten hours in this dugout on the Ituri, about which river I had read years ago and in recent times had longed to see, was full of interest. The interest was heightened about eleven o'clock when lunch was served composed of English tongue, excellent bread, jam, plums, sweet potatoes, milk and tea. How different the food from the foliage, one suggesting civilization, the other savagery. During this acceptable experience the boat was kept moving. Several times the current became very strong and it was necessary to hug the bank. Large knives flew about. Vines were cut, limbs of trees were hewn off, and the boatmen standing in the dugout dragged her up against the current by main force, seizing branches and vines overhanging the water. Occasionally some ants landed on the occupants of the boat, and spasmodic gymnastic performances followed. There is something about this river which furnishes a feeling of the uncertain, weird and mysterious, and it was probably this feeling which reminded one of the party of the Tale of Nasreddin Hodja.

As we drew near to Kifuku, or Ancient Irumu, through a gap in the Forest, I caught a glimpse of Mount Pisgah, a foothill of which must be crossed *en route* to Mawambi. Kifuku is a Government plantation

on which are raised successfully rice and rats, heart-of-beef and hard-boiled eggs. Twenty-two acres are under cultivation, and in the forest that means vastly more than the same amount in the grass-land. All the natives are forest people. After a night at Kifuku with quick step the caravan hastened toward Irumu, the healthy capital of the territory of Lake Albert. An hour through the forest and we emerged on the grass-land; what a change! From the closed-in tree-land to the open, rolling grass-land made considerable difference to my eyes, but it was refreshing to be where the sun has full sway in comparatively dry air once again. Cordial was the reception at Irumu.

When the fort was located here it was difficult to arrange the country; the boundary was near, and as the blacks had never seen a white man, they emigrated. Just one chief remained, Mamulapania, who said, "I recognize you as the chief of the land. I have heard about you that you are powerful and a man of justice. I come and submit to you and will do everything in my power to help you." When the fort was constructed, he was the only chief who supported the post with food. In return the official said to him, "We recognize you as chief of the country, and invest you with a chief's medal; your son will inherit the chieftainship. Your work is to let us have food and porters, and we will pay you. If another white man comes in my place, this arrangement is sacred. You are a liberated man and you are no more a slave as you were in the days of the Arab rule."

Tobacco is not indigenous in Congo, but was imported into the State from both the west and the east. From the Atlantic the Portuguese imported the tobacco plant which has come up as far as Lukolela.

The Lukolela tobacco is said to be the best quality of the kind imported by the Portuguese. I am unable to speak from experience, as I never use tobacco in any form, nor am I able from a similar reason to refer the matter to the secretary. This tobacco is of western origin and has the large leaf suitable for cigars. On the east side of the Congo State the Arabs imported the tobacco from Muscat, Zanzibar and Mozambique. It is now found in all the Oriental Province and is commonly known as "Turkish" tobacco. An official told me that near Lake Albert it comes well: when he arrived at Irumu he found plants of tobacco growing in the grass similar to that which grows in Asia Minor. In the Lake Albert region the same climate exists as near Smyrna. Trials of raising Turkish tobacco are being made in the territory of Lake Albert and offer encouragement of great success.

The colonizing of at least portions of the great Congo State by inserting white farmers involves two great questions; the feasibility and the desirability of such a scheme. It seems to me that it is a black man's country and should always remain so. Indeed, I am strongly of opinion that a light skin is fatal to those who live in tropical countries--the natives' dark skin excludes the dangerous actinic short rays of light which destroy living organisms. There are brunette white people who even enjoy the climate, but they are scarce, and the duty of bringing up children "in the way they should go" would be attended with almost insurmountable difficulties. Then too, there is so much land in the world which is beyond question suitable for white men and where white men are contiguous, that it would seem this vast stretch of country should be left to the people who by nature are most suitable for its development. Government officials

who come out for a term of three years, say that four years would be too long, and some die before they reach their posts. And yet there are white men like Bromilow-of-Dobu, who have lived in Congo for more than twenty years, yet do not seem to require a vacation. If any portion of the Congo is suitable for the families of large numbers of whites, I suppose the Lake Albert region will prove to be as suitable as any, being more than three thousand feet above sea-level. Let white people come to Congo for purposes of religion, philanthropy, and for the proper affairs of state.

Sunday at Irumu was wonderfully quiet. Apparently no work was on except that the wives of the soldiers went out to their gardens for a part of the day. There was no drill or dress parade. This was my fourth Sunday in the Congo Free State; the first was in the Grass-land of the Upper Semliki, the second at Fort Mbeni, the third in the midst of the Great Forest and the fourth on Irumu Hill, the view from which has a wide horizon including the rolling Grass-land interspersed here and there with bits of forest.

At Irumu I paid off my carriers and boys and engaged for the long journey yet remaining through the Pigmy Forest fresh savages, two boys and a Walesse cook. At Irumu, the salary is two dothis a month, which is about six shillings. One boy carries the great name of Garibaldi. He is of the Babila race and of the mountain tribe Bimbila. The second boy is named Baita. He is a Mobali from Bomili, southwest of Avakubi. The people of this race are very fond of travelling. All Mobali people have three holes in their upper lip because, as they say, it is beautiful, and also for recognizing a member of their race. The Mobali also make a hole in the lobe of each ear. Of

these boys, Garibaldi is the brightest, the cook next and Baita the dumbest of the dumb.

Irumu is a centre from which radiate roads. The fine new one to Mahagi is five metres wide, and every three hours is a rest house and plantation, the latter being provided even with cows so that the *voyageur* may have fresh milk as he passes along. Another road runs due east to Mboga, another through the forest to Mbeni. Still another was run due west through the forest to Mawambi ; it was destined to be patronized by my caravan.

There is a great difference between Kabarole and Irumu as to the manner of dealing with the natives. At Irumu, the boys waiting on white men have such names as the following : Bayonet, Gun-powder and Whiskey ; over against Abraham, Isaac and Jacob in Toro. These names fairly represent the two great plans of campaign in the Protectorate of Uganda and in the Zone of Ituri. It is absolutely impossible to police any large number of people by having the policeman on the outside of the man. In the Uganda Protectorate with its more than one thousand Christian churches the policeman is being put inside the native. In the Ituri Zone, as a Government official said, " We are making roads and building rest houses and submitting the natives and getting things ready so that the missionary may come and educational and religious work progress unimpeded." While this is by no means the reason for the making of roads and the laying out of plantations, and while the Government does not seem to encourage the advent of missionaries, yet, I believe it is a fact that things are being prepared for a great moral and religious work in the vast tree-land and the contiguous grass-land. But I must not forget to mention that in the British territory in Toro

stands the only gallows I have seen in all my travels, and there is a strong and vigorous government with stringent statute regulations, so that under the Union Jack people are being policed from both the inside and the outside.

One of the Congo officials said to me, "Roman Catholic missions are coming to the Lake Albert District, but I prefer naked natives to European monkeys. When we teach the blacks to drink whiskey and gin and teach them all the evil habits which civilized nations have, they are worse off than before. I have seen them in West Africa, influenced by the civilizations of the French, Germans and Portuguese, and they are a horrible people; here they are much better. Now they do business without writing. They say, 'You have given me cloth and I know I ought to give you a certain amount of ivory.' When they see that they must be dressed and have other things, they will become thieves. Now they have no occasion to do so. The law against the sale of intoxicating liquors to the natives is vigorously enforced here. When there is a great festivity, I give a gallon of French wine to my soldiers to drink my health."

A curious feature of the Irumu women is that they wear large discs in their upper lips. I made some inquiry as to why this is done, and the Governor of the fort told me that he himself had investigated the matter and had called a big chief and had said to him, "Why do you disfigure your women by putting those huge discs in their upper lips?" The chief replied, "Because it is beautiful." The official said "No, that is a lie, it is not for beauty. You first did it because the Arabs saw that your women were beautiful and stole them, and you cut their upper lips and inserted these things to make them look ugly, thinking that

the Arabs would leave them alone." "Yes," said the big chief, "you speak truly." An order was then issued that this must be done no more. On leaving the official, the chief went to the sergeant and corporal and said confidentially, "Will the Arabs ever again take this country, or are the Belgians strong enough to keep it?" The soldiers replied that the Belgians are very strong.

The Loor are a great people. They had never been submitted to the Government until the coming of Dukuduku as the Great White Chief of the Territory, but he made war for three months continually until they were greatly afraid of his name. This war was precipitated by the fact that two Australian prospectors met with great hostilities. They had a large armed escort with them, and Dukuduku availed himself of them and their men, and so had three columns with a white man at the head of each. This made the savages think that Dukuduku was not a man but some kind of a strange being able to move in three parts at the same time. Finally half the Loor people submitted, and a hundred prisoners were taken to Irumu and placed in a village. They were exceedingly well treated and were afterwards returned to their homes and told, "Go to your homes and tell your chiefs that the white man is not like the Egyptians, not like the dervish, he is a man of justice." It produced a great impression.

Now one of the great chiefs of the Loor was Land-grabber, a beautiful man, strong and warlike, and Dukuduku had great sympathy with him. But he came to call on the Great White Chief, bringing no food or porters. "Why," said Dukuduku, "Land-grabber, you say you are the right son of the Great King, but I do not see it. When the white man calls



A WEIRD SCENE IN THE GREAT GLOOMING FOREST. This Pigmy
Encampment was located near Mr. Geil's Camp, Gorilla.



HABILA MAMRUTTI BUILDING A HUT AT LENDA, IN THE GREAT PICMY FOREST, TO SHOW AUTHOR
HOW IT IS DONE

you, you do not come; you are quite a rebel." "No," said Landgrabber, "I am not a rebel." "You are a wise man," said Dukuduku, "do not drink malafu (a native intoxicant made of maize and millet). You get mad, and if you get mad, your people will get mad also." "You speak rightly," he acknowledged. Then the Great White Chief called him aside and said, "See here, Landgrabber, one of the tribes of the Loor has killed thirteen of my best natives, and they have attacked the prospectors. I will give you their land, the land of the two chiefs who have not submitted, and you will be the Great Chief of the Lake, as Mamulapania is the Great Chief of the Grass-land; then you must put strong sub-chiefs in the Likoti Mountains where I have just built a village."

Just one week after Dukuduku arrived at Irumu, an urgent courier came saying that the people in the village of Mongalula were killed, and that Landgrabber allied with the Likotis had done it. The Chief of the Zone heard about it and said to Dukuduku, "I invite you to bring Landgrabber to Irumu in chains if he is guilty." All men accused him of being guilty; twenty witnesses appeared saying that Landgrabber did it, but still Dukuduku refused to believe that he perpetrated the crime. The big White Chief then went to the fort on Lake Albert and called for Landgrabber. He at once came bringing this time sheep and cows and food. I will now quote Dukuduku to show how with Solomonian ingenuity he investigated the truth:—

I told him, "Landgrabber, you are accused of this crime." "Oh, if I had done that, I would never come to see you." "Oh," I said, "you have much craftiness." He said to Longu, another chief, "Tell Dukuduku how it happened." Longu said, "Food was

scarce and the ground was dry and I said to another chief, 'Let us go to a Likoti village which has not submitted, and take food by force.' We went to the village armed and attacked it, and the Likotis fled away. We took millet and potatoes and were just taking everything, when we were attacked on all sides. We fought, but our men were killed. When I saw that the fight was lost, I jumped into the river and crossed it and hid in the reeds. When night came I went straight to Landgrabber and told him 'I am the only man saved.' " "Oh," said I to Longu, "you are very full of ruse, you lie ; I will put you in prison." "Put Landgrabber in prison !" the crafty chieftain answered. But all around the submitted chiefs murmured, and one chieftain said, "If you put Landgrabber in prison we will no more do your work." Now I was anxious to know the truth in the matter and thought all the while that Landgrabber was innocent, so I determined to employ a ruse. I called my sergeant and said to him, "Take ten men with you and come into the fort and put six men at the door ; keep Longu outside and send Landgrabber in. Landgrabber," I said, "I have received a letter from the Chief of the Zone saying I must hang you if you don't tell the truth." He denied the whole thing with energy. "Landgrabber, I am going to kill you." He was a big tall man, a beautiful man, and I was near to weeping when that big man turned to me and said, "Dukuduku, you are killing me for nothing ; take me as a prisoner." "No, you have not told the truth and I will shoot you ; Sergeant, take him." He was placed with four soldiers lined up in front. "Now, Landgrabber, it is your last moment ; tell the truth." He looked at me and said, "Dukuduku, you are killing me for nothing." "Ready ! Aim ! Fire !" Boom ! boom !! boom !!

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went the rifles. I did not kill him ; I had given my men blank cartridges. He was hastily taken aside and secreted. " Sergeant, tell Longu that Landgrabber is dead, and bring him in. Longu, your Chief is dead and it is your turn now." Just then the sergeant came up and said, " The Chief is dead." Then Longu told me about Landgrabber's life, how that he had never killed any of the Great King's soldiers. " Yes, but Longu, you are lying ; Landgrabber before dying told me about the whole affair." " Then Landgrabber lied," he said sullenly. " Take him away," I said. Afterward, when Longu and Landgrabber saw each other they were amazed and said, " What, you not dead ! You not dead !" " Landgrabber," I said, " bring me your hand ; you are a good son of the Great White King." I gave him some wine, for he had great emotion, and made him presents of cloth. He went away. All the chiefs were satisfied that Landgrabber had not been killed. I returned to Irumu and said to the Chief of the Zone, " I have not brought Landgrabber because he is innocent."

Venienti occurrere morbo !

With this moral I drop my theorbo.

CHAPTER XVI

THE SECOND STAGE IN THE GREAT FOREST

THE LAST OF THE GRASS-LAND—FROM IRUMU TO MAWAMBI—MORE ABOUT THE PIGMIES

This is the forest primeval, and these
are the pigmies that in it
Leap like the roe, when he hears in the
woodland the voice of the huntsman.

AFTER an agreeable stay at Irumu-in-the-Grassland, where, remarkable to relate, I developed no illness, I cheerfully started, accompanied by the secretary and the Chief of the Territory, on my long and dangerous tramp westward through the infested forest of Central Africa. A riotous storm broke over Irumu while we were at breakfast, and delayed us. Thus was the first storm experienced in the morning since leaving the Mountains-of-the-Moon. The rain falls during the wet season on schedule. Usually the heavens darken about two, and the storm comes on between three and six.

An hour brought us upon a small forest where is a Muggy Monkey Bridge spanning the boisterous Biru river. Along the road trudged Arabized porters, their wives accompanying them and themselves bearing burdens. These jealous Moslem savages ever have

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their women with them to make food ready at the end of the day's march, but chiefly from jealousy. Many powerful porters from Uganda passed us, and when I greeted them with "webale," which means "one to you," they replied with the same and smiled huge Uganda smiles. I have not heard of any Ugandaese receiving ill-treatment while passing to and fro in the Free State. Yet when I had spoken in Uganda about obtaining "boys" to accompany me through to the rapid Aruwimi, the "boys" themselves said, "The people of Congo will eat us."

Ordinarily I should not have stopped for lunch until reaching the forest, but as this was the last day in the Grass-land, I had the table spread in the road on the edge of a copse, and there ate, among other eatables, a Heart-of-Beef grown on a tree at Kifuku. This fruit resembles an ox heart in shape, and while it has a bewitching flavour, may be counted to take the place of a cathartic. This particular specimen was six inches long, green outside, and divided into white sections pointed at the centre.

At three P.M. I took a last long look at the Grass-land, not expecting to see such a stretch of country again until far off beyond the Tree-land near the Western ocean. Previously to visiting this great State, I read in the books of certain travellers of their excessive joy when, after a lengthy march through the thick foliage and amidst lofty trees, they emerged into the open country. Then I did not understand it; now I know something of its significance. After being on the march five hours the caravan wound its way into the gloom of the Great Forest in which we should travel for many days. The overhanging and impenetrable foliage of the Pigmy Forest shielding me from the fierce rays of a burning tropical sun soon

reconciled me to the loss of the vast stretch of hot Grassland. An hour and a half later we reached the Ituri river, where the water was running high in the height of the rainy season. We rested for the night at Kifuku.

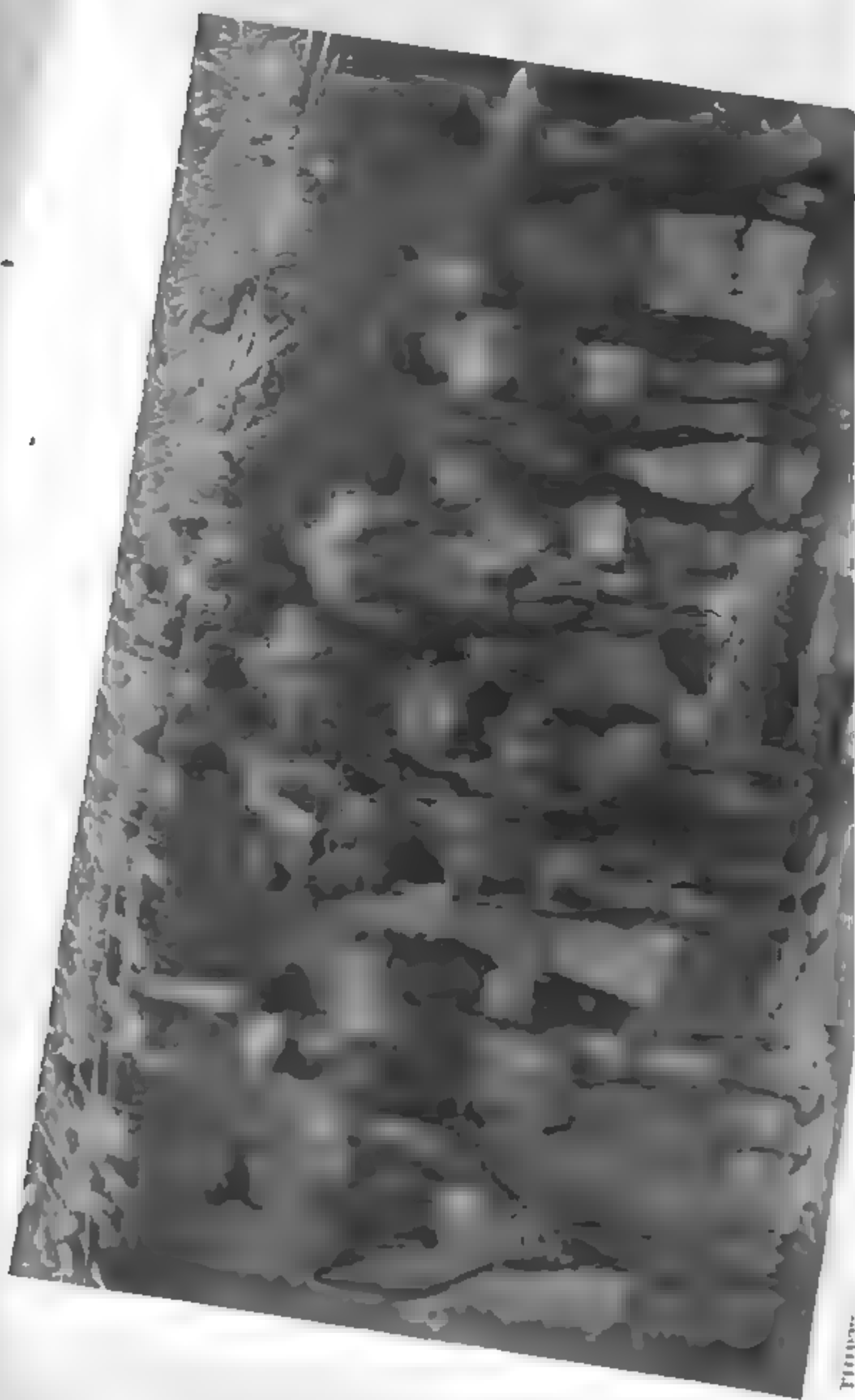
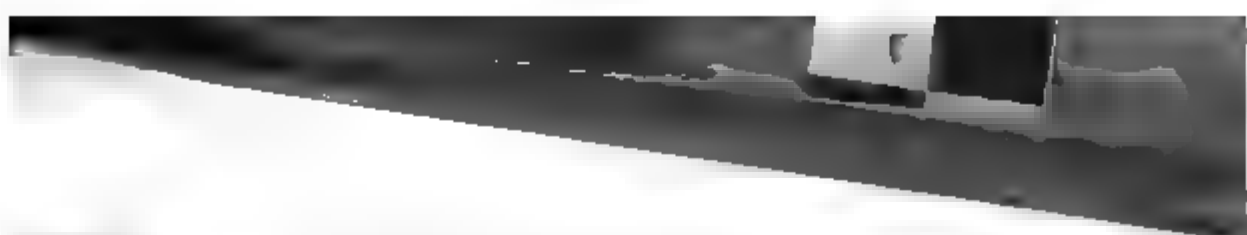
The next day's march was to Camp Mambutti, where I expected to find a large number of Pigmies, after whom the place is named ; but there were none there, just as there are no Irishmen in New Ireland and very few guineas in New Guinea. During the night at Camp Mambutti I experienced pains in both knees, which I believe were induced by the damp atmosphere of the woodland. Fortunately I had "Painkiller," and got to sleep after a good hard rub. If one has divers petty maladies in simply passing through this fateful forest, one would certainly have grand maladies by stopping a great length of time. In the morning when I awoke I found a huge black spider on the mosquito curtain opposite my face. This has intensified my belief that in travelling in Eastern countries a mosquito curtain should always be used.

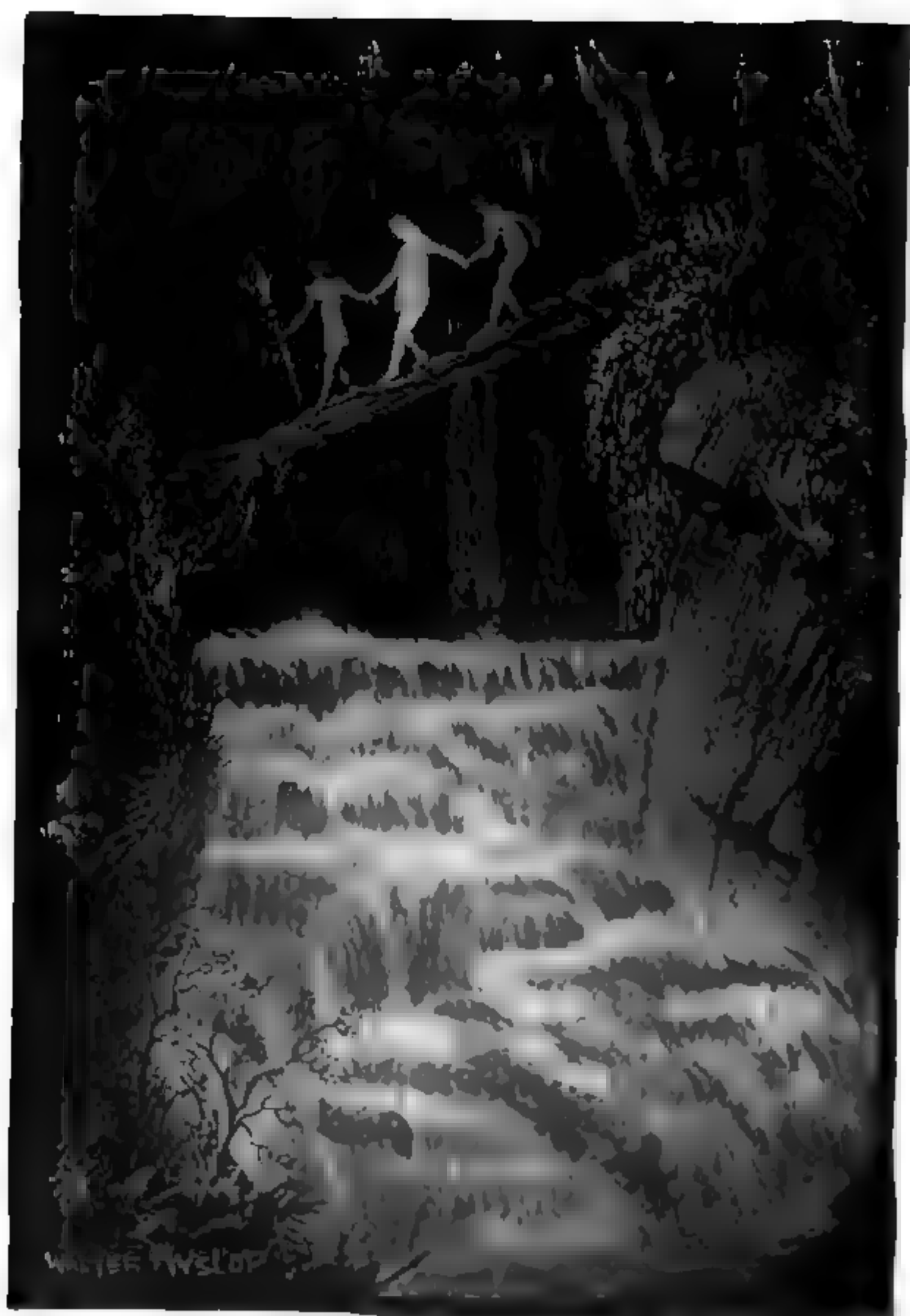
There is a sameness in the forest, but it is also full of surprises. When we started on our tramp to Japanda there was a fog amidst the trees, and the air was damp and chilly. I thought several times that rain was falling, but it was the water which had collected on the utmost limbs of the loftiest trees, and the wind shaking them, it fell upon the leaves of the lower trees and then upon the shrubs and large-leaved plants, and thence upon the ground. In that way a drop of water was able to make three sounds. So great was this noise that it was with difficulty that I permitted myself to be convinced that it was not a heavy downpour of rain.

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While there were no Pigmies at Camp Mambutti, at the next clearing, Japanda, I was delighted to find a group of a dozen or more. We heard them singing as we were approaching the plantation there. The tunes were weird and in the minor, the voices melodious, and the whole in harmony. The Pigmies like to sing. They had come by the invitation of the local chief to let the "Big White Chief" see them, talk with them and photograph them. I at once called them down in front of the open "dining-room" that I might take food and be entertained by the Pigmies at the same time. On looking them over I noticed the absence of women, and a runner was at once despatched. Later four little shy female aborigines appeared, and behold, with them *a Pigmy baby*, seated astride its mother's left hip, the first Pigmy baby I had ever seen! It was considerably smaller than an ordinary baby—an "ordinary" baby would be hard to find—head well shaped, body well developed, eyes bright, its laugh as cheerful as that of a white child, and its cry as artless, insistent and sad. I examined the midget of a baby, with its sombre destiny in front of it, with great curiosity. Its back-bone had not been anointed with the grease of bats, as was done in civilized lands to dwarf children when dwarf monstrosities were the fad and fashion. It was the cute wee one of a wee race. The fascinating Pigmies adroitly and variously performed for our entertainment. First they sat on the ground in an elipse. Three elected to place their haunches on sections of two-inch tree trunks. How they could be more comfortable on such a seat than on the level ground probably only a Pigmy could explain. I doubt not they would give an explanation equally as good as that of the enlightened Polynesians

who have sections of bamboo for pillows. The Sultan of the Pigmies wore a bit of foreign cloth about his head and a smaller bit about his body; others were equally scantily supplied with barkcloth. He held a heavy piece of wood rounded on each side in his left hand, and kept time by tapping it with a lighter piece in his right. The dancing boasted no sweeter sound than the rhythmical tapping. The others made grimaces which at times suggested the facial expressions of apes, orang-outangs, and monkeys, while their voices were engaged in a weird woodland chant. Then the Sultan sang a solo, and the others joined in a refrain. When two local drums covered with human skin (?) owned by big savages, struck up, they all arose and danced with the right foot, the left hand and the face. What an addition to a menagerie! I afterwards searched their huts and camps for musical instruments but found none. The dance was followed by marching in a circle, then capering about in a design the shape of an egg, the women joining in the frolicsome performance. The woman with the baby enjoyed it as much as the rest, and the latter offered no visible or audible objection to the jollification, although it received a severe jarring. The playful Pigmies perform wild pranks also, but not for pale pinks. I said their voices were melodious; this held true in all their merriment and fun. The Pigmy faces are well formed as a rule from the eye-brows up. I noticed one of them with a large development of the phrenological bump of reason. Their average height is forty-eight inches. The Pigmies have well developed eye-brows, while other black people have almost no eye-brows. I said black people, but I have seen very few black people in Africa. The Pigmies are not black; they are brown with black





MR. GEIL, ASSISTED BY TWO CANNIBALS, CROSSING THE RAPID
YANDO WATER IN THE GREAT PIGMY FOREST

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hair, and all that I have seen have been well developed on the chest. For such people there is hope. I asked a Government official what the Government is going to do with the Pigmy races, and he gave the following reply :—

“ There is nothing for the Government to do with the Pigmies. No work can be asked from them. They are extraordinarily good hunters and live on game. As they make no plantations, when they want vegetables they go near a Walesse village and ask the chief for food, giving meat in exchange. They make their own bows, buying arrows from the Walesse; when they shoot an animal, they bring part of it to a Walesse chief, who gives them more arrows and some of his kind of food, sweet potatoes, bananas and maize. I have tried to subdue them, to utilize them, to make them useful for some work, but they do not intend to work. The sole thing to get from them is to use them as guides in the forest and make an alliance with them in order that the Government couriers be not attacked by them, because as they are a nomadic people, to make war with them is almost impossible. When you go to fight them, they hide behind trees and you do not see them. Suddenly you feel an arrow coming on the right side and another on the left side, more behind, arrows before, and you do not see anything—nothing. And if by chance you see something jumping in the forest, you jump after him, but after a few seconds you see nothing. How can you do war in these conditions? They have no camps, they have no plantations, it is just as if you go to make war with monkeys or with savage pigs. When I was in one of their temporary camps I asked them, ‘ But you have not doors to your huts; do not the leopards get you?’ I was answered

by a Walesse chief, 'The leopards ! Can leopards take them, for they are animals of the forest themselves.'

"The only likely way to secure their submission is to create a need and habituate them to habits of buying, for instance, cloths. By and by, after several years, they will perhaps be obliged to come and ask for work for getting cloths. They do nothing useful now except that if the chief of a village wants some large leaves for covering the roofs of his buildings they bring them in exchange for sweet potatoes. The same is true if the chief wants bark fibre or the skin of a vine for the tying of rafters. Yes, the houses in the forest are constructed like Solomon's temple, without the sound of the hammer, there is no iron or nail in a native residence. As they are nomads, as they are great hunters, if they meet with the tusks of a dead elephant, they will give them to the chief and he will give them food and all sorts of things."

The Pigmies are perhaps the most wonderful people of all the native races of Africa in their knowledge of poisons and counter-poisons. This is probably one reason why Walesse chiefs desire very much an alliance with the Pigmies, because if a Walesse has been struck by a poisoned arrow, the Pigmy will know how to cure him. They know nothing about days. The Pigmies have no holidays, no Sunday, no Monday. They only know the seasons and the moons.

At half-past three in the afternoon, after having been under the red and orange tent and reloaded my camera carriers, I started to visit a camp of the Pigmies with an *Effendi* and two local chiefs. It was with unusual anticipations that I undertook this tramp into a remote corner of the forest. Strange stories had been told me about the residences of these little people, and when I enquired where they

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lived, it was always "a long way off;" but now at last I was to see the Pigmies at home! So with great cheerfulness we wound our way Indian file among the rows of sweet potatoes in the Government plantation, past the large long houses of the wild Walesse, the big savages of the Ituri forest, over huge fallen trees, through patches of manioc; then leaving the clearing, by a narrow track we entered the dense woodland. The path was serpentine, it wound about in all sorts of odd places and curious designs; I bumped my head on overhanging limbs or pushed them aside or bowed low. Just the kind of a track one would expect the Pigmies to have; small of stature, they are not bothered by the boughs which troubled me, and agile of foot, they experience no difficulty in making the sharp turns. After some while of this sort of thing I heard shouts of laughter and rollicking talk; there was jollification among the Mambutti. Not in all Africa have I heard so much fun. This is *the Land of Laughter*. This is the *Forest of Fun*. The natives I have met since crossing the line into Congo have been sober-faced; there has been little cheerfulness and no merriment, but these freedom-loving Pigmies, the freest people on the earth, are to this vast woodland and its human population what the blithe Shans are to the grave Chinese who live in the far West of the Celestial Empire. The mysterious fun was not momentary, but continuous. The Pigmies like to have a good time, and they have it. They are the merriest people in the Shade-land. After more winding the narrow path came to the green-leafed huts of the oddest people on the earth. Their encampment was new, for they are a roving race, constantly building fresh dwelling-places.

The camp contained ten half-moon booths, arranged

in the form of an ellipse, all wide open toward the camp fire which ever burns in the centre of the open space, and in front of each another fire of large sticks was blazing. In this camp dwell forty-three Pigmies, including several dusky maids of the forest, the last baby, and boys with fern stems stuck horizontally through the nose. Everyone turned out to see and be seen. It was a great day for the Pigmies when the Big White Chief visited them. In front of some of the huts were black earthen pots resting on logs of wood which had their ends in towards a centre, making at once the fire and the range. In these sweet potatoes were boiling. These little people have nothing else to eat at present, as the supply of meat is exhausted, and with their small bows and arrows they have been unable to get more. The primitive pigmy bed is a row of green leaves regularly placed and overlapping each other like shingles, the width of the diminutive couch being the length of the large symmetrical leaves, probably eighteen inches. Each perfect leaf was attached to its neighbour by two or three stitches deftly taken with a smaller leaf, the strong midrib of which had been slit for the purpose. In each graceful bower lay one of these elfin beds, fit for a fairy goddess, lying between the fire and the leafy wall. It was clean, like the whole hut and the Pigmy himself. There is no stench, no noxious odour about the haunts and habitations of the Pigmies. He sleeps with absolutely no covering, but keeps the smoky green wood fire going. These mysterious foresters who depend upon the flames for comfort, awaken each time the fire burns low on a damp and chilly night, push up the sticks, blow upon the embers, until the flame comes, and then drop as soundly asleep as if they had never wakened. Thus the Pigmy,

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although without clothing save only the smallest fragment of barkcloth, requires no comfortable blanket to keep him warm on a cold night. Strange to say, there are chilly nights in Equatorial Congo ; my own experience has been that while sleeping in a daub and wattle house with a heavy leaf roof, from two to four blankets have not been over-sufficient to keep me warm during many a cold, damp night in the Great Forest. One other piece of furniture appeared to belong to the whole camp, a curious chair which was simply the trunk of a small tree with four roots running out from the end in a perfectly regular way. These roots had been cut off about two feet from the trunk, barked and polished by frequent use. Aside from the simple beds, bows and quivers and cooking vessels, I could find absolutely nothing belonging to the Pigmies except what they had on, which was little, and the huts made of young, thin shoots covered with green leaves bound on with fibre. In vain I searched for toys or "made" playthings for the use of Pigmy babies. The wee urchins have the leaves, twigs, bows and arrows (and what could be more useful to a child ?), the skulls and other bones of monkeys, antelopes and elephants, and a fresh section of forest every few moons for playground, so they have no great hardship to find fun. I gave the Pigmy Sultan five copper coins each worth a pice. He clasped them tightly in his left hand and smiled a real home-made Pigmy smile. I took some photographs of the village and villagers, but the gloomy green woods are not conducive to good picture making. To have remained longer with this fun-loving people and watched their curious movements and listened to their low, musical voices would have been highly enjoyable, but the approach of a terrific electrical and rain

storm heralded by a few drops already falling, hastened us back to the comfortable leaf-roofed rest hut at the Meeting-of-the-Ways. There we pilgrims reposed, while

"The woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed."

The Pigmy Sultan, Abayando, understands good manners and paid a return call, bringing two of his trickish tribesmen with him. I regretted that it was necessary to use a Walesse chief as interpreter, but this could not be avoided. The name of the Walesse chief is Mabilanga, or otherwise Fish. He is chief of the large village between Japanda rest hut and where I saw the Pigmy camp. Abayando has one wife, though sultans sometimes have two. Generally they take only one because they buy them, paying with arrows and pots and other articles. I asked the Sultan how many children are usually found in a Mambutti family. He replied that sometimes they have one, sometimes two, sometimes three and sometimes five. The Sultan has three children, Ituri, Yando and Djana. I asked him how he came to give them these names, and he explained that there is a great river two days from here named Ituri, and it is from that the first is named. "Yes. You gave the Ituri name to one of your sons; what does Yando mean?" The proud Pigmy replied, "It is a name, a name of one of the great and old men of my tribe which has been given to my son." This seems to indicate that the Pigmies name their children *after* they are born. There dwell dwarfs on islands in the Bay of Bengal who name their children *before* birth. Djana means an animal of the forest, an animal which goes on trees, a sort of monkey. His wife is Itabo, which is the name of a river. The Pigmy who sat

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on the Sultan's right is Dilo; the one on the left is Tepe, that is spear. In getting at the meaning of Tepe, I asked the Sultan what the Mambutti name a gun. He answered, and was then asked if there are men by that name, but said there were not. After many fatiguing questions I learned the word for Spear—Tepe. I then asked if they eat people, but put it into this red herring form, "If in war you kill your enemies, do you eat them with salt or without?" The Sultan shook his head and solemnly spoke, "It was one time we ate, we do no more eat." He made very emphatic gestures with both hands, palm up. The interpreter was then instructed to say that all Walesse and Mambutti people eat men. Whereupon the Sultan got excited and violently shook his head saying, "No, no, I know my friend Yuma." Exactly what he meant was that since he is friend to the big chief Yuma he no longer engages in human banquets, because he is near him. I asked him his age, "Of long, long time I am," quoth he. He followed this with another remark and the doubling up of both hands. He was thus saying that he was fifty moons and fifty moons old and more. They can only count to one hundred, and he tells me he is more than one hundred moons of age. He uses no mats or skins, and has little tendency to the romantic, although the smoke from the hut fires and village flame fills the air with a dreamy softness, and ghost shadows flit about like phantoms of the past.

Abayando says that when a man dies, they put "the meat" in the earth the same day with the barkcloth worn in life. It is their custom to bury the corpse close by or under the village fire, lying down face up, to cover it with green leaves and earth, and then put on the grave a pair of iron bracelets.

After a few days of mourning they abandon this village.

The Pigmy, unlike the elephant, has no cemetery, which is a comparatively modern innovation. Patmos and the Pigmy Forest are without cemeteries. Nor has he, like Jacob, a parcel of ground for burial purposes. We are accustomed to repose our friends in green shady avenues by graded gravel walks or in shadowy aisles where the twilight stealthily enters by dusky windows. In either case the melancholy fact is rendered less gloomy by the thought of companionship—the grave of our loved one is not solitary, it is in God's acre. *The Silent City of the Dead*. But the Pigmy's last resting place is sad and lonely. It has, 'tis true, the warble of birds, the shade of trees, and the gentle visit of the shower and the antelope, but there are no marble monuments, no sculptured urns, no Gothic chapels. In part compensation there are no memorials of family pride, nor empty show vaunting itself in lofty columns as when the pride of wealth preserves a pompous epitaph in honour of a slave of Mammon. In the vast forest there is no *Metropolis of the Dead*, no *Village even of Tombs*, but here and there a solitary grave made in earth warmed by the village fire—but what matter is it? Browne's "Urn Burial" speaketh truthfully, "The greater part must be content to be as though they had not been, to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man." These human midgets are born, live and die and are buried in the forest's solemn silent gloom and mould.

The Mambutties sing and weep over the solitary grave for three days but without dancing, and then go away and build a new camp. I tried to obtain the words of the mourning song, but was told, "There is





REAR VIEW OF DABILA MAMBUUTI, LENDA, GREAT PYGMY FOREST

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no word for 'words,' in the Mambutti language," but after hard work I learned that among other things they say,

"Our friend, our brother is dead, poor man ;
O yes, he is now quite dead, poor man !"

The Kachins worship trees, the Persians adorn them with jewels, but my little friends have no tree religion.

The Pigmies speak on several notes, and in that suggest a conversation between Chinese ; the effect of their language is musical. Abayando says that in his camp women are fewer than men, but usually in the Pigmy tribes there are more women than men. It is not considered "good form" to eat women. I tried to get the Sultan to tell me about the belief of the Pigmies in spirits or in a future, and this was all I could obtain. "We do not know about spirits. When we bury a man, the body of that man will become a big serpent. It will become a big serpent and that serpent will come and see us. It will come near to us and coil up, but will not bite us." I asked a second time about this, and the Sultan persisted in saying that the serpent would come to see them and would not bite them and they would do it no harm. "That is all ; it will go away afterward." When asked how many poisons there are on the point of a Pigmy arrow he replied, "Many."

After an entrancing talk, a part of which is given above, I gave the Sultan some Americani. He took it, put it up against his left shoulder, smiled greatly, made gestures and rose and bowed. He said he was satisfied with the present and wanted to go back to the camp. Just before leaving, he asked for salt, but our limited supply would not warrant a gift of that important commodity. Abayando, the Pigmy Sultan, said good-bye and departed laughing.

The Pigmies are all finely formed. I've seen neither a hunchback nor a hideously deformed monster suggesting Shakespeare's Caliban. I was inclined to expect to find numbers of both, for birth in the forest must be attended with many mishaps.

The next day we travelled from seven-twenty A.M. to four P.M., through pouring rain which reduced the roads to mud and slush, beyond the Nkoko river, the boundary of the territory of Lake Albert. Not long after reaching the Nkoko four mites of Pigmies appeared bearing a live antelope as large as themselves on a pole, its legs tied together above the sapling. One had his face decorated with black and a streak of colour down the middle of the forehead. This Pigmy dandy also had a small stem stuck through his nose. The antelope probably weighed sixteen kilos. The animal had been snared in a net they were carrying, whose meshes were skilfully made of wood fibre. The net is extended something in the shape of a letter "V," and the antelope driven in and easily caught. The Pigmies no longer bring in dead antelope as a gift to me, because I refuse to eat the meat, fearing that it has been shot with poisoned arrows. My interest in the Pigmies never flags, maybe some day I'll tell a Pigmy love story.

My desire to see this quaint people had been so great that a courier was despatched ahead to the village and plantation of Agama asking the chief to send out for Mambutti who were known to be encamped in that neighbourhood; so that directly I arrived, five of them marched in and lined up in front of where I was sitting. Here I saw the first Pigmy with the beard largely gray; he is probably a little under forty years of age. They were greatly amused at my photographing them, but were exceedingly

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pleasant and good-natured and evinced great satisfaction with a present of Americani they received. I noticed that their Sultan did not possess a typical Mambutti face ; I could have selected him as a Pigmy, but with greater difficulty than the others.

At Camp Gorilla, in the midst of the forest, I met the Commandant of this zone, who told me that an American by the name of Thornton had been killed and eaten recently in the zone of Stanley Falls. He was not an officer, but was thought to be able to arrange matters with the natives in this section. When he went there, his troops were not close together, and the natives killed him.

Who will ever catalogue the sounds of the forest ? The shriek of wild beasts, the cry of wild birds, the mournful voice of the lofty branches, the yell of the cannibals and the frightful crash of thunder, together with the horrifying roar of the savage monster animals make music for camp *Gorilla* ! It was at this Camp Gorilla in the heart of the forest that my cook, Yakambi, prepared his first meal for me. It happened to be breakfast. I started a little earlier than usual that morning, and whether he thought I had forgotten to finish dinner the night before, or whether he was not fully awake himself, or whether it was an incipient case of monomania or whatever the cause, the first thing he proceeded to make, the first thing in the morning, was a huge saucepan of chocolate cream of which Mr. Eram is very fond as dessert for dinner ! When the cream was finally served out, it generously filled four soup plates, but was the only thing cooked for breakfast ! Not even hot water was ready until we had finished the meal. Then and there I determined that in Yakambi was room for improvement. I was sorely tempted to put the black stupid head of the cook into the hot

chocolate and would likely have accomplished the feat and punishment, but the thought that then I must go hungry and famished detained my anxious hands from his throat and cranium. I certainly displayed some self-command in not employing a stick on his anatomy.

In this camp in the woods, which is not far from the famous famine camp in charge of Dr. Parkes, I "built a wigwam in the forest." When I arrived this wigwam was an arch of sticks stuck into the ground and bent together at the top, with one end closed in the same way and the other end built up also except a doorway. Immediately on my arrival cannibals were sent into the raw forest to gather large leaves for thatching, and in the course of a couple of hours the hut was completed, without windows, less than six feet high and perhaps seven feet by twelve in area. The ground inside was also covered with a layer of leaves like those on the outside; and all this was done in spite of continuous rain. As soon as the roof was well started, a fire was built inside, and by the time all the openings but one were closed, and wet wood had smouldered and blazed for two hours, there was as much smoke in the place as could comfortably be accommodated—this is the reason there was not more later. In the heart of the wild-woodland in my leafy hut I was constrained to thank God for health, and pray for peace and protection. In these dangerous surroundings what would not I have given to hear the sweet voice of a friend softly singing in the universal stillness

"Under the tree-tops is quiet now!
In all the woodlands hearest thou
Not a sound!
The little birds are asleep in the trees;
Wait! Wait! and soon, like these,
Sleepest thou!"

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But the hut was a complete protection from the weather, and more comfortable than any tent could possibly be when pitched after two hours of pouring rain. This fact was kindly verified by the secretary, who had my white Americani tent pitched for his accommodation, and at nine o'clock in the evening had an experience which illustrates one of the dangers of travel in this woody wilderness with its giant trees. He shall recount it for himself. "I was just nicely settled in bed with the tent snugly fastened to keep out the intruding chill air and other unwelcome visitors, and was beginning to yield to the drowsy feeling which merges into sleep, when I was suddenly awakened by a crackling sound, which I at once recognised to be a tree falling very close to the tent in which I lay. We had been talking about falling trees that afternoon, and as I heard this one bending and realized that in an instant it would fall, I felt sure it would be on the tent. In the moment I decided that it would be useless to run, as it might fall on me outside, where there would be no intervening timbers to prop it up, so I simply lay quietly and waited for the crash to come. It came, but not on the tent. Up to that moment—the whole affair did not occupy ten seconds—I had felt quite composed, but when I turned over on my side to go to sleep I found that I was not sleepy, and that my heart was beating at a fever pace. It was the worst scare I had on the journey."

Several times we had to go around or over great trees. The caravan often

"Found all further passage
Shut against them, barred securely
By the trunks of trees uprooted,
Lying lengthwise, lying crosswise,
And forbidding further passage."

I have seen trees with forty yards of trunk, and, including branches, at least fifty or sixty yards in height. One must take much care in pitching a tent or building a leaf shelter in the forest on account of the trees that may blow down. Other travellers as well as myself have noticed that the roots in this great wood land never grow straight into the ground, but are horizontal. I think it must be because there is little earth here and that underneath there are solid rocks. There is a theory that in Central Africa a very large lake occupied the Congo basin, and that the water has gone down and left only the mud. Then, too, the roots of the trees are exposed and give little support, as the rains wash and the small rivers take away the soil. The rivers in the Congo State have thus far muddy water, and this may mean that the deposit left by the lake is being carried away. There are, however, creeks and streams of beautifully clear water.

Camp Gorilla is on the road which Lothaire cut through. He it was who hung Stokes. The Congo side of the story is that the big Chief Kalingulu was revolting against the state, and had killed Emin Pasha, but had no powder and guns with which to fight. And then Stokes brought powder and guns from Uganda, and sold them in Mawambi, to this and other chiefs, to fight the State. Finally, Lothaire got hold of him, condemned him, and shot him within twelve hours. A man who has been sentenced to death shall have twenty-four hours according to international law, and Lothaire did not give him the day's grace, but sentenced him at four in the afternoon and shot him at four in the morning. It is said in mitigation that Lothaire had been marching a year and a half and had forgotten some of the fine points in law!

My caravan got ahead of my flock of sheep and

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went into Mawambi on the ninth day from Irumu. The eighth day out from Irumu was the heaviest marching of the lot, for eleven and a quarter hours we forged ahead making the longest day we have done in Africa. The last I heard from the sheep was that only five were still alive. At one village the Bahima in charge of our "muttons" came in with a dead sheep on his back. If the dunce of a chap had only come in with a live one on its four legs, we might have converted two into shoulders. As it was, we were good enough Jews to leave the mutton to other tribes.

CHAPTER XVII

NOT OUT OF THE WOOD YET

FROM MAWAMBI-ON-THE-ITURI TO AVAKUBI-ON-THE-ARUWIMI—MY LAST RIDE ON THE ITURI RIVER

I reached one dying autumn-tide
A dwelling at the forest-side,
And saw the land so scanty and so bare,
And all the hard things men contend with there.

The Wanderers.

WHEN I emerged from the Great Forest into an extensive clearing, which was the plantation of Mawambi-on-the-Ituri, the tumble-down condition of some of the buildings and the unkept appearance of the place was what might be expected, for I had been travelling along roads not properly supervised. Indeed, ever since leaving the Territory of Lake Albert there were signs on all sides of inefficiency or ill-health on the part of the white chieftain. When approaching the Hill-of-the-Europeans, an odd-looking figure walked slowly down to meet me. It was the Chief of the Post, who had recently been attacked by rheumatism in the right leg severely, and was then suffering again in the same member, so that it was barely possible for him to walk, and almost





SPIRIT HOUSE AT NKOKO IN THE GREAT PIGMY FOREST

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impossible for him to sleep at night. The reception I received was chilly, due no doubt to the rheumatism and to the Chief not knowing that universal language, English. It is very unfortunate for the State that some of its employés are ignorant of the English language. Their lack of knowledge in this respect makes it impossible for them to gain an immense amount of useful information from English, Australian and American travellers. Who will ever know the loss to this Flemish postmaster and to the State, by his not being able to communicate properly with two Americans who recently passed through ! He turned over to the secretary and myself the finest residence in all that region, the house of the Chief of the Zone, which occupies a hill overlooking the swiftly flowing Ituri and a vast tract of Pigmy treeland beyond. The flock of sheep with which we equipped ourselves at Irumu had not arrived, but a messenger came saying that four more had died, though he brought me no proof of their death. If he was not lying, we still had five live sheep somewhere in the Forest ; but the shepherd and I agreed in thinking we had parted for ever.

The rheumatic postmaster despatched a messenger to bring in Pigmies, who swarm in the district. Indeed, owing to the abundance of game, it seems quite a centre for them. Some specimens were due sometime within the next twenty-four hours. I had intended to leave Mawambi-on-the-Ituri for Avakubi before another sun cast its evening shadows over this hill-top, but of course was bound to wait and see the wonder-producing Pigmies. Meantime, I made the acquaintance of two wily Arab shop-keepers, followers of the Prophet, one of whom leads a delectable life with two native wives. They came up ostensibly to pay their presects, but actually to look around, and when they

left, one went on one side of the house and the other on the opposite side that they might make a full survey of any baggage on the porch. I discharged the porters who came through from Irumu and engaged fresh men for Avakubi, which is distant five days. The entire evening of the day of my arrival here was spent in developing photographic plates. By midnight I was nearly starved to death, so searched around and found a large onion which was very strong. I ate the onion, an ear of raw corn which I ransacked out of a native basket, and some raw oatmeal. With this light repast I retired for the night, longing still for even chocolate cream !

Early in the morning a batch of fine natural bits of humanity—Pigmies, arrived, but the Pigmy babies which were sent for did not come. The first man brought an antelope almost dead, snared in a fibre net. Then came others, and I photographed them right and left, fore and aft. Later on in the day when a storm came up and darkened the room so that I could use it for photographic purposes, I developed two of these plates. I asked the Pigmies to build a real Pigmy hut for me and fix the fire and have things natural ; this they did in a half-hour's time, and the hut would turn any quantity of rain. Some people say they are like apes, but I fail to find the resemblance. Apes do not make fires and live in houses. Pigmies always dwell in small huts, staying sometimes but two or three days in a place, but usually some months. An officer in the Government in a conversation made the following statements about the Pigmies :—

“ We have no plans for the Pigmies, and I have thought of nothing for them. They are very good hunters, but that is all. There is nothing to do for the Pigmies. The products of this zone are rubber

and tobacco; there is plenty of the former in the forest, but the Pigmies won't gather it. There is nothing to do with them. They are like apes. When you have got them here, the next day they are run off forty, fifty or sixty miles away. I think they have been the original people of this region. No, it is not possible to get them to build villages. I have offered a Pigmy twenty 'muttons' to build a village. Ordinarily our couriers are not Pigmies. Our couriers are usually men we have in the village, but a Pigmy has been used in an emergency, though he will not put his name to paper. He runs very fast in the forest, and you could not follow him for an hour. He sees a little hole and dodges through it and is away while you are pushing away the sticks. He uses no weapons but bows and arrows. I do not think it would have any influence on the Pigmy to give him any present such as cloth to create a taste for our goods. He would take it and say you are a fine fellow, and the next day be the same as ever.

"If you wanted to learn the Pigmy language, you might get a Mambutti to stay with you three days and run in the woods the rest of the week. Even then I think he would not stay with you. If you took him at three years old you could keep him, but then he would not know the language; eight or nine is too old. The natives do not have any games except those introduced by the Arabs. A Pigmy gets his wife by buying her. They never intermarry with other races. He buys things from the big natives to get the girl he likes. The mother is very fond of her child to the age of three years, but after they leave the breast, it is finished! Pigmy children learn to shoot at once. No missionary has ever tried to work among them.

"I once took a Pigmy with me to show me the road,

and he would not come across. When I left him I gave him a fathom of cloth, and you should have seen the metamorphosis of his face when I told him he could take it and run away into the woods. The only time the Pigmies get cloth is when the white man is passing and they bring in antelope. They do not shoot their meat with poisoned arrows, only men. If I had no meat, and a Pigmy brought a dead antelope, certainly I should take it. All this poison is vegetable poison, and when the meat is boiled it is all right. I think the Pigmies have a belief in charms, and I think it amounts to a religious belief. All the Pigmies are clean. I think they wash in the fat of the animals they have shot. Originally the idea was to keep out the cold. The Pigmies like the fire.

"These people are not as sensitive to pain as we are. The European is a very weak man. You have stronger muscles, perhaps, to do something suddenly. A Pigmy would not feel a thorn in his foot as much as I would. I have seen a man get a rifle bullet under the eye and it went out at the back of his neck; in fourteen days he was all right. I have seen a native shot in the ankle, and he ran away so fast it was impossible to catch him. I have seen natives with terrible marks of wounds over the abdomen. In Europe we could not do it. Why? Because we have been weakened for centuries with warm food and clothes. The natives have not been this way. You get a little stomach-ache and go to the doctor, but these people do not pay much attention to it. I am quite sure that for physical pain the native is much stronger than the white man. The porters can go day after day on potatoes alone because they have never eaten anything else. The fishermen on the west coast of Norway eat nothing but potatoes and fish."

Inspired by the generalizing spirit of my host, I put together a few opinions as to the Forest people generally. First, physically they are susceptible to pulmonary diseases, and deaths are usually caused by lung trouble. The native doctors cut the skin over the lungs and take off some of the blood. One gentleman, who has lived long in Congo, says he has never seen a leper. He asked a chief once, "You kill lepers and you have no liberty to do it." "Ah," he said, "we do not kill them; we leave them to die." They consider that a man that is foolish has been sent down by the Great Spirit, he must be cared for and respected or the Great Spirit will punish them; there is not, however, much insanity among the African natives, and I have never heard of any among the Pigmies. All the people about the Ituri are cannibals. It is very difficult to fight cannibalism in Congo; the soldiers who have been in the service for only two years will return to their villages and eat people.

The Congo Free State officials are a trifle prone to study the natives from the standpoint of what they can get out of them. I want to supplement that view by the other, what can be put into them. So as to this second and more philanthropic question, I am convinced that whether Pigmy or Giant, Negro or Bantu, Nubian, Azandas or Mambutti, to wash a black is to lose one's soap; to attempt to make a white man of him is to waste time. He should not have, with Christianity, our expensive civilization forced upon him. He needs moderate employment with proportionate feeding, and such of his customs should be admitted as are compatible with the teaching of the Gospel, which includes individual liberty and respect for human life. I do not know but what it may be that the negro's place in the moral and intellectual order

will always be below that of the white. If so, the white man should evince a consciousness, if he has one, of his duties toward his more animal co-workers. Beyond question, the black is indispensable for the exploitation of Africa. This being so, it is necessary that he be used and not abused.

The fight for existence among the peoples of the earth does not seem to apply to tropical Africa, for it has to be noted that without the blacks nothing could be done in the hot belt. Whites cannot hope for a long time to become thoroughly acclimatized—fix themselves definitely to the soil—and found family life with the philanthropic sentiments of the white working in accord with his personal interest. The almost inevitable violence of conquest and obtaining possession of arable land were the principal causes of the wholesale and systematic extermination of the North American and Australian native populations. Extermination in Central Africa would only create a void impossible to fill by immigration, coming from more advanced and civilized people.

In these views I have on the whole left my little Pigmy friends in the background; they need a whole chapter focussed on them with a very wide-angle lens. That shall come next. Meanwhile let me tell how we prepared to quit this ancient slave and ivory centre of Mawambi on our way to Avakubi. We turned over a tin of flour to the postmaster's cook, who baked some of it up into bread, making five disc-like loaves. For yeast he used a sort of native beer and explained that the bread is best raised during sunshine, for the heat if not the light makes it "swell gross." We also had our laundry work done here, as there is plenty of good water. I arranged that we should have a supply of sweet bananas for the road, for I have seen no such

number of banana trees since leaving Toro as strikes the eye when looking out from the front porch of the Chief of the Zone's house, and the most delicious sweet bananas I have found west of the Mountains-of-the-Moon grow here.

First day. Up at Mawambi positively with the bugle. Found that the negatives were mostly dry. I left a candle burning when I went to bed, and about midnight woke up to find it still burning. I had placed a table close to the wall and rested the wet photographic plates, one end against the wall and the other on the table, and by means of the candle on the floor, sent a draught of warm air up. The plates were dry at breakfast time, when I took a large quantity of oatmeal, "beef-steak" of antelope, excellent bread, bananas and papias. Because of the rheumatism the postmaster did not come down the hill to the bank of the Ituri to see us off. Two dugouts conveyed the whole caravan to the opposite side, where the Forest was entered and the march begun over good but hilly roads. Among rocks containing large quantities of quartz, and others with pieces of mica easily picked out with the fingers. Arrived at Abarungu at three-forty p.m. This is a deserted village with a miserable rest house still standing. Here and there might be seen sweet potato vines and papias trees. The natives ran away into the Forest. This is the one thing the natives can do, for they have little opportunity to appeal, and I can see no reason in the mind of a native why he should work hard to make roads and keep up plantations for a government from which from his point of view he is likely to derive little or no advantage. At eight o'clock I turned in and for the first time slept on a real native bedstead. It was constructed on this wise. Four "Y's" were set up in the ground and protruded

some three feet. Small tree trunks for girders were arranged, and then small round pieces laid crosswise and on them some leaves. To all this I added rubber blankets, red blankets and a mosquito netting. The combination made a mighty good place to sleep on.

Second day. Turned out late—after five o'clock. Ate a large dish of oatmeal and very little else, as the cook of chocolate cream fame had prepared no potatoes, but brought me four old ones which were sour. These I received and promptly leaving the table, stood about twenty feet from the above-mentioned cook and threw the potatoes one at a time, aiming them at his ugly head. While I failed to hit the outside of his head, I certainly made an impression on the inside, and the next time he cooked an enormous quantity of potatoes.

One hour out from Abarungu I met a caravan which bore clear indications that foreigners were near. I soon met two white men who are to be officers in the Government. They told me that after leaving Avakuhl and before reaching Ngasi, they marched for ten hours in water up to their waists. One, who was on his way to Mbeni, spoke English. He is sick—had had fever for several days, and had no quinine, so he said. This meeting of white faces in the vast forest, served as good cheer for the whole day.

During this march I walked over more single logs spanning swift rivers and streams than I ever dreamed it would be possible for me to negotiate. The road from Mawambi to Lenda contains also more hills than I have met with in an equal distance since leaving Katwe. Just before reaching Lenda, I crossed a river on the trunk of a large tree which had been so cut as to span the river in its fall. Two cannibals steered me over the ticklish timber. I then climbed up an almost perpendicular place where sticks had been





vines attached to assist in climbing. Government plantation in good condition, right bank of the Lenda River. It has a huts in course of erection, which are the various expeditions coming up to works such as the construction of the the first time I came across spirit-nection with temporary huts. This tes that spirit worship has a tight grip, for otherwise they would not build a connection with dwellings to be night.

as despatched from Lenda to bring when he returned, six women and one died him. In an instant I noted the real Pigmy type, so I said to the Chief, "Mambutti"; and he replied "Babila- n the construction of the hut, which was : dexterity and completed in a half-hour, e of architecture prevailed from what I lepths of the wood. Not only different in ut only a small opening for door. Then n had a row of holes punched in the feel certain that these were mongrel a large amount of Babila blood. The r than any Pigmies I have seen, but bled the Mambutti in features. The Pigmy size. The hut has a smaller those of the Mambutti. Pointed sticks a diameter and tapering to a leaf were round in the shape of the hut. These r and interlaced at the top by other en some large leaves were ingeniously ormer. About six inches from the base ie leaf was slit and a smaller leaf fastened



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The road during these three hours was cultivated and was in a most astonishing way a principal highway within a short distance of the residence of the Chief of the Territory. Being well open to the sun, the walking was not so hot, but to make up for it, the traveller was scorched from the glow overhead. To march under the African sun after a long journey in the forest was a severe ordeal. On the parade ground at the residence I was greeted by a sub-officer, and a few minutes later by a Swedish lieutenant, who had been at the Heart-of-Beef at Kifuku which I sampled. We went straight to the office of the Chief of the Territory of the West, who was ill in his room. The Chief, however, was able to sit up and gave me various information with reference to Avakubi, and ventured some remarks (?) about missions and missionaries. He, then, conducted me to the best room in his house, where I had dinner in an upstairs mess hall, which stands apart, not forming part of the defences and making it possible to surprise the officers at meals, I developed my photographs till midnight. Most of them came out well.

Indeed they came out better than I did ; while I was developing negatives I was also suffering from a chill in my spinal column which finally developed into fever. I feel sure that primarily the fever was induced by a sun chill which I got on the day I wore an immense pith helmet, but before I reached the sun had great power on my back, and then I felt the fever.

A traveller who has spent a month in the forest-land of tropical Africa cannot be too careful when getting out from it into an open boat on the waters of the Ituri. In this burnt clay country I spent a memorable night. The fever ran high, but not very high, but my faithful secretary stood by

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CHAPTER XVIII

THE LITTLE BURNT FACES.

DISTRIBUTION IN THE WORLD ; ANCIENT
GE—PIGMIES OF CENTRAL AFRICA ; CUS-
CHERY, DIVINATION ? IMPEDIMENTA,
E NIMRODS, TRADE, FIGHTING, INTELLI-
RIDE, FUN, NEIGHBOURS, POSSIBILITIES,
A PLEA.

are Pigmies still, though perched on Alps.
Young.

RSIZED and unfinished nations are not
uliar to Africa. In the warm, diseaseful
nd south-east of Asia many are said to be
best known are the mournful dwellers on
ndaman Islands, who rarely grow five feet
as the early Arab sailors said, "The
of these islands eat men alive, and in
nd countenances there is something quite
a statement improved by the veracious
, into "I assure you all the men of this
e heads like dogs, and teeth and eyes like-
the interior of Luzon is another owlsh
aging fifty-six inches, who are remarkable
picturesque marriage ceremonies :—" The





NATIVE POPOIE HOUSE. KOKANDINDI, ARUWIMI UPPER CONGO

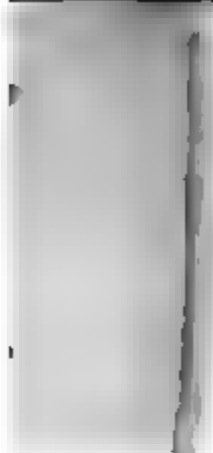
MONSTER NATIVE, DRUM, MOKANDINDI, OPPOSITE PANGA ON THE ARUWIMI RIVER.



extensive, and shows that the race of once inhabited this country were very like the same peculiarities of position observed in the county graves are found in these. The letter says :—‘ Some considerable excitation took place a few days since, near Offee county, on James Brown’s farm. Digging a field which had been cultivated and ploughed up a man’s skull and other remains. On making further examination they found there were about six acres in the graveyard. Buried in a sitting or standing position. Now that they were a dwarf tribe of people, four feet high. It is estimated that there were 75,000 to 100,000 buried there. This shows that this country was inhabited hundreds of

of these discoveries and these survivals, it is like gathering what ancient writers have left out any small peoples. We are too prone to the re-discovery in last century, by Du Rœinfurth, Grenfell, Delcomune and Stanley to be proud of modern enterprise. We are to be ashamed of our incredulity or of our old geographers, who knew, millenniums ago, which our ancestors let drop, and only found again a few centuries ago with as much certainty as if theirs were the first egg ever laid !

More than four thousand years the Chinese found several aboriginal tribes to their south whom they call Miaotsz’. Western observation is later, and even when Homer sang, he found no half-pennyworth of fact to an intolerant imagination. Wanting an illustration



d, there came upon them some dwarfish
the middle height who seized them and
off. The Nasamonians could not under-
rd of their language, nor had they any
e with the language of the Nasamonians.
led across extensive marshes, and finally
own, where all the men were of the height
nductors, and black complexioned. A
flowed by the town, running from west to
ontaining crocodiles."

otus was rightly informed, the Pigmies
e Niger, near Timbuktu, about twenty-
red years ago. A century later, Ctesias,

Persia, heard of the aboriginal stunted
lia and their skill with the bow. Aristotle
ful observer, and in connection with his
ous, half-serious disquisition on storks,
l for a moment to these little people, evi-
uenced by the crane fable. But he is
insist on the reality of the race :—"The
from the plains of Scythia to the marshes
gypt, toward the sources of the Nile. This
trict which the Pigmies inhabit, whose
not a fable. There is really, as men say,
men of little stature, and their horses are
They pass their life in caverns."

1 the subject was not referred to again for
red years in the literature we have, but
ioned the dwarfs of both Asia and Africa,
ntemporary Pomponius Mela knew they
eaches by the Red Sea route. He had
they ate snakes, a fact I did not verify

e Arabs came flooding all along the North



By wit, Mrs. Browning in *The Dead Pan*
is thus :—

What revels are ye sunken
In old Aethiopia ?
Have the pigmies made you drunken
Bathing in Mandragora ? ”

They are not nervous, the Pigmies are not
inconvenienced by weather or accident, and in
economy have no place for luxury. They
resistive to pain than white-skins. They are
stupid, although Isidorus and Serapion would
hold it due to bathing in narcotic man-
na thereby diminished sensibility to pain.
They are not in trouble as other men; neither are
they like other men.”*

Many citizens of the realms of shade are fond

Here, again, are stories about them
which should be taken with “a grain of salt.” For
a white man said that a Pigmy will take a
dinner of sixty bananas and eat them all at a
single sitting with other food. Then he will lie and groan
all the night and, when morning comes, he
will repeat the operation. Now, while some
have grotesquely distended abdomens, it is
impossible to put a quart in a pint measure. This
immense quantity of sixty bananas in one Pigmy’s stomach at
once suggests that moderns are like ancients,
when describing these populations. The
cause of the exaggeration of the Pigmy abdo-
men is due to the unusual size of the left lobe of the
stomach, the spleen, and fat in the mesentery. Much
more comes to a Pigmy mill, and meat is even
less to their taste than bananas. The Vegetarian

* Psalm 73, 5.

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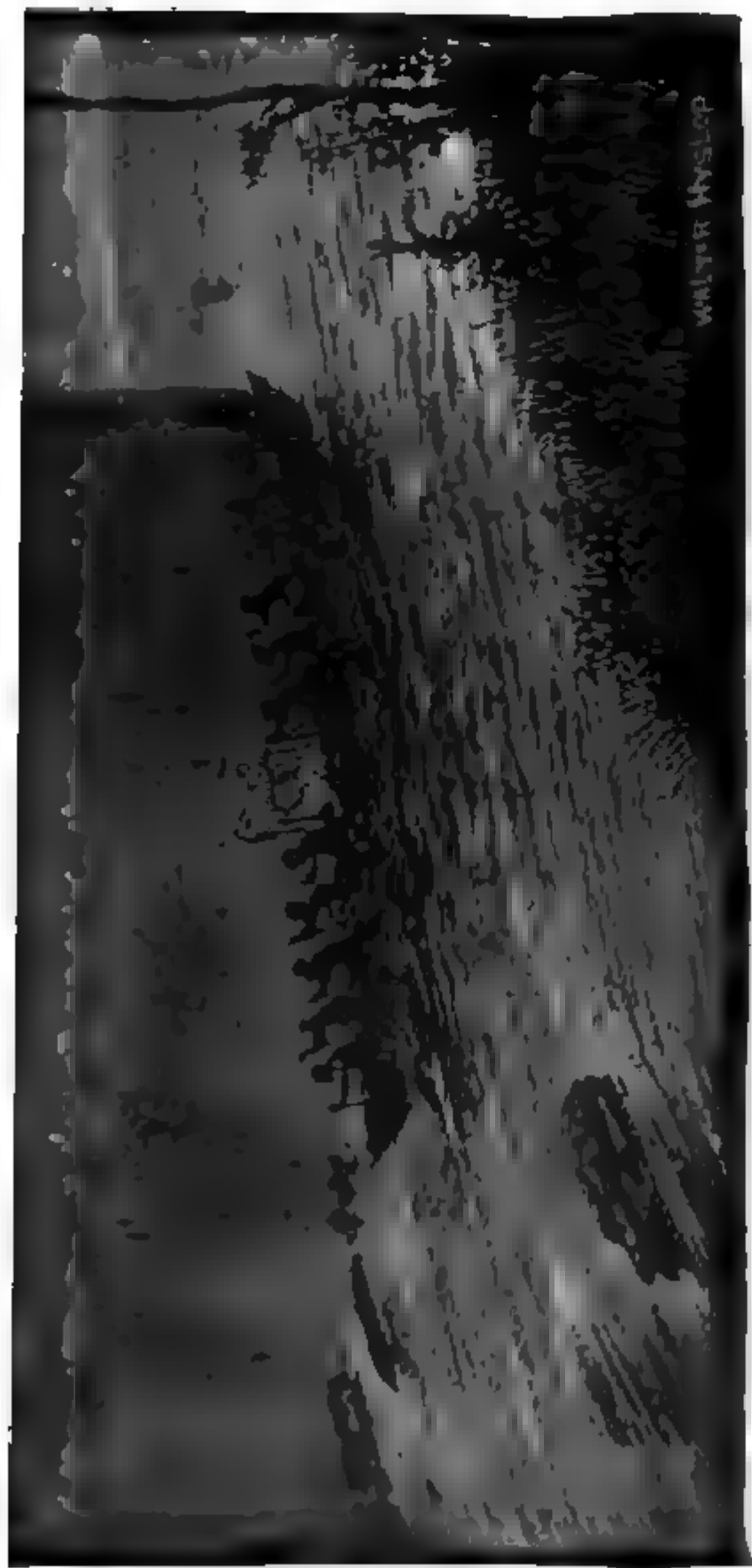
lives an

be scored to fiction. The wee Pigmies ought to shoot the small shaft, and in their imagination they kill the deer, the leopard or elephant. As their life depends largely of these naturally tree-land weapons, it is they become experts.

Use of house-moving has no terrors for these. We hear on good authority that the their tents and silently steal away, more we can. But the Pigmy has the advantage Bedouin, in that he has no tent. When he takes along his bow and arrows, his chair and cooking pot. His movements are not impeded. The ancient Romans called *impedimenta*. At a spring or a stream of sweet water he lays out a star-shaped village, and in an hour's time his fire is made and he enjoys a completed residence. He then drives his flock with him and rides a horse, but the Pigmy has no domestic animals. He is called the Gipsy of Africa, but all the Pigmies do have horses, many of them wagons with lace and containing bevel glass windows and of painted glass. In short, the Pigmy is free of the *impedimenta* which modern civilization casts about its devotee. And yet he lives well. He has good teeth, good eyes, and the movements of a hoof in the distance. He has no signs of myopia or short-sightedness, but his natural acuteness only matched by acuteness of dentists, opticians and sellers of ear-drums and patronage here except from chance passers.

Pigmy any use for the telegraph operator ; his own ways of spreading intelligence, a sort of primitive telegraphy. Nor is he dependent on a compass ; his bump of locality is highly





WALTER HANSLON

SHOOTING RAPIDS ON THE DANGEROUS ARUWIMI RIVER.

THE AUTHOR AND HIS SLA RETARY WELCOMED BY CANNIBALS AFTER THE WRECK OF THE BOAT IN
ARIWIMI RIVER

of hunting is not peculiar to the Mam-
; natives of Congo practise it, and it is
on the Nile and near Kivu ; but near the
its home.

the fleet, barefooted Pigmies have successfully
the chase and secured an abundance of meat,
the gardens of the big Babilā and take
of bananas, hanging in its place a suitable
flesh. It may not be due to any sense of
that they make this reasonable exchange—
it—but rather to avoid war. The Pigmies
rather than war, but are generally prepared

The Pigmies are fond of white ants, and
les as dainty morsels. They are referred
pinks as nomads, lazy and thieves. The
y “ A great man will not see a little man’s
but they are held in deep respect for their
l unwillingness to retaliate on those who
n. When making war, the Congo Govern-
s with the Pigmies and engages them as
use the military officials well know that of
oples in the woodlands the Pigmies are
finding forest tracks and acting as scouts.
also the ablest of the forest peoples in their
ons.

be any cause, real or fancied, the grudgeful
y unerring aim, death-mark an enemy with
s poison point. As Victor Hugo says:—
ations hold the torch that lights the path
.” Such fatal business is usually laid to
of men and boys, because the mind naturally
n the suggestion of death traffic conducted
ntler sex ; but in fact the women do not
the sight of blood, for they are accustomed
ghter of animals of various kinds and sizes.

terious Pigm
use their arro
understand th
kins."

"To most
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as an instrum
onward march
at one point
It may be th
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only, not w
that their ex
skulls of Ton
eyes of pear
myths, devil
is certain, so
a had one s

it to be comfortable at their game of
 ew Arabs live in the Great Forest, but
 ed put a quietus to this seven-arrow
 ie is hardly at liberty to charge them
 cing some such device among the mys-
 ies. I have never seen the little people
 ows for any such playful purpose, but I
 hey have something akin to our "spilli-

minds there lurks a certain charm in the
 and the arrow has often been employed
 nent of divination. Isaiah depicts the
 h of the Assyrians, and how their route
 t was determined by shaking arrows.
 hat the Pigmy marks have some use in
 n. Do they indulge in magic? There
 : evidence. One acquaintance of mine
 cheek painted white, and his right cheek
 his may have had to do with beauty
 ith charms. However, I must record
 nbellished heads resembled the divining
 Nes Straits with noses of bees-wax and
 L. Have these primitive people star-
 estivals, or sorcery I know not, but this
 ie Pigmies believe in a good spirit and
 rd some in the finger of fate. It is a
 ct that the powers of the unseen world
 to savages, and while I have detected
 ng them to find out the future, yet about
 a weird and mysterious air which I am
 tribute to his religious belief. Creeds
 gious customs are the last things to be
 i outsider, as is shown by the case of the
 alian black fellows. Often they had
 n as devoid of any ideas beyond the

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"as ever in green Sherwood Forest strutted in Hood and his men. The Pigmy is a able specimen of savage humanity. There ly no more liberty-loving people on the these diminutive men and women. I wont to think of mountaineers as free and he lofty summits, severe and cragful, p an individuality full of the spirit of daring sersion, but the tree-land seems to have t ; as Longfellow says,—

he forests, with their myriad tongues,
Shouted with liberty,"

ut the little reddish-yellow and brownish- le who dwell in "The Eternal Twilight." dy the artful monkey to learn what nuts are ous. They also study his habits to get him ood. But the monkeys leap from tree-top a hundred and fifty feet above the antelope, er where they will beneath. No animal ; of the homeland of the Pigmy is fettered id regulations. Now it may be the little es this spirit.

he reason why, I cannot tell,
but this I know, and know full well,"

oves liberty. He is a slave to no mortal man. id is the *Land of Laughter*. The sly Pigmy nerry meetings and sporty tricks. How gladsome, gay, plump curly-headed Pigmy , without mirrors, I know not ; unless they nage in the flowing forest stream. Perhaps : of possessions makes them so jolly. These annikins are not mad for gain, and therefore shouts of joy than misers. Truly it is said, gold, the *wailers'* heap ! " They learn from

gesture and
of animals
movement.

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it simply on the lower animals; they are sociable, their little booths are always near the hamlet of a tribe of large natives, and they usually get on well.

I have mentioned that they have a sign language, and are adroit at drawing outlines and experts in imitating their noise and

that these two races of human beings, very different in size, dwell in the same section of the earth. I am inclined to conclude "that the prevailing size is really a deep-seated, inherited characteristic, and is but little on outward conditions as of food, climate, etc., is proved by well-known facts. The tallest and shortest races in Europe are respectively the Norwegians, and Lapps, living in the same region. In Africa, also, the Bushmen and the tallest race of the country, are close neighbours. The natives of the islands and those of many islands of the western region of the Pacific, in which the conditions are either more or less favourable to the tall or the short, are at opposite ends of the scale of height."

Of the Semliki Pigmyes in building their houses, only four feet in height, near the dwellings of the big people is not solitary. This custom may be considered as established and made in Switzerland, where the remains of different types are found side by side; from this we may conclude that the people lived together in spite of the great difference in size.

Who ask: Are the Pigmyes in the eternal equatorial Africa degenerating? I reply: No. I have seen presented no sign of degeneration but had great bodily strength. Their

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BUILDING A HOUSE FOR THE MISSIONARIES AT YAKUSU. ENGLISHMEN—W. MILLMAN, H. SUTTON, SMITH
AND E. WILFORD

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THE LITTLE BURNT FACES 283

newspaper. Were the Pigmy to print a methinks it would contain an ink-cry for it is the task of anatomical science to these small varieties of the human race the predecessors of full-sized humanity, yet may safely infer that the Pigmies were the ants of Central Africa, and hence among landowners on the planet. Why should chronologically are the first, be the last to the wealthful results of Christian philanthropy? Pigmy has his forest, his food and his fun, nor in opportunities to know his destiny. Ever heard the name of Our Lord. I am of the cute, caustic, but Christian words Carlyle, "The Cause of the Poor, in God's the Devil's!"

poor, the poor Pigmy. He may be even for a better idea. I am inclined to

"Believe, that in all ages
Every human heart is human.
That in even savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings, strivings
For the good they comprehend not."

hope for the man who could laugh; the eluded in that. I like the Pigmies. Lend a hand! His ancestors have sunk down could of the forest; let not the present as into the past in like circumstances. And old gospel story be told in this compact black forest. The grace of God can re-igmy. Through his dense forests I passed and unharmed!

Christian scholars humanize, civilize and the jolly miniature Nimrods of the vast woodlands!

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, for they have not been worth funeral
The vivacious dwarf, Garibaldi, I will
ne down the dangerous Aruwimi.

van work of this trying trans-continental
finished; unless a decision is taken to
malarious tramp from Banalya through
forest to the lively Lindi and thence, dodg-
hutes" and the still more active fevers,
o River. My Across Africa Tour naturally
lf into seven great parts. First the rail-
oria Nyanza; then the steamer across the

after which a march through the Grass-
followed by a long tramp through the vast
then the dangerous dugout voyage down

Aruwimi; the steamer journey on the
d finally, as the trip began on the railway,
on the *Chemin de Fer du Congo* westward
e enchanting scenery between the shallow
e fathomless Sea.

Africa differs from all other tropical coun-
gh which I have travelled, and this setting
riting the result of personal observations
ence is a duty which the traveller owes to
and those who may follow after him. I
ncient Avakubi at the end of the fourth
e journey and the finis-point to the caravan
a suitable if not convenient spot for marking
der some meditations on how to travel in
frica.

s who anticipate as extensive and novel a
myself and secretary are making across
, past Sultan Hamud, around the Ruwenzori
ugh the vast Tree-land of the Pigmies, to
-the-Sea, should take considerable fore-
A certain articles with them. I shall

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ntly long in the country without a vacation
wheels of his mind rusted by the atmos-
egro thought. He has got his bearings,
worn by perpetual repetition ; his intellect
works freely nor clearly. A gentleman
t in the tropics, one of the shrewdest and
e officials of the Congo Government,
ed that after a year or eighteen months'
a Congo his mind slackens its pace and
at certainly fails in prompt, clear decisions
is projects ; but that a change into the
zone even though brief, rejuvenates the
does the body. Other men, of strong
y, and rising rapidly in political positions,
t three years is the utmost limit to safely
these fever-stricken regions, and that to
years without a vacation is unwise. The
ernment, appreciating the situation, and
ng the advantage of having officers with
bodies in the best condition, insist that
return to Europe at the end of thirty-six
Major Woodruff thinks the extreme limit
a period of duty in parts of the Philippines
hs, and I certainly think the same applies
rts of the Congo basin !

ls me to gravely question the advisability
boards permitting missionaries from Tropical
address audiences or conduct any sort of
until after at least three months of rest
eration in the best home-land climate.
new idea hatched out in the heat made
cumstances of this overland tour.

vice from delicate people. If you are not
strong and robust, do not be fool enough
the most exacting of all trans-continental

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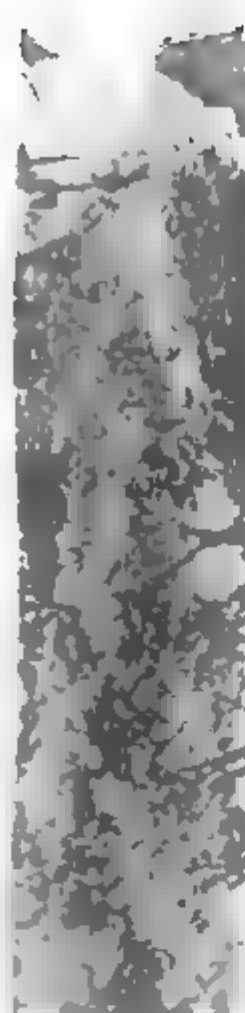
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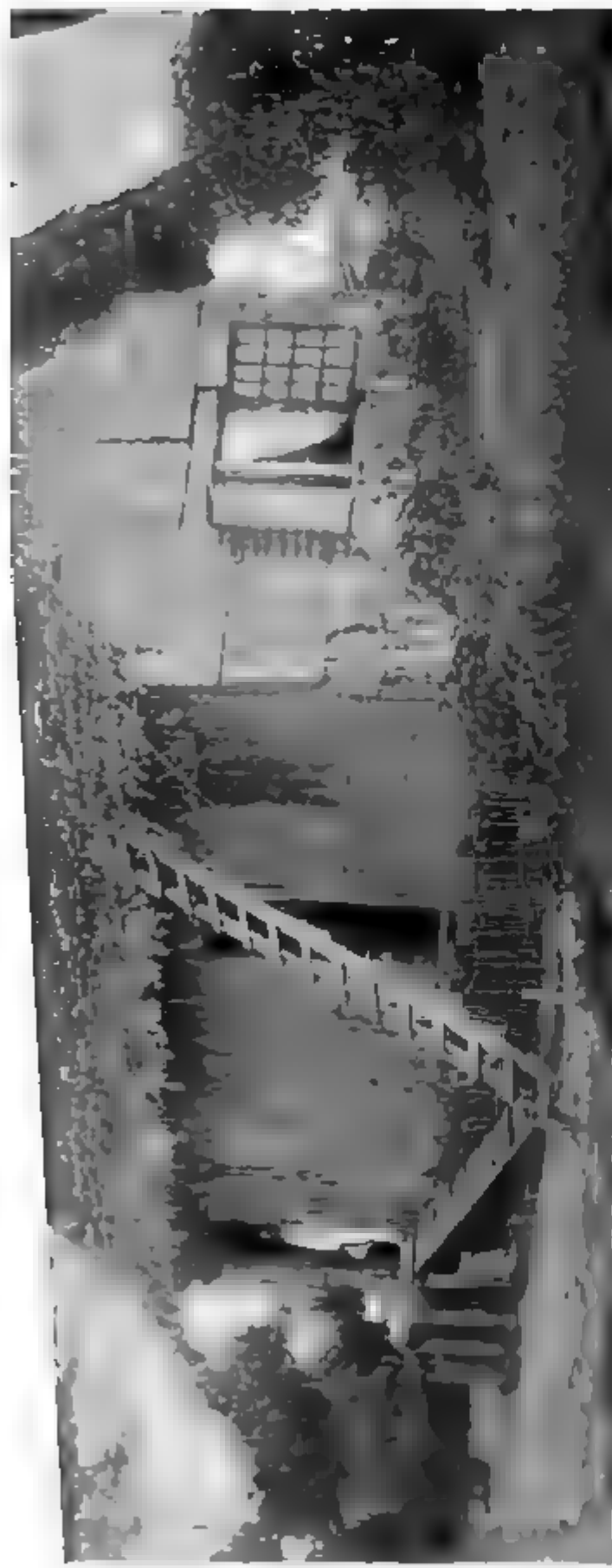
of his skin or in it or under it, I know not
 ty of diseases ; and not being properly
 disinfected or sterilized, it was pushed
 r precious skin, and a certain quantity of
 savage microbes inserted into my anatomy.
 nent was then removed. I have had a
 here ever since. Next in danger to the
 seases come the remedies for them. If
 s not precious and you want to have some
 out the country with a hypodermic instru-
 inject liquids, fluids and gases into the
 of savages, but keep the thing away from
 . You will require a hypodermic instrument
 ites, some people will tell you. That may
 e heard of huge monsters that wiggle and
 do dreadful things, snake-like, poisonous
 s. I make no objection, although in cros-
 thus far I have seen but two snakes, one
 en water snake which was killed by my
 addlers in the Ituri river, and the other
 nake coiled up on the limb of a tree. A
 ot pulverized a part of its backbone, and it
 y went out of business. So far as my
 servation goes, there are now no live snakes

However, take some snake bite medicine

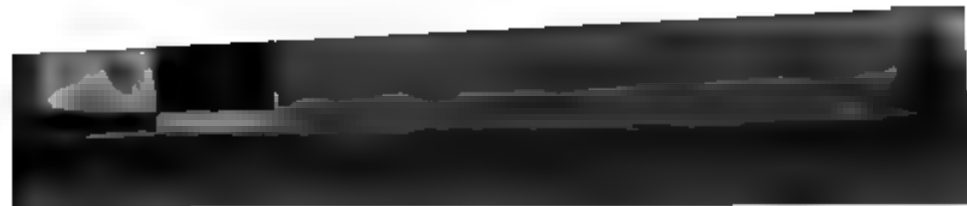
On similar cautious principles, it is advis-
 urse, to be vaccinated for everything before
 on the trip—smallpox, cholera, corns,
 lague, consumption, indigestion, and all
 wn and unknown. In fact, get vaccinated
 l be understood by the savage races among
 pass that you have been tattooed according
 it modern fashion.

licine chest should contain, in real earnest,
 od cathartic, second, a better cathartic ;





MISSIONARY SMITH'S PICTURESQUE HOUSE, YAKUSU, UPPER CONGO.





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and let it come up and meet a strong erbockers. It is advisable to have a long hose very heavy and reserved for a precaution against cold and bites of Heavy woollen under-garments should be worn at all times. Always wear a hunting coat with a layer of wool between it and the skin.

Take care of the sun. Not that it is out of your power to ignore it, but it requires special attention. It is like an overbearing man who never requests anybody but commands. When I landed in Africa, Bishop Peel told me a half dozen different times, "If you don't take care of the sun, the sun will look out for you." It may cost as dear as crimes." I bring my fist heavily down on this rough native's head and strike it such a frightful blow that it falls in its legs as I say: Mind the African, don't disobey it; take the slightest hint from it for a hint. It is a smiling but most dangerous man. For headgear take a pith hat, an

Take also three felt hats, one fitting and one reserve, each having a broad brim and venting at the back a good heavy shade on your spinal column. There is no objection to the traveller's hat, but be careful not to wear it. The sun caught me napping in the shade when I was travelling in one by the Cape-Moon, and I had a terrific attack

When you travel, travel rapidly. Do not lag behind. Be quick and spry, "gang your ain gait," and tell everybody accompanying you to behave in the same fashion. Accept no gratuitous interference from the men who interpret for you, so that you can control them and be under no obligations

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they will tell you there are no mosquitoes. It is just the same. At one such place I went out at night and struck a match, and on the out-let directly opposite my mouth, as if sucking it, was a huge poisonous spider. A mosquito is a good thing for mice and all sorts of insects run about when a body is not watching. All insects should be treated alike in Africa, a mosquito net will not stop an elephant. When going, the *voyageur* visits a gun shop and gets a gun of such bore and power of resistance as to stop a charge:” whether of leopard, lion or elephant. It is equally important to stop a charge of an elephant is seen, it is followed and at least it is closely watched lest it “turn on the man. It is important to be as vigilant against ants, spiders and mosquitoes, as leopards, elephants.

Take fire-arms. While it is possible to go from Mombasa to Banana with no other weapon than an umbrella, yet for the sake of game you should take a good rifle, a good shot gun and a knife. There will be savages all about you, men with great appetites having a taste for the human flesh. There will be wild beasts and deadly crawling insects; take good fire-arms and a thousand rounds of cordite shells. Get fresh meat whenever possible.

“Chop.” Chop is a word to which the traveler must at once accustom himself. It means any sort of food. Take a few boxes containing condensed oatmeal, meat extracts, canned Calumet and peaches, some army rations, rice and so on. Do not use canned goods when it is possible to get fresh. A resident in Congo for over fifteen

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HOW TO TRAVEL IN AFRICA 297

plenty of salt, not only for yourself, but welcomed by the natives.

Like small useful gifts such as knives, little mirrors and so forth. Do not fool do not deceive them, do not give them. On one occasion I was about to trade a native and its mate to another, but at the moment I had not the heart to do it. It has been fun to have described them walking with one shoe on, and would have made a joke; but the boot might have been on the other when they saw my joke. Make small, simple gifts.

Take plenty of sleep. Take it sensibly. A man who has not sense enough to retire early in the tropics should have a guardian angel and be under surveillance, for he will harm himself. He may not cut his throat or cast a noose at himself, but there are slower ways of committing suicide. One is getting up late in the tropics. A man who has lived in tropical Africa for a quarter of a century will tell you of your symptoms. If you wake in the morning and because of drowsiness hesitate about whether to lie there and continue to slumber, but retire earlier at night thereafter." Before the most valuable time for sleep in the tropics.

Many people find it advisable to take a nap after the midday meal, say for twenty minutes. Longer is not desirable. Do not let a strong reflection of the sun will strike your back. Plenty of sleep will preserve the traveler and make it more comfortable for voyagers. Retire early. Poor Richard said "Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."



—



CHIEF MOYEMBA AND SOME OF HIS WIVES, BASOKO, VILLAGE-OF-THE-MILK-WHITE-BATTLEMENTS.



CLASS IN THE GREAT GIRLS DAY SCHOOL, YAKUTSK, UPPER CONGO
The Tattooed Teacher sits in the foreground and four young Warriors stand in the Background

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CHAPTER XX

THE ARUWIMI IN A HOLLOW LOG

STAGE OF THE GREAT JOURNEY— TO BASOKO—FAITHFULNESS OF UN- SKILLED LABOUR

. unheard-of world, in what strange keel
come hither to our commonweal?

The Wanderers.

gian Captain at awkward Avakubi sup-
ne with a cook and a boy. These two
blacks with the dwarf Garibaldi, I held
the dugout journey, because I had been
at the rapids, "chutes" and cataracts
ie dangerous Aruwimi abounds, villages
and savage porters under monthly pay
convey valuable personal property to a
the danger. This is a convenient sub-
expensive lock with its keepers.
ke cloudy but pleasant, and accompanied
nd a host of female porters, or porteresses,
vound slowly out of hospitable but un-
t Avakubi, down by the lengthy Arab
log landing beyond the foaming, roaring
ubi is interesting as a study in history.
of mind a village of some kind has existed

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Mohammedan faith there is the belief in
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aged for two pirogues or hollow logs to
n the Aruwimi, but when I reached the
: was waiting. After a palaver a second
but it was such a rotten affair that I
ast my baggage in it. The accepted one
tly large to carry the whole business,
yard in width though hollowed out of
k. A most acceptable roof of leaves had
to protect the white men from the sun.
nding at Joppa had I met with such
racket, including the most pronounced
; while my baggage was tumbled in
til I stopped the performance. The
as pushed off after much noise, and the
rip down the dangerous Aruwimi began.
ay was made for about two hours, when
ddlers said they wanted to stop and sleep.
t twelve o'clock. But the pirogue pushed
se until Bosulangi was reached. The
adepts at labour-saving devices. The
front end of the pirogue passed roasted
: cob to the rear by putting it into the
ting it float back to the men in the stern,
it. I walked around several "chutes"
ile the expert boatmen took the hollow

ur-thirty in the afternoon of the second
' savages tied up the hollow log at Bomili,
first station in the zone of Stanley Falls.
ans are stationed on the Government
which lies exactly opposite the noisy
er. At the boisterous meeting of the

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d and the blood not permitted to escape of death, which would have made it foreigners to eat. Among the human this place was a woman with a large disc r upper lip and the lid of a tin can fastened this put her above her neighbours and : envy of the other women of the village, ing for tin can lids.

rdly noon on the next day when Panga :. Here I was received most courteously ian officer de Grève. This interesting whom I managed to converse in a mixture German, French and English, proved to e most pleasing officials of the State with re come in contact. In the afternoon, crossed to the north side of the Aruwimi e village of Mokandindi. At a distance , mining town, the tall houses resembling s population is one hundred blacks who e Popoie people. The natives I found at, not resisting a smile and bearing a iage. There is no question about the ivities of these people, for this was easily le even among the few paddlers who oss the river. One paddler had a huge nches long in his left side ; another had e an arrow had passed through his neck ; alf a dozen marks on the back, and still cars almost everywhere. These men have fellows in their days. Strangely enough, eat muscular cannibal dudes among them. -time, David might truthfully and literally " Mine enemies would daily swallow me

* Psalm 56, 2.

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from their immediate neighbours. In
out the burden-bearers of heathen lands,
elements of laziness to consider and petty
t the Chinese cooley who carried my bag
arefully, the Sea Dyack never dropped it,
ed Africa safely. These unskilled people
so much depends—more, in fact, than men
o put to their credit—could easily do me
uset this crazy red dugout would have been
k of a moment; and then my baggage
e lost, the work of years obliterated, and
with no one to tell the tale. The traveller
porters. They are strangers. He employs
himself and his goods within their power
re true to the trust imposed upon them.
to faithful unskilled labour of all colours

a parenthesis extracted from my diary.
have I felt so great a need for depending
i of Galilee to keep my mind clear as in
ica. The stimulus to pure, logical thinking
il in this region. Often those with whom
in contact, resident in the country, have
more affected by the climate and other
and their judgment has to be scrutinized
veller with great care. As efficient as
may be in serving the State, many of them
to the Congo without much education.
ntly never had a course in logic and will
a reply some statement which has no more
the subject in a sensible conversation than
with a violet in the study of botany."

n, June Eleventh, Eighteen Hundred and
was the startling inscription on a pistol
alt which I gave to my boy Garibaldi when

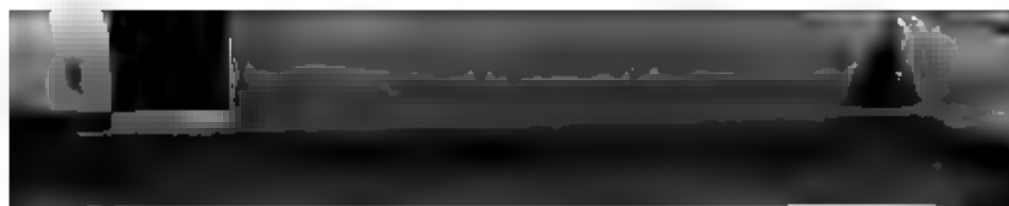
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THE ARAB TOWER AND MILK-WHITE-BATTLEMENTS AT BASOKO-THE BEAUTIFUL, CONGO FREE STATE





INSIDE CONGO FREE STATE PRISON BASOKO

The chained prisoners said to be cannibals captured in the act of eating human flesh

smiled easily and stood gracefully as
l.

was perfectly calm, and was made picturesque by the cargo dugout paddling ahead. Clusters of flowers lay lazily on the Aruwimi, the banks were green with lovely flowers. As in the forest, there was green, with no great variety of colour and melancholy foliage lining the sides.

The paddlers sang, but in the minor, melancholy in the music of all native races. The dugout was composed of onions, sweet condensed milk, antelope and much good cargo down the Aruwimi and having a good position in a hollow log shaped well at first, but had a stun effect on the progress of the canoe, the paddlers stopped and looked on in amazement at the White Chief eating his food.

At five in the afternoon, even four-fifteen, when we put off at Bumboli with six fresh strong men, the cargo boat had not come in sight.

When we had passed a strong rapid, I remembered that my secretary was ill and the baggage canoe not far behind, so that there was no way out of it but to go on, and we went. A thunderstorm approached; the clouds gathered and was settling over the unknown river. The lightning in the north-west bank of the river suggested the handwriting on Belshazzar's Plate. I was considerably unnerved, and my heart sank in helplessness when the pirogue pulled in, and we were here, for the night. Black, savage figures appeared in the gloom of the settling darkness. In the lightning's flash, which reflected a glow from their faces, I found the rest hut. This was a story ending to a day which gave evidence of a fearful and disastrous. Fortunately, one of



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natives were knocking around with old
rs, terrible-looking knives and bows with
Aruwimi natives are reported to be
avage. I agree.

as half-way between the zenith and the
, after passing a native village of eight
ses, Banalya was reached. This is a
ated section. Beyond the residences of
; another native village of four hundred
; is a native Roman Catholic church,
e to say, has no cross on it and belongs
nment; the first church or chapel since
we. Two Europeans look after the
he Government here, a Belgian and a
formed me that the road to Stanleyville
with water up to the knees. So they
my continuing by pirogue to Basoko.
o'clock in the morning, I said good-bye
and put off in a huge hollow log with
ars all in feathers, under the pilotage of
wore cast-off foreign clothes and shouted
asionally. The paddlers were great
hanted a refrain clearly indicating that
hristian missionaries had taught them—

Goddam O,
Goddam O!

g about Lupembe. The same afternoon
nly hippo I met in Africa and fired a
at the small portion above water. The
some two hundred yards off, and I feel
struck the body—of water.

impossible for me to describe the nervous
engaged me during the journey down
rapids, "chutes," and cataracts, with
t in detail, with information out of date,



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artistic taste by painting themselves in red, white and blue, so may in time belgians. They also use carved mortars round the boiled manioc, and beautiful at the shape of an hour-glass, of red and with brass tacks. About the village comfortable settees, made of slats, six and about five feet in length. They also are resembling the Pigmies' four-pronged and heavier and highly polished. Every man carried a large knife in the belt. Each composed of a number of houses built on a square about eight feet on a side, filled in with earth. The roof slopes up some. It is the custom for a group of these villages to erect in their midst a lounging house for the first time I saw intoxicated as a result of imbibing too much palm wine and the drum, which marks the time when a man is drunk at the lounging-house. I met iron plate makers at Bukanja by introduction. Soon after I arrived, a naked woman came to her domicile and presently reappeared, richly coloured, with spectacles painted on her face. These Aruwimi natives become more and more like the Congo as it is approached. Imitation is the worst flattery; one good turn deserves

At Aruwimi I met a new style of vine drapery, but elsewhere in Africa have I noticed anything that sometimes resembled two immense curtains draped to the sides in graceful folds, leaving back a solid perpendicular wall of vines that seem like an entrance to a mythical



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native houses in the immediate vicinity, and one of the grand chiefs has forty wives. This indicates that there is opportunity for missionary work. The Roman Catholic mission, which has only been established one year, boasts a hundred and twenty catechists and twenty communicants. The priest, after a large drink of whiskey, informed me that at Yambuyu everybody attended the catechism class, and that in Basoko, there were eight hundred catechists. Two hundred men and two hundred women are employed on the plantation. This force is composed entirely of imported labourers. The exports are considerable ; two tons of rubber a month are sent from this point and also two hundred kilos of ivory. Five tons of coffee and three tons of cocoa is a fair monthly yield.

I should have reached Basoko the next day but for the inefficiency of the soldier sent to arrange for paddlers. However, all went fairly well until half-past one, when the delay stretched my patience to the utmost. As a sort of diversion, I got out my pocket kodak and prepared to take a picture of the paddlers, some seventeen savages. The effect was electrical ; I had no sooner brought my machine to bear on them than they rolled off into the water, jumped on the bank, some dropping their paddles, and scattered in every direction.





THE AUTHOR CROSSING THE SWIFT NYABUGASANI RIVER AT NIGHT;
LANDING IN THE CONGO FREE STATE.

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Stanley Falls
and industrial
forest for plant

The tribe
Some, forsooth
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only adult
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draw water
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The hands
days in water
civilization
cannibalism
ment posts
from the forest
of the forest
for this and
natives are
as much

AND THE ANT-HILL CHURCH 315

interprising. There are also the tall
omy, taciturn, and skilful in shooting
The forest tribes are inferior to the
hile between Yakusu and the Aruwimi
ks are but sparsely populated. Then
towns of the Bakumu people between
and the Lower Lindi. These energetic
us savages are clearing great areas of
stations.

around Yakusu have been cannibals.
h, still are, but they are epicures with
s and only devour certain tasty in-
'omen and children are never eaten,
n. The women are too precious to eat ;
iches, they work in the fields, make pots,
are too valuable for food ! Neither are
ed edible if dying of maladies or injured

The heads of people used for food
ut the teeth are extracted for ornaments.
f the victims after being soaked some
are considered a delicacy. As European
advances, this horrible practice of
lowly disappears. Around the Govern-
and mission stations cannibals abstain
ful feasts or attend them in the depths
. Territorial occupation is one remedy
ent carnivorous custom. Most of the
ready ashamed of being cannibals, and
nfused if their gruesome work is inter-
ssible, they will prevent a stranger from
; a path where a feast on human flesh

of cannibalism may have been hunger,
y a process of heredity and war-like
: grew into a cult. The people who

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U AND THE ANT-HILL CHURCH 317

the crowd was disgusting. The pale
out that these things could not get into
hout that individual knowing it, which
on was received with looks of supreme
haughty contempt. One bolder than the
out, saying that it was the power of the
gician which had changed the inward
ese forms to assure the victim the cause
le was really removed !

tell me that these natives believe as a
existence of a Supreme Being, who does
Himself about mortals, naturally this
ief leads to nothing practical, any more
ith the English Deists. The real working
o it may be called, is a system of magic
umped by the European under the term
ebased Portuguese word for a charm.
ish may be invested with magical powers:
shells, cane, rags, stones, clay, gourds,
claws, snake's heads ; but very generally
wdered wood and pepper make or revive
of the relic. The shape is quite immaterial.
a man can collect any old curios and dub
tish, though it is better to make a start
ine old antique from a tried and tested
t would seem, too, that he can invent his
consecrate it, and to renew its magnetism,
leak away if it is not frequently attended
n can induce sufficient belief in the virtues
nd-bone shop, by a few lucky shots in
by a little judicious condemnation as
of people generally obnoxious, he can
regular witch-doctor and live on the fees.
n invest in a bundle of leaves or eagle-
d a chasuble of bark or wood or feathers

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AND THE ANT-HILL CHURCH 319

odies with layers of oil and powdered which is frequently scraped off. This not be resisted by the missionaries, vents Sleep-sickness. After each meal mouth with water and rub the teeth inger or a rude toothbrush of fibrous omen among the Lokele people are far ally and morally to their sisters in .bes. Morality is certainly on a higher re full of fun and mischief, and in the ove themselves as apt pupils as the boys. ' school was started, it was talked over , and considerable fear was expressed ; ree score of girls presented themselves through the week. On Saturday the and asked for pay for their daughters ol. The teacher explained that they her for teaching them. Then for a : was no school because no girls came. undred are attending, and they usually hool till they are married, when they vn town according to the custom to away from the town of birth. The re-eminating the idea of the school, and f the mission's influence.

1 Mission Station is rich in having a nt-hills, which provide clay and mortar t quality. This has greatly aided the k. One ant-hill yielded sufficient clay build a dwelling-house ; three yielded mild the beautiful chapel, which will red people, and has convenient cloisters : for open air classes. This building y boys trained on the spot, and does tribe which can supply young fellows



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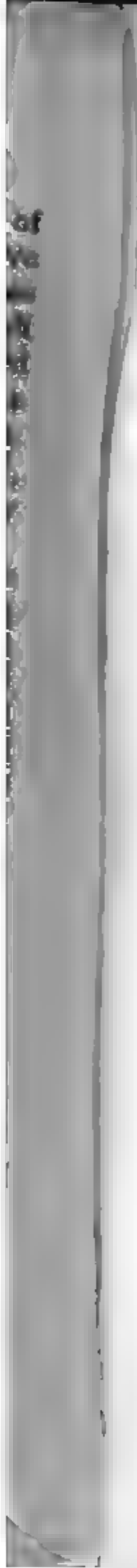
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AND THE ANT-HILL CHURCH 321

self in examining the ribs of his neighbor the nearest censor came along with a stick and struck him on the head. This was not to his fancy, but he exhibited no more and simply ceased his occupation.

There were three young ladies in evening dress and two young men. I did not understand the meaning, but they gripped the crowd, many of them with open mouths. The first was Miss What-is-it. She stepped to the front, nicely adjusting her *petite* garment and her bare arm over the shoulder of the audience at once hushed. She then made the call of Matthew, and said he did not want to go to sea, or to go home and sell his things. Then came Miss Tidied-up, who spoke of the call of Matthew and his willingness to make the greatest sacrifice to the word of God. Miss Cry-baby spoke of the Ten Talents, and that people who do not use them. Then came Mr. Peter, who spoke of the meaning of whose name I failed to understand. He wore trousers held up by suspenders, and he indicated that he is getting civilized! Then came Mr. Peter's vision and gave as its explanation that the taboo is finished. This, he said, is the reason the white man has come, because the time has come for him only. Mr. Sugar-cane said some things, "Let us remember our former friends who helped us out of it. Let us show our love to people whom the Christians abroad teach us the Gospel." Mr. Weariness, who was given his name by his mother because after he was born he was very ill, and she called him a native witch doctor after another, and





A NATIVE CHRISTIAN'S HUT, MIDDLE CONGO



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AND THE ANT-HILL CHURCH 323

Upper Congo, and to be addressed by
-cannibal in such language as the above.

names are significant. The natives
use our names, but substitute in their
nicknames which they derive from any
word they may detect. Once named, a man
keeps his nickname, his white name being
forgotten. When white men are obliged to call him
by his nickname. One is called Bee, another the
Scamp, from his
spelling his word.

These savages, members of the society,
for their education, they went back to join
the mission, and in a short time news came
from the villages where they had gone, that
they were asking for a knowledge of the Gospel.
In answer to the missionaries to make the
Gospel a self-propagating one, and to
teach them they are teaching the natives to read
and write. In answer to this information two
missionaries were sent down the river to
see and to see if it were possible to start
a mission. They found that already there were two
villages forty and twenty miles away.
They were besought by some inland people
to go down and tell them about the Gospel.
They replied that they were sent to the river
and would ask the white men to send a
missionary. Although pressed hard by the bushmen,
they persisted in their purpose; and even when the
bushmen offered to leave a guarantee with them
that they should not be eaten but be
safely and offered the messengers them-
selves money, they stood firmly by their



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AND THE ANT-HILL CHURCH 325

whole Lokele tribe was in a ferment of which village should furnish the greatest number of men to go through the rites of the ceremony which is said to resemble Freemasonry. These rites existed on the Lower Congo, and the advance of civilization is sapping their vitality. They seem to have travelled up-country, transformed by the way. A missionary with 7 years' experience of the river, says that the Nkimba, could be entered by fees adequate of some months' duration, during which spells and a secret language were taught. The members hang together, and give evidence; truth among themselves is enforced by ordeal of poison or the duel for a guilty lying. The missionary distinguishes the *embo* custom, equally charged with the irredeemably vicious. The novice proclaims "idembo," and often if several drop at once, they are hypnotized into a cataleptic state. Thus the novices in retreat abandon the grossest immorality; after the time their friends pay heavy fees to the priest who produces the dead men in a resurrection. They profess to know nothing of what has happened, but once thus demoralized, they often end in orgy and a third.

The priest preside over ordeals, and are not without ambitious and vulgar fancies in the administration of justice. If the state is trying to repress them, and if they die, the administrator is liable to be killed. He might be on the level of native intelligence, but if priest and accused were all to share in the ordeal on equal terms. The village is on the Congo and directly opposite the Yakusu

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ND THE ANT-HILL CHURCH 327

stray handful of dirt. He immediately levelled it at the town people. There was a stampede down to the river. In the water up to the neck ready to the surface the moment they saw the missionary went along with a cane and to knock up the soldier's gun and settle the dividing the fish.

They were obliging enough to give me a portion of their pugnacity. One night when some fish to sell offered them to a soldier, a man wanted the fish, and said, "sell the fish to me, the other man has to have, and will pay you for them."

She still persisted in selling the fish to the soldier because she said she owed them to him. A scar had recently been marked on the shoulder after a fight when a woman comes to maturity, and the scars were not yet healed. The would-be soldier laid his hand on her by the shoulder, and she cried out. One of the mission boys, moved by sympathy for the people, told him to desist. As the soldier protested, he in turn was told to mind his business.

The practical effect of these words was a shower of blows, and as the man was retreating and the boy from the river-side, a pitched battle between the two people, and several anatomies were given. One of the missionaries arrived on the next day to hear the palaver in the morning. Ten or later, my festive boy "Lamb," of the river tribe, came into the house to tell me what all the noise was about. He had seen a fight, and I told him he must go to bed.

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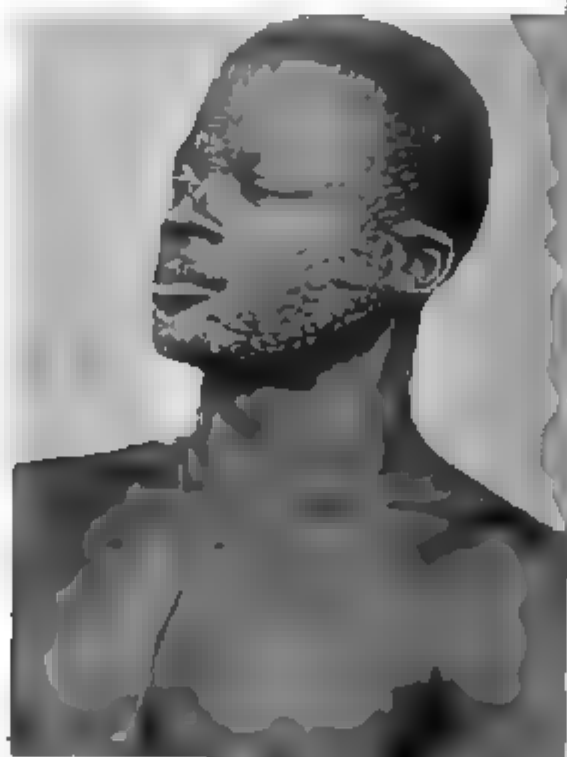
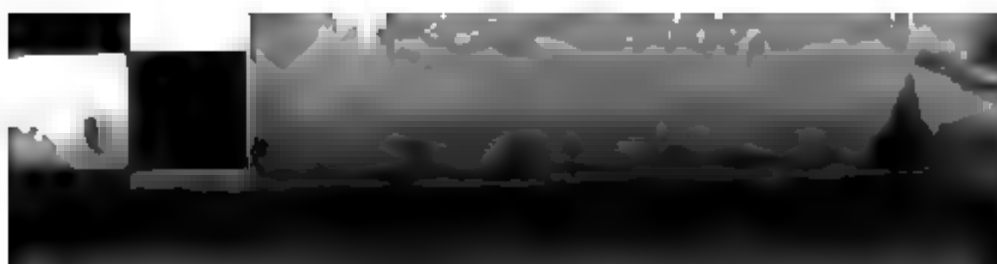
ND THE ANT-HILL CHURCH 329

try, before conversion, were pugilistic. Such vigorous natives as these, if will soon do good work in the Christian licinal effect of such a performance is hine or opium in working forgetfulness ordinary ills and pains to which in an race is subject. These fights are use they arouse profound enthusiasm. : be advisable for the missionaries to ach exhibition about once a month, l supplying medicines and bandages. hat it occurs usually with the change The tide of human passion ebbs and iar influence. The ancients said it o steer a vessel in a calm and that an better than no wind at all. It may ple think wrongly is more desirable ot to think at all. It has been said hing a man can do is nothing.

describe another kind of fight. had arrived once again in civilization, ald no longer be necessary for me to cuisine, I paid off the cook boy from e dwarf Garibaldi, who had come with l. For their services from Avakubi re each according to a previous agree- ns of Americani. This they deposited a begged with all their might for per- n to Basoko by land. I felt certain uing to run away. The Commandant said that they should return on the dently they did not desire to return nd it became necessary for the skipper send sailor-men who, with mild force, box of valuables. That is where the

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ND THE ANT-HILL CHURCH 331

in off according to their own sweet
ust be some regulation, and boys
mployees must observe their contracts

ive story with a moral. This is so
usual that I venture without any
insert it :—

his wife and baby lived in a hut,
a village of six. The forest provided
e and fruit, and the woman often
ure some small minnows from the
ulets that run through the forest.

traps were made something like a
so that when the fishes are in they
impossible.

en the man was out with his spear
e, the woman took her baby and
ook at her fish traps. Putting her
e bank, she went down to the water's
, oppressed by a sense of loneliness,
out the mother, intent on her fishes.
male chimpanzee, however, in a large
ard it, and came down and took the
rms and nursed it to quietness.

having removed her minnows, came
he place where she had left her baby,
or there sat a great monkey with the
sucking at its breast. She screamed
t the chimpanzee put the baby down
the forest. When the mother arrived
and frightened, she told her husband
ened, but he only laughed at her
ght.

took care to be informed when his
visit the stream, and when the day

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[AND THE ANT-HILL CHURCH 333

different from the cloister life of the colleges in which he had been educated. He took fever within three weeks of his arrival, and his temperature ran up to one hundred and one degrees, and he died. But he had lived there long enough to make a profound impression on the natives.

Although the local savages understood neither his language nor he of theirs, even up to his death, they remember him to this day, and his name, which signifies "He does good." There is an unusual force appearing in the life of a native.

After three weeks' residence among cannibals, he means of communicating verbally an idea to the natives. Years afterward when any reference is made to him, an ex-cannibal solemnly says "He

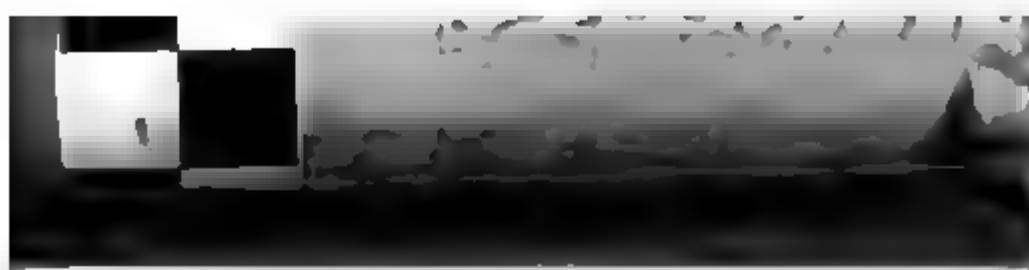
CHAPTER XXII

BASOKO : VILLAGE OF THE-MILK-WHITE-BATTLE- MENTS

THE STOLEN CARTRIDGE—THE MASSACRE OF YAND- JALI—THE PRISONS OF CONGO—COFFEE AND COCOA

Kosi Kitatu ; ova kati e diambu dina ko—
One and three ; but there is something between.
Congo Proverb.

BASOKO, village of The-Milk-White-Battlements, is an important Government post situated at the bifurcation of the Aruwimi and Congo. Although beautifully laid out, the extensive plantations are not always healthful for pale pink foreigners. This may be due to the Congo at times being higher than the Aruwimi, which results in the backing up of the water containing the sewage from a dense local population. When the filth is washed against the bank right under the milk-white battlements, foreigners find themselves in an uncomfortable position. Twice I visited Basoko. The first time was when in a hollow log I descended the Aruwimi. That river, just before joining its waters with the mighty Congo, expands until it resembles a beautiful lake. The second time was after visiting the Falls. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, when the white battlements and



river fortifications of Basoko, standing bank, cast upon these eyes a second scene and brought up memories therwise. The stern wheel steamer in an hour put her cables out in front of airs leading up from the water between itry posts to the promenade. I saw ese stairs eagerly watching the steamer of the dwarf from Irumu, Garibaldi. iles, and waved his hand in a sincere gesture when he spied me in the prow. landed he told me by various signs that cook and the unnamed boy had already o Avakubi, but that the Commissary- iver to a request of the missionaries at granted permission for him to attend English mission. During all the time waiting for a steamer to convey him had plenty of good food and nothing gh an interpreter he told me that he l to do what the white men at Yakusu o. It is difficult to say for certain, but oy has some sense of gratitude.

r down from The Falls the steamer lembe, a small native village fifteen Basoko-on-the-Congo. While she was d for fuel I clambered up the steep ed about. The skipper came and told ve man, speaking English, was at the far llage. I started off to visit him. It han Cartridge, a black teacher with a y. When a small boy he was taken e near Yalamba by the slave-stealing y got him from them, and afterwards to Swinburn, his secretary. Swinburn

was a nice fellow, and as he lay dying he asked an English missionary to take care of his two children and his boys. This the missionary promised to do. The boys, one of whom was Cartridge, went to school at Bolobo, and were given an industrial training. Cartridge knew his native language, but for a long time did not know where his country was. When by a strange coincidence, he heard, he at once wanted to go back. The missionary consented to take the boys, and when he took Cartridge up to Yalamba he recognised it as the market beach of his native place. The missionary then took him inland to his home, where he recognised his father and mother. But his mother would have nothing to do with him. She said, calling him by his original name, "I have lost Baluti; this must be a spirit." However, by the next morning her mother love triumphed over her fears and she took him back. Cartridge then returned to Bolobo, where he wedded a black bride. He was not satisfied with visits to his old home, but wanted to go back there and live, which he finally did. When a year and a half ago the English Baptist Mission decided to open up work at Yalamba, Cartridge was the best available man to put in charge. I found him constructing buildings and conducting two schools a day at two different native villages. He is an intelligent black man, speaks English, and I am told is doing much good to the immediate population.

Yandjali is another small village above Basoko, where we stopped to take fuel. Here only a few weeks before, an officer of the Congo Government with a body of soldiers wantonly slew some natives. One white man told me that in passing by he saw several dead bodies floating together in the water. Another white man on the shore saw the mangled forms of

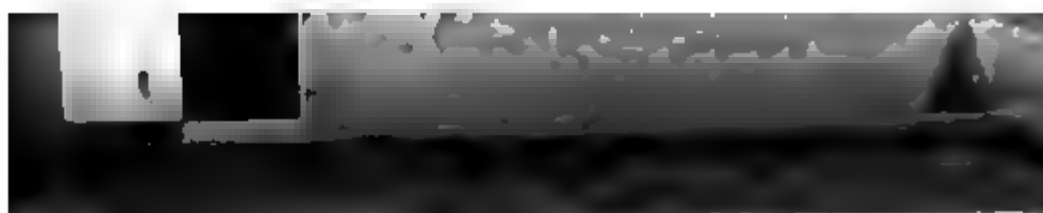
indicating that great savagery had been connected with the massacre. Their arms had been cut off, and the bodies otherwise mutilated. I inquired why this severe punishment had been meted out to the villagers, and the answer was because they had refused to do as was required; which a petty officer had commanded them to carry out. These were drastic measures in the matter. The white man who conducted the commission of brutal savagery is justly in prison at Boma. It is to be hoped that justice will be done at various places where the steamer stopped and no one appeared to be unwilling to assist.

On my journey I met a white trader, who had been covering a considerable inland territory, and who had tried to settle the natives unsettled. Several times he had been threatened to kill him, declaring that they have no use for white men after this massacre.

There are two chief prisons in Congo, at Basoko and Boma. Basoko is the headquarters of the military district and the permanent residence of the District General. It is also the headquarters of the judicial authorities, and the central distributing point for soldiers in case of necessity. Here is the second largest penal institution in the State. The number of prisoners is less than four score. Most are condemned for thieving or violence. There are no capital offenders. It is rare that a man is executed. All cases above a certain amount are referred to the High Court at Boma. In the case of a white man accused of a crime, he is put under military arrest, and his case is considered at the High Court. If it is a serious offence, the man must be sent to the High Court at Boma.

The treatment of prisoners at Basoko is modern,

and apparently humane. The prison is laid out in the form of a square. In the centre is a court-yard, the right wing is for men and the left wing for women ! Between the two wings are four cells, which are used only in cases of great provocation. Aside from the fact that the prisoners are required to sleep in the prison, and that violent men are chained as a special punishment, they move around freely. It is practically impossible for them to escape, because they are low country men, and even should they attempt to go back to the coast, they would be unable to make their way through the tribes between here and there. The prisoners are people from the coast condemned for two years or over. Anybody from this part of the State condemned for two years or more, is sent to Boma. The treatment is hardly severe enough. They have manioc, rice, palm oil and salt to eat, the ordinary diet of the locality. Nobody in Congo gets tobacco, but most of the prisoners have trades at which they are permitted to work, and they always manage to sell something and buy tobacco or meat. The carpenter, for instance, has to open the provision boxes from Europe. These he breaks up badly, but puts them together again another way and sells them. The shoemaker mends the foot-gear of foreigners and gets paid in local currency, brass rods. The blacksmith obtains an income from making brass hinges. These fellows are useful to have about the station ; they reduce expenses, doing many things that otherwise would require the employment of skilled workmen. There is a white cemetery for white people at Basoko, with thirty-one graves in it. It is the duty of one of the prisoners to keep this cemetery in good condition. The black man who now has it in charge speaks French fluently. After his arrival as a prisoner



COCOANUT PALM ON THE LOWER CONGO.

THE GREAT CHIEF AND FAMILY VANUSO WERE FASTENED TO THE CHIEF'S LEOPARD TAIL.

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was employed as a clerk, because of his
he stole so much that he was employed

But even this did not check his
tendencies, for he continued to steal.
it was decided to give him the cemetery
ould not steal. He marks the tablets
on the graves, and on the bottom of a
ious statement. The tablet contains
e deceased, his rank or office, the date
nd underneath

RIP

: prison. Everything had just been
ny benefit by the use of lime and native
sleeping-rooms contained beds pre-
ad used by the better class of natives
ruwimi. Some dozen rascals were in
told that they were cannibals, and
hem were taken in the act. Some
of a vicious aspect, but one would not
ers of having an appetite for human
lands I have seen native criminals
the iron had made sores and horrible
flesh, but on the bodies of these men
res and no blood. I wonder if others
prisoners were elsewhere that day.
r cells for disobedient men. Two of
occupied, one by a murderer and his
ined together. One fellow asked to
ing, "This is not a nice hole." An
n, located here by the Government,
n, and conducts the native hospital
of the plantation. It was late in the
I left the prison, which was guarded
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There seems to be a future for this
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overnment has made extensive experi-
coa, which in certain districts have

Although the industry is in its experi-
his year five hundred-weight of cocoa
and sold at prices equalling those of
n on the West Coast of Africa. Five
and young cocoa trees have been
e worked by the same persons who
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ed of my cordite repeating rifle, thank-
ever killed animal or bird except for
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STANLEYVILLE AND STANLEY FALLS 343

because the channel is comparatively narrow. At the junction of the two lively rivers two verdure-clad islands have formed from the sediment deposited. From Yakusu to Stanleyville villages are seen perched upon the right and left sandstone banks of the river, some forty feet high. Seven years ago there were no villages on either the north or the south bank between Yakusu and The Falls. But since the ill-used power of the slave-trading Arabs has been broken, under the encouragement of the State the savages have moved out of the forest, settled on the steep banks of the river and planted plantain and manioc. This region is prosperous, having had no agricultural depressions in its history. The village people are Lokele and Wagenya. The latter are extremely cruel. As an illustration, a Wagenya boy came to the dispensary at Yakusu a little while ago, with his left arm scored from wrist to elbow, the flesh badly torn. He wanted medicine, and when asked for an explanation said the chief had tied him up to a tree because he had been accused of bewitching some of the chief's family. He certainly would have been left there to die had not a black sergeant in the service of the State passed that way and ordered him to be cut down. This being tied up by the arm is a cruel performance. A creeper out of the forest is thrown over the limb of a tree and one end tied to the arm with split cane. The victim is then drawn up by one arm until his feet are off the ground, and left in that condition till death ends his agonies.

Then there was Bamanga Indo, which signifies Bamanga the Black. This latter name he assumed because there was another Bamanga lighter in colour. A white man was asked to go and see him, "as he was ill." He tested his lungs with a stethoscope and found

them in good condition. There was nothing wrong with his heart, and his stomach seemed to be all right, so the doctor declared him sound. But the patient said "No, he has been ill for three days, and his mother has had his head in her lap nursing him. Last night the spirit possessing and bewitching him told him that a man living at Baila had sent him to bewitch Barr the Black, and that the only way he could be cured was to have the man who had sent the spirit pour river water over him." The sick man when bewitched said that he felt queer, that he had no spirit, that something had stolen away the force of life; the force of life was leaving him. Now the evil spirit did not directly reveal the name of the man who had sent him, but he controlled his victim as that he should see the person of the offender. But these spirits seem to be full of tricks, and while obeying the letter of the instructions they disobey the spirit and make it possible for the man to be recognised. With this slender information the bewitched man went to the village of Baila, and saw the person described by the spirit, caught him, and told him that he must pour water over his head. The accused denied any guilt in the matter, refused to pour the water. Then the bystanders said they would compel him. So they passed a stick on each side of his head above the ear and bound the ends before and behind, and bound the sticks together. Thus they continued until the man, under sheer torture poured the water. He must do as he is commanded or the stick binding process will kill him.

After two hours' steaming during which time I occupied my attention on two different occasions with beef tea and a crust of bread, eaten while sitting in an easy chair in the prow of the "Ville D'Hassel," enveloped by a heavy dressing gown, we came to



IVILLE AND STANLEY FALLS 345

ic mission of St. Gabriel. An attrac-
ace has been constructed by the indus-
nt. The stranger is notified that this
institution by a square stone post at
he landing-place beyond the high water
porting a white cross. The grounds
l out in gardens with well-kept walks
: side by almond, pineapple and other
siderable amount of intelligent manual
en expended on the gardens. Some
atives are taught the doctrines of the
and have their hands skilfully employed.
of the mission that all who enter shall
e years, then be married by a Christian
settle down. On the Aruwimi I met
from this mission all of whom were
first two missionaries who established
e from Peru, having left that country

's steaming against a strong current
anleyville. The Government planta-
orth bank of the river, and the railway
n the south, while at The Falls, where
the awful plunge of seven feet, is an
e of five thousand inhabitants. The
posed of half-castes, quarter-castes,
tes and people with no caste at all.

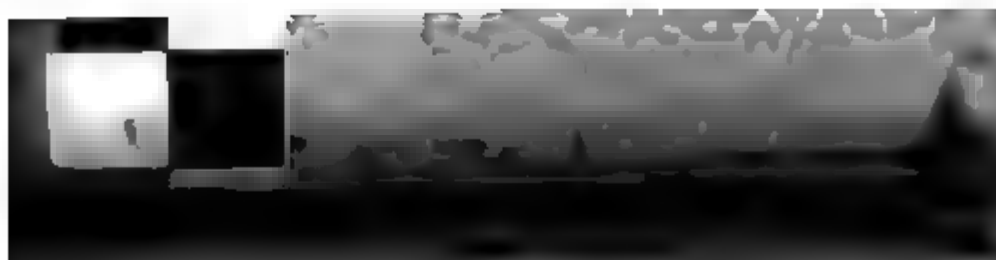
"The Falls" are composed of seven
t the foot of the seventh cataract the
over a thousand metres in width.
t in at the Government plantation
On the shore were half a dozen officials
; one, especially deputed by the High
me aboard, and extended a welcome
y of the supreme official of the Oriental

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THE STATE COURT HOUSE, STANLEYVILLE

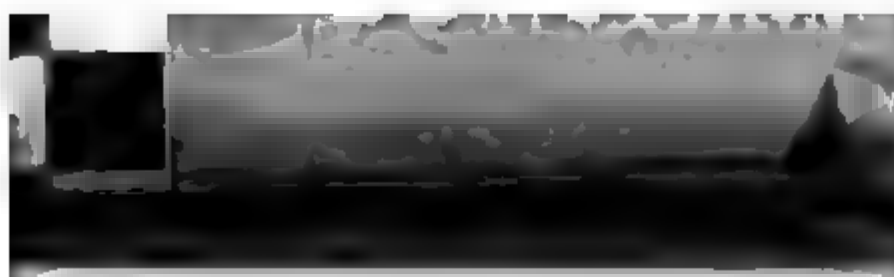


STANLEY FALLS HEART OF AFRICA.

105 METLMESTER. GOVERNOR pro tem. OF THE ORIGINALLY SUPERINTENDENT
JULIUS MEURICE AND THE RAILWAY SUPERINTENDENT (all)

Photograph taken seven miles from Stauder (all)

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AND STANLEY FALLS 347

who passes an opinion on them
y are placed in the hands of the
importance, because men from
are out of repair, come into
or steamers, and new-comers
d their first attacks of fever
ver. The many paths of the
th fruit trees, such as bananas,
f, mangoes, pineappples and
out mangoes the Commissary
planting some thousands in
nd whites both might have a
uit. This is not to be understood
ie part of the Government to
the native population. The
ought by stealing the mango
brethren. The scheme now is
ance as to remove temptation.
the garden grow rough-skinned
: knocked one off the tree. I
it sweeter than a fruit in Samoa
t was exactly to my taste, but
iose skill in attending fever
itly developed by the presence
nyself, objected to my eating
s fruit. I did not blame him.
grow white potatoes and other
otatoes and cassava or manioc.
spital is near the brick barracks
some three hundred of whom
central point. I am strongly
ic current contention of the
re not made from good iron,
men."* Each soldier has one
the Yangtze," page 181.


is hearty reception of
its resemblance to c
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rhaps be considered
cepted by a highly
uwimi I saw a nat
his disease is also pre
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re very few blind p
leep-sickness, and the
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In the evening of
sumptuous dinner of
water was served in
the Chef de la Provin
cally, this banquet
First, in personnel ; a
a missionary and a tra
These gentlemen re
As to food ; it came
was well and



THE AND STANLEY FALLS 349

so small affair. The natives sometimes' journey to receive the treatment, no trouble about their running away. The Aruwimi I was told that natives run like a crocodile to a sandbank. The reason of the treatment may be due to certain practices of witchcraft, brotherhood initiation; or it may be a mere witchery itself, and therefore highly superstitious people. On the other hand, a native afflicted by elephantiasis. This is prevalent among the Bangala, but its appearance at The Falls. There are many people, and only a few cases of this perplexing population of the Congo in its gossiping state of preservation. On the morning of my first day in Stanleyville a dinner of eight courses, besides wine and brandy, was served in the vestibule of the residence of the Governor of the Province Orientale. To speak geologically, the soil was a conglomerate formation. It was a judge, a doctor, a commandant, a traveller, besides the host in himself. The guests represented five different nations. The dinner came from various parts of the world, and was well served, and included delicious goose livers in butter. The talk was very free. Interpretation was done with French, and was an advantage in that it was enough to each joke. That such an abundance of fresh vegetables of various kinds in the very heart of Africa, marks a great change; this could not have transpired in the roundings a few years ago. To cap the feast, the band dispensed sweet liquid music in



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cars were drawn up the track ; on the first comfortable chairs were placed for the Superintendent of the line and the Author, while the second was occupied by the Commissary, the Missionary and the Judge. A dozen blacks pushed the trucks along the rails, over a track beautifully graded with perfectly dressed pebble ballast. In a few minutes we entered the forest curving among large trees with long overhanging branches, and occasionally coming to a long stretch of straight track, with a most beautiful vista before us, seen to be still more beautiful behind us. The grades will all be easy, the maximum being one in fifty. In passing through the forest I noticed chiefly African teak and African mahogany. There is also a tree resembling gutta-percha, but this has not yet been exploited.

I carefully scrutinized the native employees, and found them strong, robust and jolly. Each wears a medal bearing his number, making it possible easily to trace an individual. These decorated savages wear considerably more clothing than the general run of natives. Indeed, they impressed me as being prosperous and well satisfied with their employers, their employment and their wages. I stopped at a midway camp where seven thousand ties are produced in a month, to take some photographs and have a look at the white men directing the workmen. We then pushed on to the end of the line, having had the right of way, except once when we met a wood truck heavily laden, and out of sympathy for the workmen our cars were vacated and lifted off the track so that the wood truck passed on. This little spark of humanity I was glad to see flash out of the Railway Chieftain. After a few minutes' walk we came to the Mongamba river, where a high trestle bridge sixty-seven yards

long is being built of large, heavy timbers of ant-proof wood obtained in the adjoining forest. Here several white engineers enjoyed a comfortable camp. More photographs were taken, and after a liberal glass of sterilized milk we started on the run to Stanleyville, which occupied just one hour, and landed us there just in time for the midday meal with the Superintendent of the line.

The matter of obtaining sufficient lime for building purposes has wrought much concern throughout Upper Congo. A small supply has been obtained at Basoko and Yakusu by burning oyster shells. Tropical Africa seems to have no large supply of the white caustic earth. On the British side of the Ruwenzori in the last year there was good cheer, because of the discovery of lime on Rusinga Island in Lake Victoria Nyanza; on the Lower Aruwimi, and outcropping on Bertin Island opposite Romee, limestone has been found which it is hoped will supply sufficient of the commodity for the needs of the new railway. Until a larger deposit is discovered, missionaries and other outsiders will continue to roast oyster shells.

The Upper Congo Railway to the Great African Lakes is being constructed by the State, and is then to be turned over to a society. During the ride on the hand-car I asked the engineer whether any villages had to be moved on account of the line passing through them. He laughed and said, "No, when the people heard that the railway was coming, they deserted their villages and went further into the forest." I noticed along the track at various points plantains, which mark deserted villages, but the people are now returning. As they learn what a railway is and that the white man has no desire to inconvenience them



THE STERN WHEELER, "FLANDRE," MOORED AT BAD KUMBA, UPPER CONGO





THE AUTHOR'S BOAT WITH FIFTY SAVAGES CROSSING THE CONGO AT STANLEYVILLE



THE AUTHOR'S BOAT WITH FIFTY SAVAGES CROSSING THE CONGO AT STANLEYVILLE

STANLEYVILLE AND STANLEY FALLS 355

permanently, they return and look at the performance as another of the freaks of the pale-faces. So well-behaved are the employees, and equally peaceable the neighbouring natives, that one company of black soldiers composed of eighty-five men and two officers, guards the entire line. This new railroad and another short line soon to be constructed will make it possible to go from Matadi to the south end of Lake Tanganyika without journeying on foot.

In the middle of the hot afternoon I passed over to Plantation-Stanleyville. Below the Roman church are the magazines and stores of two trading companies. These companies occupy respectable properties and are said to be doing a profitable business. This has not been the experience of all trading companies in Congo, as many have failed during the last few years. Still further down this road is located the Court-house. I visited this interesting structure and was invited in by the "Judge," who is representative in this region of the Procurator of Congo Free State. I was hardly comfortably seated, in his office, when he pointed to two spears fifteen feet in length, and said that they had been used to murder two men. Then in order to further cheer me up, in looking for a package of poison which he wanted me to see, he took up a small sealed bundle and said, "Ah, this is not it; this is the rope which was used to hang the last man." On the other side of the legal chambers was an assortment of rifles and old muskets each with its ruddy tale of woe. In the midst of such an environment as this the Judge gave me some interesting information.

On the table was a bundle of blue books for the registration of marriages. Monogamy is required by the Government, and the registration is an aid to the enforcement of the law; but very few of the natives

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Previous to the appearing of this order it was the custom of the natives to bury the dead in their own houses and to place on the grave the last eating equipment of the deceased, and this ancient custom continues to be adhered to.

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unwelcome monotony of the green banks and swampy islands ; and save for the occasional flight of a tropical bird or the flash of a summer shower, nothing finds delight for the mind of the weary traveller. In the descent of the jaundice river seldom did the good ship " Flandre " pass a native canoe or a river steamer. But whenever the latter did lie off our amidships, we sounded three shrill whistles, which with the sight of another stern-wheeler gave the wearied passengers a momentary employment. At evening-time the slow shifting of the clouds into new and fantastic formations, the dead stillness and the watery mirror called up thrills of delight, while the cool evening air occasioned a few chills. The contemplation of the superb sunset glory was promptly wiped out by thoughts of coming high temperatures and deadly fevers.

Travel on the Congo was not by any means a cheerful diversion with Sleep-sickness on the shore and fever on the ship. On the last voyage up, one friar and four blacks died on this vessel, two whites, seriously ill, were left at New Antwerp for treatment, she arrived at Bad Bumba with four white men ill, and now on the downward journey many were sick ; indeed, it was a wonder that anybody was well on the ship with the miserable food served. And my judgment on this culinary affair is not warped by a fastidious appetite, for I have eaten sausage in Austria, macaroni in Italy and cat in Burma ! About the fourth day out from Bad Bumba the bread became exhausted, and the Commissary said that he had already used twenty kilos more flour than the Government allowed !

When the voyager has seen the Wood Posts, the Government stations, the plantations of Societies, atrocious and otherwise, the amiable Christian missions,

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interesting assortment of citizens from many lands. They were served at the table on iron dishes, because the chinaware has been smashed up by men who were injudiciously jolly because they were leaving the country.

Let me indicate some peculiarities of individual passengers. *One Zapt* attracted considerable attention, the highest State officer on board, hence occupying "the Governor's state room." He had rheumatism, dropsy, and periodic attacks of mild insanity. The latter malady usually found expression in the violent treatment of the "boy" Cæsar, a slick, clean, inoffensive-appearing black. This superior gentleman while in a towering rage, had his room divested of all its accoutrements and the floor scoured with brick. At the dining table I saw him strike Cæsar a sounding blow over the head with a cane an inch thick, besides divers strokes on the wrists and other vulnerable points of the lad's anatomy. As the brother of a State "chop" distributor, he assumed some authority and position. He will probably die of kidney complaint or self-esteem.

Mr. Gold Ornaments, another of my fellow-travellers, was the courteous son of a Belgian privy councillor and a lieutenant in the King of Belgium's Body Guard of cavalry. He had a suit of military clothes costing forty pounds sterling, which, because of gold ornaments, cannot be folded. He had been on diplomatic service in China, and saw three monks massacred at Pauting Foo at the beginning of the Boxer uprising. He refused to serve in Congo any longer, because of the low class of men met in positions of trust. This young gentleman made a strong speech to the up-river officials, and to avoid serious complications was invalided home. Should a

man of less powerful political backing dare to imitate him in the speechifying, prison would now be the result. Formerly maybe a gradual illness would have served and no one to disclose how the fatal sickness came. This son of a councillor and Zapt were delightful *compagnons de voyage*.

Corporal Getyourhaircut had a kindly face. For the last nine months he had been the victim of an unchecked dysentery. Loath to leave his lonely post, he faithfully held on, hoping but ever disappointed. Through all these long moons he waited in vain for the healing which never came. Eccentric now, poor man, but under the circumstances who would not be? Six days before I reached Bad Bumba a young man was taken off the steamer there, who came down from Stanleyville with dysentery and was buried in the white man's cemetery. Dysentery takes off many in Congo.

The Anarchist frightened the Purser, no harm done! Not a Russian or a Nihilist, so far as known by our clique, dark, of medium height, strong of stature, read paper-backed books and minded his own business, all of which appeared suspicious! Then, too, he wore a long black overcoat and was modestly unwell. Now, the odd conversation came about in the following dramatic fashion. The Purser, or Commissary, was standing on the beach at a wood station—he is great at standing, nearly five feet ten, better at sitting, and best at lying—when suddenly the mysterious dark man stepped up and said, “Mr. Commissary, the passengers do not speak to me. Indeed, they speak to each other in signs, from which I conclude they are Nihilists and use a secret set of signals. Communicate to me the meaning of the signs and I will not reveal the secret.” I consider this speech of the “Mad Man”



SLEEP-SICKNESS COMMISSION AT LEOPOLDVILLE. The three great English Specialists—Todd, Christie and Dutton, and a Physician representing the Congo Government.



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pardonable, for my European fellow-passengers made many and diverse gesticulations, which did resemble an alphabet of aerial shorthand. But to retaliate, the others set down this swarthy man swathed in his overcoat as mad—but who on this ship is not mad ?

Herr Saurkraut attracted some attention, slightly bow-legged, garbed in an agricultural suit, and fever-proof. He was fond of wine, but longed for beer and the little German band. Oft will he revel in a quart mug of beer, with a metal lid on to keep the insects from bathing in the beverage ! Kind-hearted man, he spoke a variety of English one seldom hears, compounded of various local ingredients. He went to the States, made some money and invested it in printing frames for making architects' blue prints. He was to have them insured within a week, but an inopportune fire came and licked up a whole block, including his printing frames and meagre furniture. As a result he was compelled that winter to work simply for his food. Then he went to Australia, and will not return to Congo, but will go to British East Africa ; for, as he said, " What's the use of stopping in the same place all the time ? "

The river skippers enjoy fairly good health. Being deep water seamen, they have been in many climates. Strange to say, the Scandinavians predominate in the marine service of the Congo State, and get on better in this tropical climate than the Italians. One would naturally expect the reverse. But the Scandinavians are accustomed to atmospheric changes, one day hot and the next cold. In the Congo the officers of the " Force Publique " seem to show the highest rate of mortality. This may be due to their wading through water and other disagreeable experiences while on punitive expeditions. The position of

exception they are nervous and unwell, easily excited and slow to resume a composed mind, capable of giving the commander of the ship no end of trouble. Then it may occur as on this steamer, that the ship's commissary is inefficient and does not provide amply or in proper variety. These servants of the State who have made themselves ill doing their duty in a noxious atmosphere, have a right to fresh vegetables and fresh eggs throughout the entire journey. On this ship we probably three times had fresh vegetables, oftener fresh goat, and never fresh eggs or fresh milk for all at once. Some of the men who were very sick accepted this treatment without a word of complaint, others made emphatic remarks ; but things continued without improvement.

I was surprised to learn that a large number of the servants of the Congo Government receive an exceedingly small remuneration. Many have but eighty pounds sterling or less a year, and even the captain of the "Flandre," a kind-hearted, skilful man, told me that he received but a hundred and twenty pounds. Of course, there are a few men like the commissaries general who receive a sum total of probably eight hundred pounds, but that is not large for men who serve in these death districts simply for coin. I marvel that men can be found in any country who will come out here to Congo, take their life in their hand, and serve so well, and sometimes even brutally, for the money. I can comprehend how a missionary comes to this fever-stricken land and labours zealously, takes disease patiently, and for his remuneration receives a very small sum. His motive lifts him to a moral altitude far above the sordid purposes bringing the majority of the servants of the State into the Congo service.

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preserved. This Congo insanity is partial and unintentional, where the man continues to do his best for his master, the State, and remains at his post when he had better be in Europe. Far back in the vast Tree-land I found men ill with divers maladies, beyond any question sick men, yet when I suggested their visiting a distant physician they replied, "I shall be well in a few days." Thus they hope against hope, the malady increases, and the result is a slightly unbalanced mind. Many missionaries have nobly laid down their lives in the Congo basin in the service of humanity and the Master, but many more white lives have been sacrificed in the service of Mammon and the State. Here, then, are two distinct classes of people working under two distinct emotions for vastly different ends; the Men of Mammon and the Men of Missions, both knowing before they come the deadly climate and the possible early ending of their lives.

Between the Falls and Basoko are four points of special interest. One is *Romee*. As a courteous official placed at my disposal a steamer for that part of the river, it was possible for me to make such stops as seemed advisable for gathering information. At Romee coffee has been tried and resulted in proving that the soil is not suitable for that crop. The land is suitable, however, for grazing purposes, the indigenous grass being adequate to meet the tastes of cattle. Some forty fine cows are already here from the Nile and from Lake Tanganyika. It is reported to be the purpose of the Government to place five hundred or a thousand cattle at this point. The plantation is located in a healthful spot, and would be a suitable situation for a sanatorium. The Chef de Poste treated me to a glass of excellent fresh milk, showed

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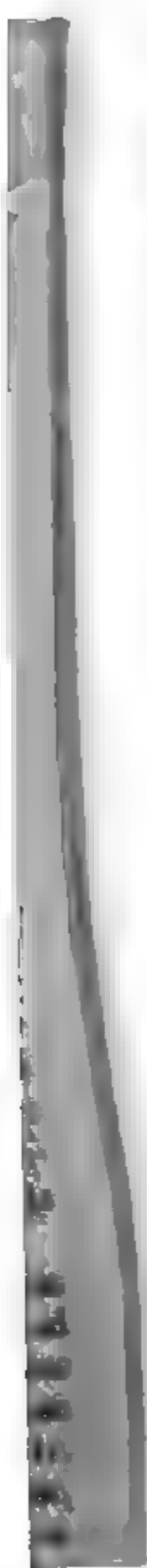
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is tied up at the wharf. Bad Bumba is a capital place for the caterer to stay at, for others to get out of.

When passing Bolengi, a beautiful baptismal service attended by a large crowd of natives was in progress. The Mission of the Disciples has been recently very successful at this point. Ever since the Great Awakening when multitudes came to hear the Gospel preaching and many professed conversion, the blacks and the officials have taken a lively interest in both the American surgeons and the native church of three score members. The increase in membership here has been as rapid as elsewhere in the fields of this denomination.

At Bolobo are several white missionaries connected with the English Baptist Missionary Society, which occupied the place in April, 1888. Land for the mission was purchased from nine different chiefs. A printing office is connected with the establishment and turns out very good work. Stapleton's excellent Comparative Handbook of Congo Languages, of which I received one of the very first copies, is a splendid sample of what can be done by the printing and book-binding department of the mission. An hospital is an active part of the philanthropy. Fifty cases of Sleep-sickness are reported at the native village, two at the Mission Hospital, and ten at a detention hospital. This incurable disease is wiping out whole villages along the river and has reached as far as Stanleyville, where a few cases have been reported. For hundreds of miles the native population is dying out. This can be partly modified by improved hygienic conditions and by a change of methods on the part of the Government. Meantime they are dispirited and neglect their plantations. Some old maid of a writer has suggested that Mohammedanism with its plurality





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story of that wreck, as told me by the captain, himself a missionary, is as follows :—

“ My work has been with the steamer ‘ Lapsley ’ since I came out. She came, and there was no one to take charge of her, and I undertook the reconstruction myself. I have been running the steamer for three years. This last trip she left Leopoldville on Wednesday, the eleventh of November. We had on a good cargo of goods, chiefly for their Christmas at Luabo, where are four American coloured missionaries. We had sixty-two in the crew and two new white missionaries just arrived for their first time on the Congo. The Congo river was at very high water, and the currents were extremely rapid so that the progress of the steamer was very slow. We arrived below the Kasai Saturday evening, and spent Sunday as usual tied to the bank. Monday morning we started out bright and early and had only gone half an hour when a point was reached around which is a very strong current. The water in the Congo is so strong that small steamers in going up must keep near the shore. When this point was approached we were obliged to steer out from the shore to round it. But the steamer at a critical moment failed to answer to her helm, with the result that she turned sidewise against the current, the water ran on her deck pressing her down, and in a few seconds she was bottom upward. Many of the people could not swim, and in their endeavour to save their lives, seized each other in the water and formed a tangled mass of humanity. I immediately saw the danger I was in myself, and when they began grabbing for me I swam to the other side of the upturned vessel, and kept away for a time, and finally with the help of one of the natives who had already managed to get on the bottom of the steamer,

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hour in the morning, and then tied up for five hours, while the blacks went ashore and with very dull knives and blunt axes cut wood in the rain. The steamer had stopped at two wood posts where was an ample supply of fuel, but the keepers refused her any because of a rumour that the Governor sometime in the new year would come up the river ! Our skipper, a most kind-hearted man, took the statements of these Africans without asking to see the written order. After much delay the steamer touched at a third post with a pale-pink man in charge, he furnished forty-four brasse of wood, saying that no such order had been issued, but a skipper had told the darkies the Governor was coming and to keep the wood. The Congo from the Kasai to the Pool is narrow and deep, and is referred to by nautical men as the "Channel." The Pool is a large, lake-like expanse elevated about nine hundred feet above the sea, over twenty miles in diameter, and nearly surrounded by grassy hills reaching an elevation of several hundred feet. In it are numerous sand-banks and swampy islands. The water is infested with hippopotami and crocodiles. At the western extremity of the Pool is the French town of Brazzaville on the north bank, where the French flag was hoisted in 1880. Opposite this in Free State territory is Leopoldville, which lies where the river begins to descend a series of thirty-two rapids and a fall of nine hundred feet in a distance of something over one hundred and fifty miles.

As Leopoldville was approached I saw the raised, wrecked Southern Presbyterian steamer "Lapsley," a saddening sight. The view of Leo when a few cables off the shore reveals a wide street running up the slope of a hill and then bearing off at a wide angle. The State's railway station, Government buildings,

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CHAPTER XXV

LEO-ON-THE-POOL AND SLEEP-SICKNESS

MARSHES, MALADIES AND MISSIONS—THE FRIGHTFUL RAVAGES OF THE NEGRO LETHARGY, SLEEP-SICKNESS

Ekoke bino noboma nkema tika mbwa okolola ao mboka
When you go to hunt monkeys, leave barking dogs at home.

Ancient Banga Proverb.

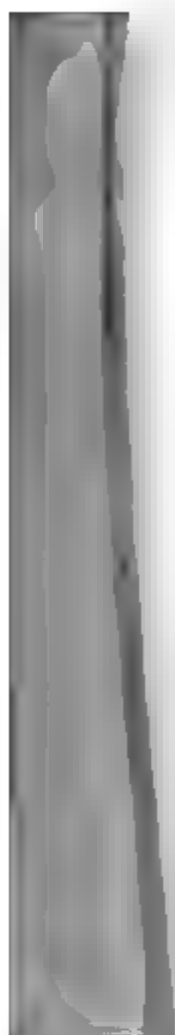
LEOPOLDVILLE is a colossal blunder. There were good political reasons in 1881 for occupying it and preventing its being taken over by one European power. Probably it was never dreamed that anybody would be foolish enough to situate the northern terminus of a railway and the southern terminus of river steamers beside the Crystal Cataracts formed by the sortie of the wide Pool waters into the narrow channel of the Lower Congo ! The village should be moved at once, before a *grand bateau*, swinging broadside to the cataract, slips a cog, and the cargo of human life, rubber and ivory goes into a turbulent grave. No anchors will hold in the shelving bottom above the Falls. Had the steering gear of the "Flandre" broken, we should have gone over the cataracts in spite of the shanks being ready to cast.

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physicians, two swamp obliterating constructions, two schools (the Government has established no schools in the State except for teaching the art of war), and two fools. It may be I have been too conservative in estimating the latter. Certainly some, if not included here, must remain unclassified. Of course, there are the telephone and post office, fish and coffee, mosquitoes and a few pale electric lights.

The mention of the name Leopoldville is the magic wand which brings up to my memory three words, and about these gather the story of the Village-on-the-Pool. The three words are marshes, maladies and missions. Now as to maladies. The Negro Lethargy, or Sleep-Sickness as it is called on the West Coast of Africa, is working at this time with the most damaging success. Leopoldville boasts two hospitals. One for white people, situated on the hill overlooking the Pool, has some proper accommodation for patients and, except for its filthy condition and the absence of nurses, is a creditable fabric. The other hospital reclines on the beach adjoining the property of the State railway station. It consists of five or six unsympathetic huts having a dilapidated appearance. Even the operating room is nothing more than a miserable shanty. In one decaying hut, with broken-down side wall, I found men dying. One poor fellow covered with earth, his eye-lids dreadfully sore and fastened together by the exuding corruption, lay stark naked. Nor was this due to a careless nurse; there was no one about to properly care for the dying man. Other patients were sitting or lying outside on the bare ground. One, probably a genuine case of Sleep-sickness, sat with his head between his knees, and on a leaf lying between his feet was a lump of crushed manioc with his right hand on it. Trying to





A GLIMPSE OF THE "WHITE MEN'S CEMETERY," LOCATED BEHIND THE GOVERNOR'S HORSE AND
COW STABLES, BOMA, CAPITAL OF CONGO FREE STATE





SLEEP SICKNESS VICTIMS IN MISERABLE NATIVE HOSPITAL, LKO-ON THIE-PHOU.

at the decrepit native hospital by the Pool beach. Sick and dying human beings, even if wearing black skins, should have every possible advantage and opportunity for life, and at the time of death such comforts as are suggested by the noblest instincts of the civilized white man.

In Leo there is so much talk about high-power oil-immersion lenses, low organisms, bacillus malarix, protozoal creatures, blood-sucking insects, arthropods and trypanosoma, that I determined to have my own blood examined and find how many of these dreadful things I was providing with food and lodging. Dr. Broden, an expert in tropical diseases, who is in Africa by the invitation of a Belgian Scientific Society, and whose reputation is far and wide as a physician of unusual skill, wiped the end of one of my fingers, pushed a pin into it before I knew it, and established the second drop of blood between two pieces of glass on his high-power microscope. He occupied many minutes in the examination, and finally looking up said, with something like disappointment in his voice, that he could find no malaria and no trypanosoma in the blood. He did find that my nervous system was tired. I asked him what medicine I should take. He replied that the medicine I needed was rest and good food, and not to take drugs, as they are bad for the stomach. He also ordered me not to use quinine except when having an attack of malarial fever. Anything this able specialist may say about the diseases of Congo is worthy of attention. From him I obtained the following items of information :—

“ There is much Sleep-sickness here, but it is not epidemic. The trypanosoma is carried by a fly, probably by a tsetse fly. There are many tsetse flies in this region. I have never seen a white man with

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years, and first found a microbe in the cerebro-spinal fluid. I injected a monkey with trypanosoma from a sheep. The monkey died in twenty-six days. The Sleep-sickness in one locality often stops of itself. I have seen many cases of Sleep-sickness, not in children, but then there are not many children in Leopoldville. There is nothing in the theory that Sleep-sickness comes out of the earth. In Portuguese Congo there is much Sleep-sickness among the half-castes. Sleep-sickness is not a good name. Some persons with the disease do not sleep much ; others do sleep much. There are ten Belgian doctors in Congo." The eminent specialist as he was about to leave said, " If you perspire you can live well in Congo."

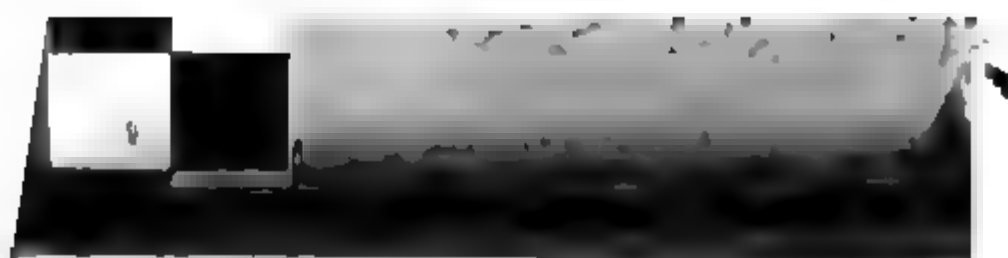
A commission composed of three eminent specialists connected with the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine is now engaged studying Sleep-sickness found in the Lower Congo. The commission is composed of Doctors Todd, Christie and Dutton. There is every reason to believe that the careful enquiry they are making "on the spot," being men trained in research methods, cannot fail to bring to light the causes of diseases. This will probably result in places hitherto possessing an evil reputation being made sufficiently healthy for white men. The result of the work of these specialists should be not only humanitarian, but economical as well. Men of commerce and of trade dealing with tropical Africa will readily mark the benefits likely to accrue from discoveries of the kind now being made by the celebrated physicians. There will be a great saving of large sums of money, of suffering and of life. Not only will the welfare of the white people be greatly increased, but the black subjects of the State will have an equal benefit. The three specialists gave me a hearty invitation to visit

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e Congo Floor Maggot. It has a big
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It lives in the floors of the native huts,
ght, sucks their blood, and then drops
k into the ground again. It is difficult
ative, but sometimes they are obliged
outside on account of these maggots.
nary was the first to call our attention
began inquiring about and asked the
we got the first one, it was easy to
nally develops into a fly. I do not
es any sickness."

on insists it is absolutely impossible
number of deaths from what is called
Whatever the disease is, they declare
ng in it which is due as far as they
panosoma. They say the whole of
ca is due to the native hut. This
primarily called out to report on the
on of Boma, Matadi and Leopoldville,
rsue their study of the trypanosoma,
hat purpose to visit some of the region
ows the Kasai river.

s are all the missionaries at Leo,
s probably the champion. She is
idely known among medicine and
sts as any missionary living, for she
person to have trypanosoma discovered
nd recover from its influence. This
; trypanosoma must have been at work
scles before a similar one was discovered
in Gambia. Mrs. Morgan is the wife
issionary, and aside from household
prodigious amount of work for the
ells me that on the twenty-ninth of

September, 1900, an insect severely bit her ankle. Without seeing it she said, "What a dreadful bite that mosquito gave me!" At the place of attack a large swelling gathered and became so inflamed that a surgeon dressed it. Very soon her temperature went up to one hundred and four degrees Fahrenheit, which could only be reduced by cold packs. This continued for about six weeks during which time the temperature went lower but not to normal. The doctor then suggested that a change to Kinshasa might be beneficial. After ten days there it was suggested that a trip up the river would be of advantage. During the river journey crescent-shaped crimson-bluish spots developed on the face and arms. Some of these became very large. This indicated trypanosoma in the blood, but at the time the doctors, not having heard of a white person having it, did not recognise the crescent sign. During this voyage Mrs. Morgan's condition was such that if she wrote a post-card her temperature went up. Not until after three months, in January, 1901, did her temperature become normal. Then in March, after three short fevers she started for Europe; but when passing Banan a startling fever developed which ran the temperature up to one hundred and five and six-tenths degrees. No medicine or drug of any kind would touch it. Nothing but ice packs, of which thirty-two were given in seven days. After one hour in the pack the temperature would come down a degree and the patient experienced a most delightful feeling and went asleep. The most extraordinary nursing was required. The temperature was watched carefully, and when it started to go up was never allowed to go quite as high as on the previous day, but was stopped by another ice pack. When the steamer reached Teneriffe the patient's temperature was almost normal, but it was not normal when it

reached London. Upon arriving in Great Britain the family recorded an addition, which did not complicate matters. Then for a while came three days of fever, alternating with four days up. It was then she experienced a great sense of helplessness. This was followed by three months of no fever, after which fever came every ten days for two and a half years, with two cessations of three months each. In April, 1902, when all ready to start for the Congo, fever again developed and she lost the sight of her left eye. A great London oculist was consulted, and fortunately the eye readily responded to the treatment. Mrs. Morgan finally returned to the Congo in September, 1902, and on her way out had fever every eight days. On arrival at Leopoldville the doctors proceeded to test her blood, and while having the third fever the trypanosoma was discovered. Quinine was at once stopped and arsenic injected. The poison was also taken inwardly in the usual way, varying the size of the dose. In March, 1903, she experienced the last of the trypanosoma fevers. She says "If you can stand the climate here it is easier to throw off fevers in Congo than in Europe. If persons take kindly to the climate, they can be cured quicker here than at home." She said that the one distinctive feature of the trypanosoma fever was helplessness, reckoning that she had the feelings of a woman of ninety-five years of age.

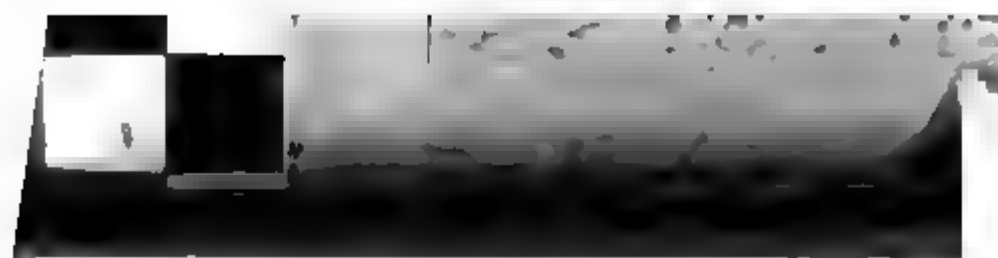
The Balolo Mission, started thirteen years ago, is located on three rivers, the Lobanga, Baringa and Lopor. The staff numbers thirty-nine missionaries. These men and women are willing to live in this disease-infected country on an amazingly small salary. A man receives fifty pounds a year and his wife thirty, which would be a great hardship were it not the transport on their food supplies is paid. The missionaries

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. My sins came up before me, and I
here to God for forgiveness. I looked
new the man to be none other than
looked at Him, He took a red-hot
t at me. It struck me on the right
and cut off my ear. Then I came
he said, 'Bokwala, you have sinned
ve Me and are willing to serve Me,
ur left ear also.' He took a sharp
hat He cut it off. Then the Lord
nd said, 'Truly you have faith and
your love by permitting Me to do
stored my ears and said, 'Go now
people what I have done.'
e many, and I have wept all night.
g I called all my relatives together
nat God had done for me. Then I
tell the balaki (teachers) and to tell
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speaks languages, among them a variety of English. The mission boys, if brought up where a vigorous missionary presides, are the best "by a long shot" to be had in tropical Africa. These boys were less careful of their nervous system than those obtained by me through the Government officials. The State boys are lazy except when under the immediate eye of a superior military man. The short remainder of my journey across Africa was personally conducted by myself.

The railway station at Leopoldville is located opposite the settlement of blacks, skilled labourers from English colonies on the West Coast. The depot resembles an exaggerated hen house, but is sufficiently commodious even for the reception of the numerous francs exacted from intending passengers. The train was composed of two locomotives and four cars, the first-class (?) last with accommodation for a dozen. It boasted small bracket tables between each two chairs, a toilet room and a black conductor. I deposited the yellow bags beside two wicker chairs with cane seats, and had the lunch box placed in the conductor's compartment. I said good-bye to Messrs. Morgan and Vass, who came to see me off, and the train left at exactly six-forty-five with nine first-class white passengers and two score second-class in an open car, all natives excepting one, a white man. At one of the stations a Roman Catholic priest came aboard and travelled in the open carriage. A first-class ticket from Leopoldville to Matadi, over some two hundred and fifty miles, costs eight pounds sterling, and on it one hundred kilos of baggage is passed free. Just before the train started I purchased three loaves of bread at the station at fifty centimes each, and placed them in the hat-rack over my head at the end of the car.

The road reaches its highest altitude, twenty-five hundred feet, near Matadi, the steepest grade being five per cent. All the bridges are single span and metallic. Most are short, but one is over a hundred yards long. Thirty-six locomotives are employed on the line. They vary in weight from twelve to thirty-two tons. The Chemin de Fer du Congo employs ninety-five white men and twenty-four hundred blacks. Also three physicians and one hospital for white men at Matadi served by sisters, and five hospitals for blacks are provided by the line. At present the death-rate among the white employees is from three to four per cent. During the construction it was eleven per cent. Four hundred Chinese were imported at one time and two hundred and fifty died in three years. There are no Sunday trains. No rebates are granted to either Catholic or Protestant missionaries.

The Chemin de Fer is in good condition, and the carriages ride smoothly. A large portion of the line is ballasted with crushed rock. Very soon after leaving Leopoldville one of the carriages was switched off. Some of the scenery resembles views from the Lehigh Valley Railroad near Wilkesbarre. The track is full of graceful curves, and I noticed a number of horse-shoes in the line. I did not enquire whether they were placed there for good luck. The country along the railway from Leopoldville to Tumba is sparsely populated. There is, however, I am told, a larger population living some miles back, but the always-fatal Sleep-sickness has been unusually destructive between the Ocean and the Pool. The train is run entirely by blacks. The locomotives are of a small type, having no tenders and with the water tanks over the drivers. The coal is put into the furnace by hand, as there is no room for a shovel. The train

reached Tumba and stopped for the night at four P.M. The line is too dangerous for the running of night trains.

Tumba has a population of fifteen whites. Passengers are accommodated for the night by the various store-keepers. I stopped at the Holland Store, which is the best place in Tumba. But Tumba is doomed. The population near has decreased ninety per cent. The car sheds have been removed to New Tumba, which is further from the ocean. There is very little rubber about Tumba, but plenty in the interior. The people pay their taxes in ground-nuts instead of rubber. Last year all the natives in the district paid a sum total of six hundred tons. The peanuts are of a good quality. The religious needs of Tumba have not been neglected. There is a small English Baptist Mission house in charge of an intelligent black, who conducts service every night from seven to nine. The Roman Catholics are also at work, and have a commodious plant. Tumba seems to be a fairly healthy place. African pigs act as street scavengers, free of charge. The evenings are cool. Persons having monkeys in outdoor cages find it necessary to put blankets about them to keep the animals warm. Residents frequently sit indoors after seven P.M. One of the merchants told me that he had a boy who had been taught reading at the English mission and wears a watch. The next morning after paying fifteen francs for supper, lodging, breakfast and a small loaf of bread, I went to the station and boarded the train. Soon after leaving Tumba the train passed into scenery where many ridges of stratified rock were visible.

One of the passengers, an educated Belgian Catholic, remarked, "The Catholic priests in tropical Africa are a very lazy lot, they sit in their chairs all day and

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in great haste to him and asked for soliders to compel the people to receive them. The military man's reply was, "If they do not want you, you must not go. I will not send soldiers to compel natives to accept your religion or any other." A Belgian lieutenant of artillery, himself a Catholic, gave it as his opinion that there were only two R. C. missionaries in Congo who are any good. This he said, and then pointing to his head remarked, "The others have nothing here." I, however, find myself disinclined to agree with the testimony of these men. The Catholic missionaries are certainly many of them working hard. However, I only saw a few posts on the main river. Most of the Catholic work is done on the affluents, south of the latitude five degrees. Far be it from me in my ignorance to contradict testimony as to what is done in remoter parts.

The journey from Tumba to Matadi required but one engine to a train of three cars, but the locomotive did some puffing on a few of the up-grades. The country is only flat for hundreds of miles in the interior, but from Tumba to Matadi it makes up for lost time. Valleys, hills and even mountains covered with grass the banks of small streams lined with trees and scattered scrub growths on the rocky slopes constantly met the traveller's eye. I seldom saw wild game and the hill country has a deserted appearance. Occasionally a Protestant or a Catholic church was seen from the car window. The membership of some of the churches has been almost obliterated by Sleep-sickness. Eleven miles from Matadi the train descended in loops, horse-shoes, and the letter "S" rapidly toward the sea-level. This was a section of most entrancing views; bridges, precipices upward and downward, and the rapid waters of the Mposo

river, left the passenger no time for melancholy. We ran into Matadi station, the finest on the line, about on time, where I was met by Dr. Sims and Captain Lovejoy.

While in the construction of this narrow gauge Chemin de Fer du Congo certainly hundreds have lost their lives, and I have no doubt thousands, yet in the long run it will prove to be of great value in the saving of human life. It is also a great saving of human health. The old caravan route from Matadi past the many cascades to the Pool was flanked with the graves of carriers and of whites who fell by the way, and diseases were developed by the journey. Now much suffering and many maladies are avoided by taking the train. If one desires to rough it, he can go from Matadi to Leopoldville, a distance of two hundred and fifty-odd miles for fifty francs. Before the railway was opened, allowing a fair amount of baggage and suitable travelling equipment, the cost of the journey was fifty pounds. This is a saving of a prodigious per cent., from fifty pounds to fifty francs. Then there is a great saving of time. Now the trip takes less than two days, and formerly twenty days of vigorous caravaning were consumed in a wearisome journey. The railroad also furnishes a new idea to the whole native mind ; not simply to those living in proximity to the line, but to millions of natives that have heard rumours of this strange mode of transportation. Then there is a great saving to commerce. The building of this road has opened up the whole upper country not only to commerce, but to two other railroads. A gentleman at Stanleyville remarked that the history of the whole Upper Congo is divided into two parts, that before the building of the railroad and that since. It is said that of the

money originally subscribed for the entire line the whole was used before the first thirteen miles were completed. However that may be, it is now a paying investment. Among the one hundred and forty-seven bridges on the line, two are especially famous, the Bridge of the Chute and the Bridge of the Cascade. It is said that American travellers detract from the railroad because it is not straight. They say it is full of useless curves. This is true, but it was built as cheaply as possible. There are remarkable features connected with the Chemin de Fer du Congo, and I think the most remarkable that I was told of is that it has seventeen administrators in Belgium who receive each twelve hundred pounds a year. They have nothing to do but sit around a table and reduce the salaries of employees in Congo.

Four missionary societies are represented at Matadi, one Catholic, Swedish Protestant, English Baptist and American Baptist. The missionary in charge of the American work is no other than the noted expert in Congo diseases, Surgeon Sims, probably the ablest physician in Congo and certainly the most eccentric. He invited me to take breakfast with him at five-forty-five A.M. My host left nothing to be desired, and in an hour his guest left nothing to be desired. He speaks or reads or both some half-dozen languages. I asked him how he came to get so many, and whether he has a natural adaptability to languages. He replied, "There is no royal road to languages. I am a single man, and hence have had time to learn things. If I had been married I would have spent the time studying my wife. I have no time for long-sleeve chairs." The Doctor has established a great reputation for oddities of one sort or another, and no doubt, like Abraham Lincoln, has had many stories

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within himself, "Surely the Doctor has his eyes closed now." Curiosity overcoming reverence, the hearer opened his eyes for a moment to see if his surmise was correct—and behold, the Doctor had a dog's foot in his hand and was engaged in removing therefrom a jigger !

He has been in the Orient studying tropical diseases, but when he goes away from home he dislikes to be introduced to people because they ask him what the natives of Congo eat and wear. He says "So far as I am concerned, I wish they did not eat anything or wear anything." During his visit to America a lady asked him what the natives who live around Bopoto wear, and he replied, "Shoe-strings, madam, three shoe-strings." She said, "Shoe-strings !" and he said, "Yes, madam, they dress in shoe-strings." The same day before he was to address a meeting someone politely suggested to him that it would be unnecessary to describe what the people wear ! The Doctor not only sees hundreds of patients a week, but preaches the Gospel on Sunday to a congregation of over three hundred.

The Roman Catholics have a large church building, and have established a public library in Matadi.

The English Baptists have a remarkably successful work at San Salvador in Portuguese territory. All native workers are supported by the natives. The Portuguese do not restrict the movements of the missionaries and have always been ready to listen to representations. At the same time the Great Awakening occurred at Banza Manteke ; there was a similar movement at San Salvador. The natives were profoundly impressed at both places during that revival season, and the effects were visible far beyond the districts where the work transpired. *Par exemple,*

two men came up from an outlying village to San Salvador and said they wanted to attend school. They began in the a-b-c class, and in three months could read a little. When they returned to their village they carried a few books and started a school in the woods, and by making letters in the dust taught the people to read. This continued four years, when a white missionary went over there and found, ninety miles from San Salvador, a school of over one hundred, the scholars of which were able to read the New Testament. Services were conducted every morning and on Sunday.

Banza Manteke has a great little Welshman working for the American Baptists, Henry Richards. In 1879 he went out with a donkey and settled by accident at this place in the midst of a people afflicted with kleptomania. For years he preached to the people on conventional Welsh lines, telling them what they ought to do and sometimes rubbing it in hard that they did the other thing. He got assent to his advice and anger at his blaming them. Then he sailed on another tack, and started telling the story of Jesus, adapted to Congo ideas. It was very interesting ; but he fetched up with a jerk when he came to the order "Give to every one that asketh thee !" He tried back, knowing they would ask plenty ; but balked a second time. Then he blamed himself badly for being so suspicious, and boldly recounted the sentence. They opened their eyes and demanded further exposition, he gave it ; they then opened their hands and demanded all sorts of things, he gave them ! Before he was cleaned out of house and home, shame was aroused, and for the first time their consciences got in a day's work. Then things began to move, some of the strongest opponents came over to the

missionary's side. Five did not, and he prayed hard when away on a trip that they might be prevented doing harm ; a heathen shot one, a snake bit another, a third broke his back, a fourth had the fever, and the fifth died miscellaneously : he believes in prayer being answered ! Now in a few years the whole neighbourhood is transformed ; they are truthful and honest, eager to work, learning sewing and carpentering, working a printing press, supporting a dispensary. The Welshman won't let them go to Europe and see what poor Christians Englishmen can be ; he just follows the New Testament literally. He does not try to put them into European clothes, but keeps them African. He does not even insist on polygamists putting away their extra wives, though no Christian may marry more than one. One of his greatest opponents when converted, baptized and taught more than five hundred unaided, more than twenty-six hundred have become Christians, and over sixteen hundred are there on the spot now making it a bright spot in this dark land. My hat off to Missionary Richards !

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ed for it. At half-past six in the
Anversville" slipped her moorings
a seven-knot current for Boma, the
operty of the English Baptist Mis-
was passed, and soon the ship got
irl of water known by various names,
ool, the Devil's Caldron, or the Imp's
bout nine o'clock she cast her shanks
, where Mr. Underwood, of the "Eng-
ie aboard and invited me to accept
it, leaving on Tuesday by a small
ing the "Anversville" at Banana.
secretary and myself rowed up by
ouse, which stands high fronting an
is court is bounded by the residence,
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and cow-yards of the Governor. If one is to judge by the location and condition of this graveyard, overgrown with weeds and grass, unfenced and unkept, the regard of the present authorities for the memories of the deceased is not of an admirable brand. In this Silent City probably more than three hundred Caucasians have had their bones laid to rest. They have come from many lands controlled by different motives, and have met a fate similar to multitudes of others, many of whom lie in unmarked graves or whose bones have never known repose. A citizen of Boma informed me that there has been no death recently, and he further said, "But I must not talk about it or there will be one." It is not surprising that no recent death in Boma is recorded, because a passenger on one of the large home-going steamers told me that during the first five days out at sea there were four funerals off the ship.

This Boa-constrictor Boma resembles another of the ancient cities of Asia Minor, Laodicea; or still more, ancient Rome, or even Mengo in Uganda. Those great commercial, educational and administrative centres were situated on seven hills apiece. Greater Boma is on seven hills, with some mosquito-breeding swamps thrown between as a "dash." The capital of Congo boasts of one consul, who represents the Emperor of India. There is good reason for a British consul being located here, because the Congo Free State employs a large number of British subjects, skilled artisans, black men from her West African possessions. Abler, nobler and more heroic are these imported ebony experts than the natives of the Congo Basin; and they are prouder also, demanding good treatment. To ask one, "Do the Belgian officials behave well toward you?" is to elicit the ready

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an English service is conducted each g. The American mission is largely transacting business for the active up-aries connected with the same society. west of Little Boma, on Shinkakasa with modern earthworks, bastions and s cover the river well, but as there lack of the fortification, it could easily molecules. A fine new hospital has t is composed of separate buildings, has been furnished and will be sup- / in Belgium. This beautiful assort- s is for the exclusive accommodation and is a useful and commendable The situation for it is well chosen, round opposite the pale palace of the the deep, palm-clad Crocodile Valley. ther hill not far from the ungainly- anks is the Palace of Justice, and in -west of it lies the white men's prison. s occupants is a proof that the Govern- g some effort to curtail the violent e naked natives. It should, however accommodate other white men who unished, and who will probably not reward for their evil deeds until the

arf a bobtail steam tram line runs up d of the Governor's pale palace to the here is one good road in Boma which nce to the tennis-playing proclivities igh official. The existing highway s required him to make a long detour avourite tennis court. Now, as his l legs failed in appreciation, like the

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and the Congo with all its tributaries came into existence as the intervening spaces became dry. But poor Africa had not taken lessons in hydrography, and had not foreseen that the loss of this huge inland lake would lessen its rainfall ; so the Sahara came to its sterile condition, and things were not so much better after all. It is risky work interfering with water supply, and engineers are trying to restore the balance by damming the Nile back, or querying whether it is worth letting the ocean into the Sahara. Some people are never tired of great experiments, and would like to blow up Panama to see what would happen to the Gulf Stream !

Now there is one experiment that I have seen tried with great success all the world over, and it never seems to fail when tried according to certain conditions. The Ethiopian is not prone to change his skin, nor the leopard his spots, but I have seen men loving evil changed in a few years to quite other characters. Now, the fact has long been proved among us of the pink skins ; indeed, a man of the "white" race is almost inevitably taken to be a Christian, though sometimes of a precious conventional type. But I am on a long parti-coloured tour, and I find that there is no special affinity between pale faces and the Gospel. Redskins in America have long answered to the same reagent. Brown-skins I have seen in plenty by "Ocean and Isle," yellow-skins are now familiar enough to a "Yankee on the Yangtze," tawny-skins long ago in "The Isle that is Called Patmos" proved that the Gospel is no respecter of colour. Now, the black-skins in their native uplands and forests have come into my ken, and the new facts fit it with the old. "Beauty is only skin deep," and if a self-made merchant turns the proverb inside out and says that is

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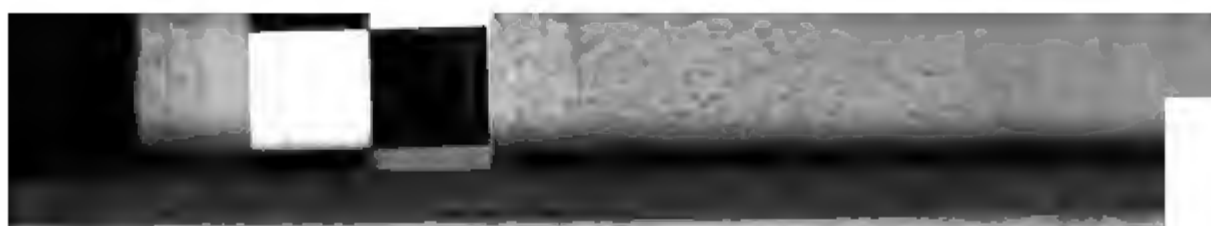
nationalities? English, Scotch, Welsh, Americans, Swedes, and Germans make a true International Association, better than King Leopold devised. Lutherans, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists and Baptists forget most of their differences when on active service for the common Master. The African Missions are a stupendous success.

The cost of Africa is great; the death roll long. It looks as if out of every three who go out, one is likely to die soon, another to transfer elsewhere, and only one to stay; though as medical knowledge increases things are improving. But who will repeat the thief's query, "To what purpose is this waste?" The answer is plain to all who see Uganda as the answer to Hannington, or Banza Manteke as the offset to the extinct Comber family. It was an African who said, more pithily than we can put it, "Church's seed, Martyr's blood!" That blood has been poured out freely for Africa, and the harvest is already waving for the great Reaper. "Go and teach all nations."

AMEN.







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